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PASSAGES IN THE LIVES OF CELEBRATED STATESMEN OF EUROPE.

No. III.

BARON BULOW—PRUSSIA—AND SKETCHES OF COLLEAGUES IN THE GREAT CONFERENCES OF 1831 AND 1840.

A MODERN limner may fail to catch the secret charm, the magic touch of genius, and the speaking truth of his pictorial predecessors, in those ages when princes disputed for their first visit—when an emperor would take up the brush that had escaped their hands, and kings would watch their parting breath; but they should at least possess somewhat of the warmth of their colouring—and all else wanting—they should endeavour to place them amidst those objects and in that medium in which their subjects live. The stern democrat who had doomed his king to death, inscribed on his mountain retreat in a foreign land, "*Omne solum forti patria;*" but in portraits, with the pen as well as with the brush, much of that which constitutes the identity of a man depends not less on habitual accessories than the tree does on its native sky, and on the soil which feeds its roots. Of all men, great diplomatists and statesmen, whose deeds are worked out in the closet—whose internal doings are all secret—whose external life is but the set conventional part of a higher species of actor—require the greatest study of the circumambient circumstances to attain a true insight into their moral being. That remarkable diplomatist, Baron Bulow, fifteen years one of the brightest diplomatists resident at our court, and now the all-trusted foreign minister of his sovereign, is a striking instance of a man whose powers have been elicited, moulded, and fashioned by the fate of his country, in whose moral and political phases he has moved as an important agent for more than thirty years of trial. We must, therefore, here and there, throw a passing glance at his native land, and at his great colleagues in diplomacy.

It would be more than a twice-told tale, even with us, to rehearse the modern history of Prussia—with its first king, whom circumstances made; or with its second sovereign who—author, poet, legislator, and

conqueror—made or mastered them. With the third in succession began a new course of events. From amidst the confident enjoyment of his father's conquests, fate snatched and dashed him down to the lowest depths of ruin. Napoleon set his iron heel upon his kingly crown,

> Et de ses pieds on voit encore la poussière
> Empreint au Bandeau des Rois!

He desecrated his domestic home, he insulted and persecuted the royal consort of the Prussian sovereign, and hurried her to an untimely grave. Nothing could escape him—he crushed even the poorest of the Prussian peasantry.* He maltreated the noblest of the faithful subjects of Prussia to such a degree that even the highest-minded and the best-hearted could not forget it many years afterwards—even in his exile and adversity, and after his death.

Of this, by-the-by, there was an amusing instance in the old Prince Hatzfeldt,† whose unpaired limb bespoke the warrior, and whose unaffected courtesy and frank kindness showed the true nobleman. When the trumpets had ceased to blow, and bullets to whistle, he became ambassador of his sovereign at Vienna, where he studied gastronomy so practically, that it was only his having lost one of his feet which saved him from having the gout in both at a time. When he heard of Napoleon's death, he exclaimed that, now the devil had got hold of the rascal, he must invent for him some new and *dreadful* torment Dante had not dreamt of, "I wish, for example," added he, "that he were condemned to digest all that I could eat!"

But we are incorrigibly episodical—and to return to our subject. The generals of Bonaparte drove the entire population with the whip; the universities were closed. So heavy were the contributions levied, that the peasant was forced to part with his last crown, his oxen, and his plough, and the fruit of his hard labours. The grinding tyranny of

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* Such was the oppression exercised, that the Prussian government could no longer contain the German people, big with indignation. It is beyond a doubt that M. de Hardenberg was informed of the proceedings of several secret, radical societies, and hardly less certain that he permitted their development, in the idea of forming from them a vast instrument against the oppression of the French. The only subject of surprise is that the want of acumen of M. de Saint-Marsan and M. Maret—Napoleon's negotiators—should have blinded them to the certainty that at the least reverse of the *grande armée*, all these alliances would be shaken off as yokes too heavy and troublesome to bear. To what a pitch of degradation had the house of Frederick the Great fallen! Prussia on her knees had implored the alliance of the family of Bonaparte, and M. de Hardenberg's negotiations had been met with a cold refusal. Was it likely that this could be forgotten? Here, a young queen, dead of grief and humiliation, insulted in the public journals, dishonoured in the pamphlets circulated; there, an oppressed people, preparing itself for a day of independence—and, added to the insolence of the conqueror, the brutal harshness of his generals and tax-gatherers. Was it likely or possible that Prussia should be so submissive to a system like this, as to forego the hopes of liberty offered by the rising of the rest of Europe, and might it not be foreseen that the burning of Moscow would be only the forerunner of other conflagrations elsewhere?

† This was the nobleman who came as ambassador extraordinary to the coronation of George IV. At the coronation banquet in Westminster Hall, he managed to create more sensation than even Nicholas Esterhazy, with the 40,000*l.* worth of diamonds in his cap. He invaded the retreat of the Marchioness of C——, and of the Countess of J——, in a manner so abrupt, so unprecedented, and so ludicrous, that the new-made king was convulsed out of propriety. Never did the Goddess of Necessity behold so strangely agitated and ludicrous a trio.

the conqueror pressing on all classes, roused in the Prussians the most dangerous of all sentiments—the courage of despair. Amongst the heterogeneous elements of the nation, common oppression awakened common sympathy. A national feeling arose, which the war-songs of the poets sang, and gave rise to that influence of national spirit and of poets, which rules the fate of Prussia at the present day. Napoleon, "whose appetite grew by what it fed upon," forgot the homely but excellent proverb of old France, "*qui trop embrasse, mal etreint*," and whilst he had overstretched his hold, the Prussian armies, corps by corps rose upon him, and at last the King of Prussia, summoned the whole male population to arms—from the plough and from industry—from the arts and from letters; saying, as Virginius did to his daughter in the dread hour of trial, "*hoc te solum quo possum in modo, in libertatem vindico!*"

The war of independence, at the beginning of the campaign of 1813, summoned Henry de Bulow from his studies at the university of Heidelberg. He was then twenty-two years of age, being born, in 1791, at Schwerin, in Mecklenburg, of a noble family, which needs no other illustration but that which it has had, in our days, in the field* and in the cabinet. The future statesman soon rose to a lieutenant's commission in the corps raised in the provinces of the Lower Elbe, under General Walmoden. With a stature above the middle height, with a well-knit and well-set figure, of a joyous temper and fertile flow of joke and repartee, the young soldier soon became a favourite with his comrades in arms. His superiors found, however, more than *espiéglerie* in his keen, mobile eye, and as it is a natural gift of the shrewd baron to detect character, and find how men are best pleased, and favour most readily won, he was soon removed from regimental service, and became aide-de-camp to his countryman, General de Dornsberg: subsequently, another leader, still better known, Czernitscheff, for his name still stands the highest in the Russian army lists—although a foreigner, was too happy to secure his services in the same capacity. We have often heard an old comrade of his in those eventful times say, that even then the embryo diplomatist was wide awake. He would, according to occasion, be first or last in the march—fly hither and thither as duty required during the day, and at night he would sleep on horseback, always keeping one eye open—and that eye has bewitched Fortune. At break of day he was the first afield, carolling a song, and letting fly a joke with the morning gun; and anon he would be in the tent of his commander, active to serve, and all alive to please him. Determined to carve his road to fortune, he was often engaged in the most daring *coups-de-main* and forlorn hopes—and when returned to his general's tent, he was not less ready with his pen than he had been with his sword.

The peace of 1814 seemed to indicate that the quill of the humblest bird would henceforward be a more powerful weapon in working out the destinies of nations and the fortunes of individuals, than a sword of Damascus; and our young officer returned once more to his studies at Heidelberg—where he zealously sought the real secret of the alchemy of this age as he burnt the midnight oil. But Napoleon's return, which shamed

* We need scarce remind our readers of that excellent military leader, General von Bulow.

the caution of so many wise heads, and disturbed so many confident plans, soon overturned the lamp and spilt the oil of study, and the young De Bulow once more bestrode his charger before the old enemy, to whose bullets the study and the alchemy of our age no longer, as of yore, teach you how to become invisible—not even by raising a fog, as Friar Bungey did at Towton for his doating master, Edward IV., to win the battle.

It was no ordinary mission, that of the innumerable host of the combined armies. They represented nations fiercely startled up to action and to danger once more—when they had just tasted repose after years of sanguinary warfare and of foreign oppression, the cup of joy was dashed from their lips. The errand of these armies was one of definitive retribution. The settlement of Europe was to be established once more irrevocably on foundations secured by every resource of statesmanship. This army, therefore, presented a new feature; with it often marched the Pozzo di Borgos, the Nesselrodes, the Hardenbergs, the Metternichs, and their choicest disciples—they preluded their conferences by battle—diplomacy spoke by the cannon's mouth. The hawk-eyed aides-de-camp of diplomacy often figured at the vanguard, or at a *reconnoissance*, with those of the generals in command. Here first did Baron Bulow meet with many of the greatest of his future colleagues; such as the young Prince Esterhazy, destined at twenty-seven years of age to represent at the court of the greatest constitutional sovereign the power of a mighty and absolute emperor and king. Travel, in such guise and in such company, with such an army, through such countries, amidst crumbling thrones and such great events—and with an eye to a future, pregnant with such moral revolutions—was the best school to form an exalted mind. Arrived at Paris, Baron Bulow was presented to the great minister of Prussia, Prince Hardenberg. The latter saw the character of the man at a glance, and immediately attached him to the embassy of Baron Humboldt. This nobleman, afterwards minister of state, was commissioned to join with the representatives of the other empires and kingdoms interested in the organisation of the internal government of Germany. It was at Frankfort-on-the-Maine, now the seat of the great council of the German confederation, that was established the meeting of imperial and royal representatives, charged with the difficult task of forming a new system of government from the *disjecta membra* of the old German empire—then shaking off its ruler, indemnified by territories so unbounded, that more than one republic and kingdom of Eld forms now but a province of the present imperial dominions.

Baron Humboldt was a chief worthy of being served by such a subaltern. Independent of his diplomatic and statesmanlike qualities, his knowledge was encyclopedical—and in languages he was so gifted in days when he had not gained so high a political repute, that he was nicknamed by his companions "*Le Polyglotte ambulant;*" and in the more serious estimation of after years, he was recognised as one of the most distinguished philologists of his day. There was but one circumstance which overshadowed or eclipsed him—this was his being the brother of one so exalted in talent, that no title can be coupled with his name—the whole civilised world speaks of "the Humboldt" of modern times, as they do of the Pliny and the Cicero of former days. Under the tuition of the elder Baron Humboldt, M. de Bulow not only learned to read deeper in the great book of life, but to co-ordinate his past lectures in this unparal-

leled volume, and draw new conclusions from the characters in which it was written. This book, when learnt by heart by a man of steady *sang froid* and natural acumen, gives him a power approaching to intuition into the secret thoughts of all that surround him. But, at the school at which he was then placed, our young statesman also learned those secrets in which so many modern diplomatists, aping a majesty of power never to be really attained, and dreaming of *coups d'etat* rarer than comets, are strangely and deplorably deficient. We allude to the moral influence on society and on nations produced by the writings and discoveries of the age—and likewise to those interests of commerce, which it should be one of the chief duties of diplomacy to promote and protect. Knowledge, we repeat, strangely neglected by the majority of the very sly and supercilious gentlemen who flaunt in the courts of Europe with their ribbons, their badges, and their crosses—small men, although their padded coats, as deceptive as themselves, are overlaid with embroidery from the tails to the cuffs. These studies have given a liberal turn to Baron Bulow's politics, and prepared him to figure in the new moral and commercial phasis of his country. To this appointment, under the statesmanlike brother of the great Alexander Humboldt, he has likewise owed the greatest comfort in his trials, and the daily reward in all his arduous official labours. He married the daughter of this minister, a lady of prepossessing person and manners, who unites to the better arts of society a sterling judgment and a ruling predilection for the joys of domestic life; thus constantly offering to the diplomatist a wholesome contrast of sterling happiness in his innermost home, to counteract the dazzling glare of courts, and the distracting thoughts of over-vaulting ambition.

In 1817, M de Bulow was sent for the first time to England, where he was destined to achieve such surpassing successes, and register his name on treaties the most important that ever settled the fate of nations—bringing peace at the eve of general war, and changing the political map of the world by broad lines of demarcation traced by the combined hands of irresistible power. Thus were two kingdoms created, and an empire, when crumbling to ruin, obtained a new lease of existence. After serving as secretary of legation in London, and after filling, in the absence of the plenipotentiary, the responsible office of chargé-d'affaires, M. de Bulow was recalled, in 1821, to Berlin, there to fulfil the duty of "conseillier intime," in the ministry of foreign affairs, and to take part in the commercial transactions of those days, and in the preparations of the elements of the great union of the German customs—a duty in which the very casual diplomatic lore he had acquired admirably served his purpose.

The moral, like the physical world, is governed by action and reaction—the political current, like a river rushing from its mountain springs, first strikes against one bank and next recoils to the other, until its course grows capricious and serpentine, and the straight line is never observed—the waters threaten and promise shores they never reach. The aristocratic and religious principle had triumphed in the Holy Alliance on the desert—the *tabula rasa* of principle—which the great French revolution had left after its devastation. The counteracting principle of liberty to which, in the hour of need, even the sovereigns of the north

had appealed with too headlong a confidence,* now began to work and agitate secretly or openly all Europe. Christian Greece, shaking off the iron thraldom of the Musselmans, awakened the sympathies of all those that revered their religion or their antique glories. But, as the revolt of the United States against the mother country paved the way to the revolution of France; so did the interest in the war of independence in Greece give rise to the most dangerous effervescence of the nations against their rulers in Europe. Italy, hardly secured under the Austrian rule, Poland so unwisely gratified with a constitutional government, although only divided by a river from the dominions of an autocratic sovereign† that governed it—these countries were the first to feel the dangerous contagion of impossible liberty. It was at this epoch, in 1827, that Baron de Bulow was sent to England to support the part Prussia had to play at the approach of the lowering storm. Perhaps it was then he displayed the highest gift of a diplomatist—the power of prophesying the future from a glance at the horizon—or as the aruspices of old did from the entrails of the victims. Whilst up to the last moment the blindest confidence was placed in the honest but short-witted Prince

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* The Prussian minister, the celebrated Count Hardenberg, in the dark encouragement of the designs of the secret societies, signed and revised the edicts of Breslau of the 3d and 9th of February, 1813, which give a military organisation to the *Tugendbund*. These edicts breathe the most fervent patriotism, and call all the children of Germany to resistance. They must be read, in order to comprehend the excited state of the public mind at that moment. All the young men, from seventeen to twenty-four years of age, were called upon to take arms as volunteers; a peculiar costume was assigned to them—the little student's cap, the short surtout fastened by a leathern belt—such a costume as was worn by Stein and Schill. None might marry, unless they had first taken service for the appointed time; none might take any place in the public offices, before he had paid his debt to his country—without that there was no hope for either love or ambition. These edicts were signed by the Prince of Hardenberg, who thus placed himself at the head of public opinion in Prussia. In one of them were these words:

"The dangers which now menace the State require a speedy augmentation of our troops, whilst the state of our finances allows no increase of expenditure. The love of country and attachment to the sovereign, which have always distinguished the subjects of the Prussian monarchy, and which show themselves strongest in times of danger, now only require, in order to be directed to a determined object, a favourable occasion for our brave youth to display that courage which calls them to the ranks of the ancient defenders of their country, to fulfil by their sides the noblest of their duties towards the State. It is with this view that his majesty has deigned to order the formation of a detachment of *chasseurs*, intended to be annexed to the battalions of infantry and regiments of cavalry of which the army is composed, in order that those classes of the inhabitants of the country, whom the laws do not include, and who are, nevertheless, rich enough to clothe and equip themselves at their own expense, and to serve the State in a manner compatible with their civil position, may be enlisted in military service; and also in order that young men of education may have the opportunity of distinguishing themselves and of becoming one day clever officers or sub-officers."

The Germans called the defeat of the French at Leipsic, "The Victory of the Nations." At that time, in Prussia, the secret societies dreamt of an order of things *so* strangely liberal, that, if the road had been left open for all the patriotic reveries, Prussia would soon have become nothing more than a republic under a king—"*à tête du Roi, à queue de Peuple.*"

† The amiable and romantic Emperor Alexander had been warned by Nesselrode and Pozzo di Borgo of his injudicious government in Poland, which they told him would only lead to bloodshed and to a proportionate tyranny afterwards. Alexander deeply repented; and a letter to Pozzo di Borgo is still extant, where he exclaims, "How right you were in your prophecy!"

Polignac,

(Quem Deus vult perdere prius dementit,)

by the representatives of the foreign powers—even unto their secret meeting at the palace of the greatest statesman of Europe on the Rhine—even unto the eve of the three days of Paris, M. de Bulow openly announced the dread result. At that time, we remember, it occasioned surprise, expressed with superciliousness and indignation—and a dislike on the part of a few great worthies, which did not die with the accomplishment of his vaticination on events in which they had been so strangely mistaken. The French revolution of 1830 came like a clap of thunder, and its report shook Europe to its base. The court of St. James's, the nearest to France, and being, besides, that of the nation by whose power the devastating tide of the former revolution had been rolled back, and by whose subsidies the most deeply interested nations of Germany had been roused to fight at last their own battles—the capital of England of course became the head-quarters of the council of those representatives of the great powers who were to bolster up the tottering fabric, and restore the balance of Europe, whose oscillations still showed how violently it had trembled at the unforeseen blow.

To judge of the part Baron de Bulow had to perform, we must glance at his compeers in the conference—which so arduously dragged on its labours for many years, that superficial observers might have thought that the art of diplomacy was what Voltaire had defined French medicine to be, "*l'art d'amuser le malade, pendant que le temps le guerit.*" But the affair at issue was one of the most knotty questions that ever presented itself to the solution of diplomacy. The country, which for centuries had been the debateable land, the field of battle of Europe, was to be wrested on the one hand from a legitimate sovereign, on whom the united powers of Europe had bestowed it, and on the other to be saved from the grasp of a nation who coveted it, and in sympathy and imitation of whose revolution it had shaken off the yoke. Of this land, the most habitually restless and revolutionary in modern history, was to be formed a kingdom, to be placed under the sway of some foreign prince, with genius to curb its humours, and with qualities and position that should inspire no jealousy. On this question Talleyrand, Wessenberg, Pozzo di Borgo, Esterhazy, Matuschewitz, and others, were successively united in council with the Prussian minister; Baron Bulow was the only diplomatist who acted unassisted, and remained from first to last. His were the opinions that ultimately prevailed amongst this remarkable circle of diplomatists, which we must cursorily pass in review.

Talleyrand is the statesman who has been most constantly spoken of and most universally celebrated, and is the least known. His talent consisted in serving his own interests; at heart, he knew neither king nor fatherland. Few statesmen have owed more to borrowed aid from other men, or to the fortuitous play of circumstance and good fortune. Few men have more ably cheated the world into a belief of his surpassing powers by superficial talents, by tricks now obsolete,* by *bon mots*,

* "Talleyrand was the most barefaced teller of untruths ever met with."—*Lord Malmesbury's Memoirs*, vol. iii., p. 71.

and by the arts of society. It is related that an ambassador of the town of Abdera, after having spoken lengthily to Agis, King of Sparta, asked him, "Well, sire, what answer shall I give to our citizens?" "That I let you speak all that you pleased, and as much as you pleased, without saying a word." This was truly a speaking silence; and it was in the practice of this system that Talleyrand excelled in conferences with his colleagues. He sat silent as a judge at the meetings of the conference in the well-known funking-room of diplomacy in Downing-street, where all the great envoys of Europe have successively fretted their hour, and caught the endemical catarrh that adheres to the cold, dismal abode. Talleyrand's expression of opinion consisted in some ambiguous phrases delivered in his sepulchral voice—oracles which pleased all his colleagues, because each explained his text according to his fancy, and then quoted his authority. *Amour propre* is one of the great stumbling-blocks of political characters. M. de Talleyrand was not even embarrassed by reserves of self-respect. At his first grand dinner in London, he related that, on that same day, he returned, some forty years since, in a Danish ship from America—that, wishing to commemorate one of his republican triumphs, he had paid the captain of the vessel to fire a salute from two carronades that happened to be aboard. The vessel was in consequence visited by the armed boats of all the cruisers in the Baltic; the commanding officer, when he came aboard, Talleyrand said, always fixed his suspicions on him, and, added he, with a chuckle, "I was eleven times stripped to the skin to ascertain whether I had secret papers about me." There were twenty-two astonished witnesses to this anecdote, and we could bring forward numberless other instances as positive of Talleyrand's callousness, which, however unenviable, was of so much avail to his political fortune. In other respects, Talleyrand's never-failing recipe for success was very simple.

Rem, facias rem
Si possis recte; si non, quocunque modo rem.

Wessenberg was an old and tried soldier of diplomacy, full of vivacity, *bonhomie*, and activity. He had read and seen every thing, and knew every man that had figured the least in society in every capital of Europe. Once he had nearly reached in Austria the pinnacle of political power, but, at the very moment of fruition, a more dexterous wrestler in the struggle of ambition (Prince Metternich) had tripped up his heels; and becoming irrevocably his superior in rank, sent him to this conference, reckoning upon his destruction—nor was his calculation disappointed. Wessenberg, a man of learning and a philanthropic cosmopolite, sided with one of his colleagues in his liberal views, and after the conference, the exertions of which tried to the utmost his mental and physical powers, he was cashiered. This bright star of diplomacy suddenly disappeared totally from the political firmament, and all that has been heard of him since is, that a traveller recognised him in some country retreat near Friburg, forgetting, as he was forgotten, by the busy world; but ever the same lively, laughing philosopher—saying like the poet,

La Fama, ch' invaghisce a un dolce suono
Voi superbi mortali, e par di bella,
E un eco, un sogno, anzi del sogno un ombra,
Ch'ad ogni vento si dilegua e sgombra.

Count Pozzo di Borgo was a still more extraordinary man. The deadly feuds of his native land drove him from Corsica, imbued with all the wild, headlong feelings characteristic of his race. For instance, long after his leaving Corsica, he was so superstitious that the wife of one of his most hospitable entertainers and intimate friends, suspecting his foible, having urged him to come and see a ghost in a back parlour, and having shown on the balcony General Pauli, in the shape of her mad-cap cousin, wrapped in a sheet and bedaubed with flour, he swore she was a witch, and had a deadly aversion to her and her family unto the last moment of his life. The trials of those eventful times, his adventures in the many lands he traversed in the search of fortune, smoothed the outward ruggedness of his nature, and concentrated all the fire of his character on diplomacy and ambition. His hereditary feud against the Buonapartes, likewise, all concentrated on Napoleon,* was the cause of his fortune. Through Lord Minto he got recommended to the best diplomatic service in Europe, that of Russia. In this service he acquired not only rank but an immense fortune; for his intercession in Paris in favour of the old dynasty of the Bourbons at the first invasion of France by the allies, he received from Louis XVIII. alone one million of francs as a *cadeau*. In the latter days we allude to, another ruling passion which had survived his youth, was departing at last and yielding its place to the love of gold. Laboriously polite, still did the hot, fierce, jealous under-current of his nature, as well as his native shrewdness and experience in strategy, make him a dangerous colleague to deal with in diplomacy.

Prince Esterhazy was a far different character. Of illustrious birth, and with unbounded fortune—without sycophancy or intrigue—he had risen to the highest dignity of diplomacy, *per saltum*. After serving as a diplomatic aide-de-camp with the invading armies of the allies, he had been sent with despatches from head-quarters to the Prince Regent. His sprightly manner, ready wit, courtly bearing, combined with a community of feeling in the love of every epicurean pleasure, won at once the heart of the British ruler, who would not suffer him to return to his country, and demanded him as an ambassador to this court from the Emperor of Austria. Great was the astonishment, dismay, and indignation of the authorities at home; but nothing could be refused to the son of the great magnate to whom Napoleon proffered the kingdom of Hungary; still less could be denied to the ruler of Britain, in those days all-powerful on the continent, whose armies she had subsidized. Thus, at twenty-seven years of age, Prince Paul Esterhazy became the representative of the emperor at this court, and by his illustrious rank and still more illustrious family ties—by his affability and magnificence, was, for more than a quarter of a century, the most powerful and popular ambassador that ever resided within a carriage drive of St. James's. Prince Esterhazy, possessing one of the clearest and shrewdest intellects man ever enjoyed—remarkably gifted in the use of speech and pen—with a vision, however physically oblique, politically sharp and penetrating, had also his ruling passions—and these were, pleasure and idleness. Brutus of old never

* Through this hereditary hatred to the chief of the rival Corsican family, he continued to inveigh against Bonaparte, when his new master, the Emperor Alexander made peace with him, and he withdrew from the Russian service, predicting how hollow and how shortlived this amity would be. This prediction proved true, and raised him in the opinion of the emperor, who soon recalled him.

studied so earnestly to pass for a half-witted man. He avoided every serious topic by every possible stratagem—spent his life in *causeries* with every pleasant man, pretty woman, and playful child he met, and concealed the depth of his observation and warded off grave conversation by an habitual empty laugh, whose sound always announced his arrival in society. But if a fool presumed too far on his *bonhomie*, or urgent business left him absolutely no means of retreating with honour, then the eagle nature of the man would burst forth, and he was every inch a prince or a statesman of exalted views, as the emergency might require. He gave up his embassy at last; Prince Metternich in vain sought a man who had a tithe of his talent, and above all of his dignity, and Austria has lost, perhaps for ever, the ascendency it exercised over society at this court.

Count Matuschewitz was another remarkable member of the Hollando-Belgian conference. A Pole of noble birth, he had been educated in France, and had stood the test of trial in the days when it was most difficult to qualify for entrance into the justly celebrated Polytechnic School of France. When Alexander and Napoleon joined those hands which were so soon parted for fire and bloodshed, the former requested the great usurper to make him a loan of two distinguished scholars from this renowned abode of science. Matuschewitz was one of the two students chosen to respond to the autocrat's wishes. On trial in the great world of practical life he bore out the reputation he had gained in the lessons of theory, and he soon added to the laurels of abstract science those of diplomacy. Matuschewitz, although an industrious politician, like Prince Esterhazy, was a lover of pleasure—his ruling passion was field-sports: to him the climax of happiness was a steeple-chase—as a quickly revolving post-chaise was to Dr. Johnson. Our active diplomatist was often seen arriving at the seat of the conference in town on horseback—having ridden that morning from Newmarket to London! But although his top-boots, his spurs, and his jacket bespoke the modern Nimrod, all was banished from his mind except the great business in hand, upon which he argued with a logical acumen so searching, that, but for his costume, no one would have thought he had ever dreamt of aught since the last spring meeting but of the protocol on the *tapis*.

Such were some of the members of the protracted Belgian conference with whom Baron de Bulow had to act. Either from character or from policy, his colleagues eschewed their share of the common burden—which principally rested on the shoulders of the Prussian diplomatist. Unlike the Talleyrands, the Metternichs, and the Nesselrodes, who habitually temporised and relied upon the system of Cardinal Mazarin, "I and time against any two other men," M. de Bulow's diplomacy was exceedingly mobile, and always practically active, so that if his caution and his acumen had ever failed him he would have lost himself, instead of which he was the ever ready *bout en train* of the conference—the living dictionary of reference and definition, to which each ambassador resorted in the hour of need; and it was to his exertions that was due the signature of the Hollando-Belgian treaty in 1839, which from inertness or policy so many of his colleagues and rivals endeavoured to protract.

He alone was destined to see the affair to its conclusion from its first mooting; under him it was begun, continued, and ended—he christened and buried it:—a fortunate circumstance for his fame—the ancient has

pithily observed, "Semper enim quod postremum adjectum est, id rem totam videtur traxisse." It is in the treatment of the diseased body politic, as in that of the morbid human body, the physician last called in gains the most credit and appears a conjuror, although the cause of cure is the exhaustion of disease, and time has been the greatest leech. In this treaty Baron Bulow incurred the displeasure of the Dutch cabinet, and through the liberal tone of his political advocacy he made enemies in other still more powerful quarters. When, after the treaty, he took his *congé* to go home, it was generally believed that he was, like Baron de Wessenberg, doomed to be the victim of his liberal zeal, and that he would never return. But liberal opinions have for years daily gained greater power in Prussia, so that there he found many a supporter. In England, on the other hand, he left many powerful friends. Independently of society and the ministers of the crown, King William the Fourth, and his all admirable royal consort, had held one of his children on the baptismal font, and the shrewd baron had ingratiated himself still more deeply by well-timed services with that family who have in our days monopolised so extraordinarily large a share of the highest gifts of fortune: King Leopold, the Duchess of Kent, and even her august daughter, although then so young, were his stanch well-wishers. But there were powerful reasons for sending Baron de Bulow back to the British court—he not only possessed the greatest talents of any Prussian diplomatist, but likewise the greatest experience of the mode of treating affairs.

Baron Bulow returned to England under political circumstances highly delicate and arduous. In the Ægypto-Turkish affair he had to feel that the position of Prussia was altered. Already had that country begun to recede from its intimate union with Russia, a union formed to enable it to balance in Germany the power of the great rival and former superior and liege lord—Austria—in the Germanic confederation. In the conference France was not a judge, but an aggressor and a culprit. The Prince Metternich's envoy, true to his great leader's dictates, represented the *vis inertiæ* of politics, with an inclination to please, and to conciliate all parties and all differences in every thing that did not impugn the aristocratic principle, attack the supremacy, the Catholic religion, or the integrity of the empire of the apostolical imperio-regal government. An Austrian envoy in a conference is like those primitive anchors, a heavy stone fastened to a rope, which boatmen will throw into a river to secure their skiffs—they retain the boat only till the current sets in too strong to be resisted. The moment comes when the stone rolls—off goes the boat; but the stone is not without its use—the motion is retarded, and the skiff will stop again wherever the tide is slacker and the waters shallower. In this conference, independently of the versatile and popular Baron Nieumann, whose useful negative action we have just delineated, General Sébastiani, and later M. Guizot and the Baron Brunow, were M. de Bulow's colleagues. Of the British representative in this and in the former conference—the noble lord the Whig secretary for foreign affairs—we do not speak. For his private character, and for his unquestionable industry and talent in a general sense, we entertain the highest respect; but in politics, for years we have been opposed to him *toto cœlo*, and perhaps this has suggested to us a prejudice and an opinion which may be unjust, and in which the world may not participate. We consider

that never did minister of foreign affairs take a falser view of his mission—one essentially of peace—and that the irritation which up to this moment is preventing the two greatest and most civilised nations of the globe from making combined movements—(and they would be gigantic strides indeed)—in the paths of civilisation and commerce, arises from the irritating process adopted by this minister, who attributed too much importance to small events, and too little to great moral *ultimate* results.

General, now Marshal Sébastiani,* another of M. de Bulow's colleagues, was a singular instance how physical depression may fit a man for a particular office in diplomacy. Although now recovered, at that time the marshal was an habitual invalid. His health disarmed envy and jealousy—thought came but with a strong effort of the physical organ, with which in our mortal voyage the soul abides; therefore he only exerted his brain on matters of deepest moment. Utterance was a difficulty, so that when once he had found a phrase that expressed his thought, he repeated it constantly. He had all the qualities at that time required by his court. Although born the son of a cooper, his manners were stately and courteous—he was by inclination the most aristocratic of men. In the Spanish war, he held his divan at the Alhambra as if he were Sultan Boabdil returned once more after his "*ultimo suspiro*" on the Hill and, to gratify this ruling patrician passion, he married, at thirty years' distance, two ladies of the highest lineage in France—a Coigny and a Grammont. Always successful in gallantry and in courts, he was in spite of his military rank a general of very moderate pretensions. The greatest triumph of his double career, military and diplomatic, was in 1806, at Constantinople, when he managed, by his able manœuvres in the divan, to make the sultan turn the cannon of the Dardanelles against the English. When he arrived in England after the first stroke of that fell disease, apoplexy, the continuous stream of memory was so broken that he was wont to call for the "dragoman!" when an English despatch was brought to him. It was thought that his shrewd master and king had committed a blunder of favouritism when he sent his old political ally to England so crippled and so mute; but Sébastiani was fit to represent a throne which required caution and *time* to consecrate its rights, and, maugre the twilight in which his intellect was then involved, he had certain meteoric gleams of remarkable power—such as that which came to him some time before in the cabinet, when it was announced that the Austrians had entered the Papal dominions. "The Austrians in Romagna!" exclaimed the general, "that means the French at Ancona." The bold, statesmanlike suggestion of this thought was followed, and the world was taught to respect the power and the throne, raised by democracy on the ruins of all that constitutes the real moral strength of kingdoms. Marshal Sébastiani, when urged by strong circumstances, would even occasionally utter *bon-mots* superior to those of Talleyrand;

* This diplomatist, on his first arrival in England, suffered some share of well-bred annoyance from the difficulty which he experienced in pronouncing very distinctly. Like all persons suffering under the same defect, he had adapted a key word which he brought forth on all occasions, appropriate and inappropriate. This word of multifarious import was "*absolument.*" When he went for the first time to Windsor, King William IV., who had his own share of *mauvaise honte*, after turning in mind various ways of addressing the ambassador, at last said, "Have you been at Oxford, count?" The marshal replied with a bow, "*absolument!*" and so ended the mutual efforts at conversation.

for they had a strong feeling about them, and nothing of that which passes through the mouth of man exerts so great an effect as that which is elicited by a combined effort of heart and mind. A remarkable instance occurred on an occasion when the general had assembled at his table a number of his smaller brethren of diplomacy. These gentlemen began to turn into ridicule the miserable residences of the English sovereign, drawing invidious comparisons with the palaces of their respective princes. The ambassador, in spite of his lethargy, was deeply impressed by the indecorum of such an attack being made in England, and before English people. He first appealed to his neighbour to beg him to contradict and stop these observations—next he brought out with effort, "But Windsor, gentlemen—what do you say to Windsor?". This just observation only brought forth the whole pack in full cry. The general leaned back in his chair in utter dismay; but presently clutching the edge of the table, in a tone clear, distinct beyond all his habits—severe, and impressive, he said, "Gentlemen, there is an Italian proverb that is very just:

Principini palazzi e giardini—
Principoni, forterezze è canoni!"

(Little princes rejoice in fine palaces and gardens, great princes in fortresses and cannon.)

This said, the general sank back exhausted in his chair, and the discomfited magniloquent chargés-d'affaires held their breath,

Conticuere omnes, vox faucibus hæsit.

Another colleague of M. de Bulow's at this period, was the Baron de Brunow—a man combining with the shrewdness, subtlety, and tact of an Alberoni, an excellent heart and a lofty intellect, with a most refined taste for literature and art—for every thing "that charms at home and delights abroad." The result of this conference was due to him; it was the most extraordinary feat of diplomacy modern history has recorded, and the deed and the author present such deep interest that we intend to devote some future chapter to the subject.

The great orator and minister of France came to England to replace in the conference Marshal Sébastiani, who was recalled on the very eve of a grand fête, which he had received orders to give in the name of his sovereign, and which was postponed to the Greek Calends—a very slight instance amongst the innumerable examples, more important, of the intrigue, fickleness, and impatience which habitually characterise political resolutions in France. The consequence of this measure, and extraordinary facts attending M. Guizot's short career at this court, we will leave to a future article.

In this momentous contention, Baron Bulow, having to resist the violent impulse given to affairs in two totally different directions by the English minister, and the Russian and the French ambassadors, was once more exposed to the severest exertions imaginable, which so tried his mental energies, and brought on so serious a physical disease, that it was at one time thought he would be obliged to quit the field before the battle was decided. The eventful hour at last came, when the secret treaty was signed, which has so deeply agitated the world. The Baron de Bulow could scarcely contain his satisfaction at being freed from the vortex, and it was with difficulty that he could be retained in England until the

ratifications had been exchanged, so anxious was he to breathe once more in peace the bracing air of his native land, at his country seat at Tegel, near Berlin.

Seldom, however, has the denizen of courts and the successful votary of ambition any continuous fits of love for sylvan retreats, and the moment soon came when M. de Bulow, like a giant refreshed, only demanded some new emprise of moral toil, suited to the scope of his intellect. The highest office in his career, that of minister of foreign affairs, suddenly became vacant by the death of M. Ancillon, who had long held the seal. All Europe had its eyes fixed on Baron Bulow as the natural successor; but in the *regni novitas*, the new sovereign fixed upon the amiable Baron de Maltzahn, then ambassador at Vienna, to succeed the deceased descendant of the ancient Huguenot. To M. de Bulow was assigned the next highest post, that which in days of yore his father-in-law, Baron de Humboldt, had held. In the Germanic Diet the Minister of Prussia holds the next place, and almost equal power to the representative of Austria, and presides over the assembly in his absence.

On Baron Bulow this duty often devolved; and into the working of the gigantic machinery of the Germanic confederation he infused new and beneficial power. In the mean time it became daily more evident that the physical strength of Baron de Maltzahn could not long withstand the responsible office he held in the moral crisis of Prussia. Soon his mind began to sympathise with the trials of his frame—reason tottered on its throne—and, one day, being called upon to sign the nomination of one of the king's favourites, a man, however clever, totally unfit for the dignities and peculiar avocations of diplomacy, to an appointment we refrain from mentioning—insanity was induced—and fortunately death soon put an end to the struggles of mind and body of this excellent and gifted nobleman. M. de Bulow was sent for, and now occupies a place for which natural gifts, acquired learning, and long experience of the most delicate minutiæ of diplomacy, and of the greatest and most trying events, so well adapt him.

The position of Baron de Bulow, the deep responsibility of which drove his predecessor, after a long career, to madness, has some bright points in the immediate foreground, but to a statesman's eye the horizon is threatening. Prussia, "*ce long boyau qui à la tête sur le Niemen et les pieds sur la Meuse*"—Prussia, of which a writer has said justly, "that it was a gutless giant with his head at Koenigsberg, and his feet washed by the Rhine, but without the belly—Saxony;" Prussia, we say, has acquired, politically and commercially, for the moment, what physically it so much wanted. The Zollverein—and we must remember to observe here that M. de Bulow negotiated the first Customs' Union—the Zollverein has bound together 28,000,000 of Germans in the same interest, throwing back the limits of this narrow-gutted country, and giving Prussia a powerful supremacy; at the same time relieving her from the necessity of conquest, which up to that moment her form and organisation imposed upon her. But the means by which Prussia ascended to this eminence were the same that her government employed to shake off the grinding tyranny of Napoleon—namely, the excitement of national feeling, of which headlong principles of liberty form so large an element. To add to the danger, one must consider the character of the prince at the head of the Prussian empire. He is a man of enlarged intellect, of classical and refined tastes, with encyclopedic knowledge, and an ardent

admirer of all that is art or poetry. Having ascended the throne so late in life, to the danger of his romantic turn of mind is added the tendency to prefer theory to practice. Hardly on the throne, he reversed all the military habits of his predecessors, which his excellent father, combined with an all-pervading love of peace. To console a nation, to whom in the hour of need so much was promised, one so lately formed out of such heterogeneous elements, occupying a country whose narrow strips are straggling far off amidst kingdoms of the most opposite habits, full liberty has always been allowed in questions of reason and philosophy, and religious opinions were left wholly independent of any imposed theory; whilst the whole nation was impelled by every possible encouragement to aim at moral distinction, and to revel in the delights of art and literature. To this, on his first ascent to the throne, the new sovereign added a politico-liberal excitement. Remarkably gifted in the use of speech, he constantly gives way to the dangerous charm of his own oratory, to discussions of principle and generalisation, which waste the hours of the ministers in the cabinet, and which make him forget that to statesmen and to kings in absolute governments, *in public*, "language should be only used to conceal one's thoughts." This amiable sovereign, so full of good feeling, so accomplished, and so learned, has already given the most dangerous impulse to the public mind in Prussia; and now comes the moment of trial, when, amidst the daily manufacture of proposed constitutions, he must say, "so far and no farther!" This he thinks he can effect whilst he coquets with democracy, and whilst he forgets the old story of King Canute, who, when sycophants exaggerated his power, sat himself down by the sea-shore, and lo, and behold the waves washed over him without taking notice of his remonstrances: the tide of human passions is still more reckless.

This rapid glance at the state of Prussia will give the reader some idea of the difficulties and anxieties by which is now surrounded the statesman who is the principal figure in our *tableau*. After spending his life in practical habits, after practising the art of statesmanship for thirty years, with the secret habits of diplomacy, he is now involved in the struggle of dangerous theories, and destined, perhaps shortly, to contend, in open legislative assemblage, with shallow-pated orators as much his superiors in volubility of speech as he is in positive knowledge and grasp of thought. Its discipline and military organisation, which forces every youth to serve three years as a soldier before he can enter the university, and the marvellous commercial activity and success created by the Zollverein may put off the evil day. Apparently, all now is sunshine! It has been related that a young conscript of Napoleon's days, marching to join his regiment at Leipsic, as he was crossing the bridge of boats at Cologne, was struck with astonishment at the beautiful blue, limpid waters of the Rhine flowing beneath his feet: all at once he exclaimed, "*La voilà donc, cette fameuse Eau de Cologne!*" (Oh! so this is the celebrated *Eau de Cologne.*) Externally, Prussia is at this moment all *Eau de Cologne* and *couleur de rose*—may this last for another quarter of a century, were it only to reward, in the latter years of his life, the arduous exertions so serviceable to his country, and so salutary to Europe, of Henry de Bulow!

M. B.

WHAT WE'RE DOING AND WHAT WE'RE COMING TO.

BY ANGUS B. REACH.

Somebody once remarked, that the day was coming when the most extraordinary natural phenomenon we could behold—the most singular deviation from the ordinary laws of nature we could witness—would be a man who had not written a book. If, however, matters go on much longer as they are now doing, we shall have a fair chance of seeing an eighth wonder added to the world in the shape of a man who actually, and *bonâ fide*, possesses not a single railway share!

Doctors may go mad about Mesmerism, and parsons about Puseyism, Young England may be smitten with temporary insanity, touching maypoles and cricket-balls—but old England has become a perfect monomaniac in the matter of rails and locomotives. We are all railway mad—the steam-whistle drowns every other sound—we hardly think, but of rival lines—we hardly dream, but of contending gradients. There is a conspiracy hatching to clap a huge gridiron over England—town is to be bound to town by iron bands—termini will spring up as thick as taverns—stations as pumps—the whole country will be one rail-road city—the lines crossing and recrossing, and intertwining like streets—so that if you ask the way to some place a hundred miles off, the direction will be, "Down the Little Peddlington line first, then the second railroad to the right, turn off at the third to the left, opposite to Mudfog Terminus, and go on to No. 4 Station—you can't go wrong—ask any of the railway police."

You hear some slow coaches talking about what we have done in the way of speed, but all that has yet been accomplished is but a faint inkling of what we shall do. The idea of thinking it a feat to breakfast in Newcastle and dine in London! antiquated and absurd—not a bit better than the old stage-waggons—comparatively! We look forward to quicker going than that. Dine three hundred miles from the place we breakfasted at! why not finish dinner three hundred miles from the place we began it at? Make the transit—not between the meals, but between the courses. Fly for every change of dish to the places most celebrated for the production of the savoury morsel. Thus you might have your soup in town—dash down to the banks of the Tweed for a cut of salmon fresh from the water—find yourselves in five minutes from the date of its consumption luxuriating upon Welsh mutton in Carmarthen—hurry up to Dorking for the breast of a fowl—and have your cheese either in Cheshire or Gloucester, as you happen to fancy.

Really this seems to be what we are coming to. Time and space are rapidly getting obsolete. The electric telegraph laughs at them both. Our posterity will regard the species of deference we paid to them as a curious popular delusion, extensively current in the dark ages. And the charm to work these miracles is vapour. Rails are the magic wands our modern sorcerers use, and, as they lay them down, their object is accomplished. Time and space vanish, and every body dwells next door to every body else!

The next census will probably show the whole population divided into two grand classes—railway officers, officials, and constructors on the one hand, and railway shareholders on the other. A man without a share will be rarer than a man without a nose. Every body is rushing to the market for "scrip" and "stock"—sinking his ordinary avocation in his new career of railway speculator.

Our cheesemonger is an extensive holder in home schemes—our tailor rather inclines to foreign speculations. The dog's-meat man, who comes into our street, talks of a buoyancy in the nor-east-and-by-north lines; and the man who sweep the crossing at the corner informed us in confidence, that he feared he should be taken in extensively by the decisions of the Board of Trade.

Wherever we go we hear of railroads—whenever we open a newspaper we see columns of railroad meetings—estimates, gradients, guages, passenger traffic, branch lines, competing lines, are for ever rung in our ears. As Brindley opined that Providence intended rivers to feed canals—so do half of our friends seem to imagine that flat countries were created for the convenience of railroads, and that men and women were formed merely to be first, second, and third-class passengers.

In days of yore, the dabbler in railway stock was a creature *sui generis*. His thoughts were limited by the sphere of 'Change—he haunted Bartholomew-lane—he lounged at the entrance of Capel-court, noisily discussing a bull speculation or a bear scheme—he was to be found in obscure City coffee-rooms, known only to the denizens of Cornhill and Threadneedle-street, where he lay in wait to catch the first glimpse of second editions of newspapers—hinting a shadow of variation in the *Rentes* at Paris, or the Actives at Madrid—he was a well-known, understood, definite kind of animal—a Stock Exchange man. But now there are nothing but Stock Exchange men. A few have no longer the blessed monopoly. London is all one big Capel-court—Britain only one big Bartholomew-lane.

Formerly, with the exception of the few who managed, without capital, to play at the game of commercial *rouge et noir*, those only invested money in railroads or other schemes who had money to invest. But we have got far beyond such childishly narrow-minded courses of proceeding now. Gentlemen with dilapidated gossamers—kept in countenance by seedy coats—supported in turn by boots which would be admirable ventilators, if they did not let in water as well as air, are all large railway proprietors—that is, proprietors in *esse* of railways in *posse*. Decent tradesmen, who would once never have thought of any investment, other than the savings' bank, empty the till to buy "nor-by-west" stock, and "Little Pedlington, with Mudfog Branch, Grand Union Central Junction Railroad" shares—a report having having suddenly got abroad that they have risen 200 per cent. in ten minutes. City clerks, who formerly laid out all their pocket money in the theatres at half-price, and the Cider Cellars at full, knowingly invest it in Down-Easterns, or Up-Westerns, or Through the Middle-Southerns. West-end men think of cutting Tattersall's for 'Change—country gentlemen write to town agents to be on the look out for a good promising line to plunge into—people with money invest it in new schemes, which are at a premium, trusting they will rise higher—people without money invest their wits in

shares at a discount, trusting they will soar to a premium. For the convenience of those who have no pounds—we hear of shares sold by shillings—and probably they will come in time to be retailed for pence. Children will be sent out by their parents for two-pennyworth of "Reduced Direct Northerns," or a three-farthing "York and London."

What an utterly unimaginable place a town without a railroad will soon be. He will have no small powers of fancy who can conceive such an isolated collection of houses. A town without a railway! as well talk of a town without a shop—a borough without a mayor—a mayor without a mace—"Hamlet" with *Hamlet* cut out. Who would go and live in such a place? The backwoods would be civilisation to it—the savages of New Zealand polished in comparison to its degraded denizens—roads leading to it would be a sort of *cul-de-sacs*, leading nowhere in particular—people would forget all about it—its name would only be found in antique maps—its description in mouldy gazetteers.

But there will be no such thing. Surely there is not a village in the land but is destined to be broken in upon by the thousand and one schemes every day springing up like gourds (or mushrooms—which are more familiar plants) around us. In fact we hear ever and anon of the existence of some place—some, to the world, nameless collection of tiles and slates and bricks—of the whereabouts—nay, the very being of which we should have been in a state of blessed ignorance—were it not dragged into day—lugged into notoriety at the end of a new line of railroad. Vales and villages, rivers and ravines, brooks and bridges, every day make their blushing appearance in the advertising columns of the newspapers—new to every body except gentlemen devoted to map-making, or domestic Humboldts in geography.

Every body knows the story of the plaintiff in Westminster Hall blubbering aloud as his advocate told the story of his woes, and declaring in a voice inarticulate with sobs, that he never knew before—never—that he was half so ill-used a man. So is it with a range of country. Suddenly there appears an advertisement headed "The Muddledub, Marshy Vale and Squashton Railway, capital 1,000,000*l.*, in 1*l.* shares, with an immediate call for ninepence per share." And then comes the most eloquent of expositions touching the extraordinary and unequalled advantages of the proposed scheme. Never was there such an opportunity for investment. No engineering difficulties whatever. (By the way, it is perfectly astonishing how free projected lines are from such disagreeables—until they come to be actually entered upon.) Well, it is proved that twenty per cent. is the least the projectors think of giving you for your money, which will of course be much safer than in the three per cents., considering the general circumstances of Europe and the warlike longings of the Prince de Joinville. You read with amazement of the extraordinary district through which the new line is to wend its iron way, a cross between an Arcadia and an El Dorado, containing—that is so far as can be judged from the geological features of the country—unbounded mineral riches—(mines are to be of course dug hereafter,—producing every species of produce, agricultural and manufactured—that is to say when the railroad develops its resources—and peopled with a most enterprising and restless class of inhabitants, who will always be sure to keep moving—that is to say whenever the railroad gives them an

opportunity. The projectors go on to hint that the Birmingham Railway, or the Great Western, will be comparative failures to the new line. They are perfectly certain of getting a bill—though they have not asked yet. Nature seemed to have intended Marshy Valley for a railway—to have planned it with a special regard to gradients, and to have disposed every swell and sweep of land with an eye to the proper curves. In consequence of this there will be very few miles of deep cutting—not more than half-a-dozen tunnels, and as many viaducts, while the bridges which will have to be constructed are quite trifling comparatively. Then the landed proprietors along the line are perfectly frantic in their support of it. Not one in opposition—except those whose dissent will in point of fact be a recommendation ; and as for the land, it is to be sold—that is indeed to be given away for nothing—or at all events a mere nothing—which comes to the same thing—almost. Indeed, what surprises the provisional committee the most is how the Marshy Vale Railroad could possibly have been overlooked so long. Reasoning *à fortiori*, it ought to have been the first commenced in England, but this is of course only an argument for its more speedy construction now. Yes, the Marshy Vale line is to be the true line—the no mistake line—the money-making line—in fact, the line *par excellence* of all new lines ; an early application for shares is therefore quite indispensable. It is to be feared indeed that they will all have been allotted ere any answer can have been made to this advertisement ; but that is not the committee's fault, but the public's for not coming forward sooner. However there is still a chance by applying to Mr. Dooman, the Hon. Sec., at the offices of the Muddledub, Marshy Vale, and Squashton Railway.

Now is the time to make your fortune—all prizes and no blanks. To be a sharer in the new line is evidently just the same thing as being a *millionaire.* How could Marshy Vale have been hitherto overlooked! Astounding! And Muddledub and Squashton! Monstrous! Two such thriving towns—or rather cities—of (as the advertisement says) "such high agricultural, commercial, and manufacturing importance" to have been left pining without a rail—unenlivened by termini—the only vehicle of communication between them an old coach running twice a week, and drawn by a blind horse and a spavined pony, and never full. Think of all this—does not the blood boil ? Heavens! where are we. In England—in the nineteenth century ! There and then can such things be? No. Let us wipe away the disgrace, and fill our pockets by a railroad union of the cities of Muddledub and Squashton. Look at these offices—are not they a guarantee for the stability of the concern ? Such a splendid wire-wove announcement on the window-blinds—such flourishing letters upon the brass-plate on the door—such awfully high stools for the clerks inside, and such softly carpeted, nicely furnished rooms for the future directors. The essence of commercial respectability surrounds the fane as with a halo. Enter the shrine of Plutus, and for small moneys buy bank notes, or scrip, which is of course the same thing. Here may you go in poor and come out rich. It is through the Marshy Vale office that the road lies from a New Cut garret to a Belgrave-square drawing-room.

And why should you doubt it? Hear you not, every day, of men getting rich as fast as in that olden time—when fairies were upon the

earth, and when hidden treasures were as plentiful in the world of fact, as they now are in the world of fiction? Is there not a new alchemy revived—a new plan for the projection of metals made manifest—a new scheme for the conversion of iron into gold? The alchemist of yore, brooded with bleared eyes and skinny hands, over blazing furnaces, and traced cabalistic marks. Fools! they should have stirred up the fire of adventurous speculation, and drawn out railway prospectuses. They made their iron into wedges, and placed it in crucibles. Dunces! they should have beat it into rails and laid it upon sleepers!

With the new version of the old world alchemy too, we have a curious version of the old world feuds. We have the wars of the Rails for the wars of the Roses. The Houses of York and Lancaster may have no partisans now, but are the Railways of York and Lancaster left equally unbefriended? Our population is being split into hostile railway tribes; prospectuses are their weapons, newspapers their battle-field. The "Direct Northern" clan is in a state of deadly feud with the "London and York" tribe. No border raid was so well contested as the courses of border railways. We have the people of the East pitted against the people of the West; and the midland people, instead of being neutral, making fierce war on both. Society is almost as much cut up by the railways, as the fields through which they run. Railway politics threaten to usurp the place of genuine politics. People ask not whether you are a Whig or a Tory, but whether you are a Great Western man, or a South-Eastern man? No one cares to know the opinion you hold, they are anxious only to ascertain the shares. Shares usurp far more than their just share in conversation; they are talked of at the West End, as well as in the city, in the kitchen as well as the drawing-room; at the Pall Mall club as well as the Ratcliff Highway taproom. Resting or travelling, standing or sitting, you are still doomed to hear of shares, schemes, scrip, and premiums.

The other day we hailed an omnibus; two elderly gentlemen, each with spectacles, a snuffy white neckerchief, and an umbrella, sat opposite to each other. They leaned back for a moment to let us pass, and then resumed a conversation they appeared to have been carrying on, with great vigour.

"It's a delusion," said the first old gentleman.

"No; but your hopeful plan is a delusion, and worse," rapped out the second.

"All your shareholders will be ruined," reiterated number one.

"You won't have any," retorted number two.

"Your gradients are absurd," screamed he on the right.

"Your tunnels are impracticable," shouted he on the left.

"We're at a premium," bawled the one.

"We're at a higher," roared the second.

"The Board of Trade's with us," vociferated our neighbour on the one hand.

"That for the Board of Trade," replied he on the other, snapping his fingers.

"It's no go with you."

"It's all up with you."

"I say yes!"

"I say no!"

"You're a humbug."

"You're another."

"Now then, who's for Bartholomew-lane?" interposed the conductor, from his station.

"Here you are," shouted both gentlemen at once, shuffling out to continue the "argument" in the street.

"Mr. Snubbins, and Mr. Snobbins, sir," observed a smiling fellow-passenger, in answer to our look of inquiry; "both most respectable gentlemen, on the most intimate terms, too, only they happen to have shares in rival companies."

We should not be a bit surprised to hear of duels between contending shareholders—simple possessors of shares might be content with a single change of shots—directors would have naturally two or three fires, and secretaries of course would combat *à l'outrance*. Indeed, for the sake of simplicity and uniformity, as well as to save time and trouble, it would be probably advisable to marshal companies wholesale against each other. The directors and engineers would be the natural leaders, and the shareholders of the "London and York," or "Direct North," could do sturdy battle—on Salisbury Plain for example—as the clans Kay and Chattan, settled their differences of yore, to the clash of dirks and claymores, upon the North Inch of Perth!

For some years back we have heard doleful Jeremiades on the decline and fall of the stage-coaches, but hitherto the race has not become absolutely extinct. Every now and then was to be seen, among the cabs and omnibuses which people the London streets, a well splashed four-horse drag, clustered over with the great-coated and umbrellaed passengers, rattling on its way to some old city coach hostelrie, now left forlorn and almost deserted, amid back streets and tortuous passages. But even these last roses of summer must go the way of most of their compeers. Not even the most rural of rural districts, the most out of the way nooks of the world, but are getting their railways, building their termini, wriggling themselves into the meshes of the iron net in which the whole country is being enveloped. The stage-coach will speedily be as antique as Pharaoh's chariots, which "drave heavily." A flying stage-coachman on the land will be deemed as preposterous as a flying Dutchman on the water. All their stages are but stages of decay, and their progress but a galloping consumption. The last of the stage-coachmen is probably alive; but a few years, and the Tony Wellers will be as the *preux chevaliers*—men to read of, write of, dream of—but not to see, to shake hands with, to nod to. If any of them survive the generation, it will be as railway policemen, or engine-stokers; fallen from their high estate—gone from the sprightly team and the rattling drag, to the panting engine and the speeding train!

But we are not satisfied with mere railway speed; we have heard passengers in a mail-train grumble excessively, and look upon themselves as the most ill-used of mortals, because the speed was not more than thirty miles an hour. "Did they call that railway going? Pshaw! a regular imposition—nothing like the rate they might run at, if they pleased."

But steam may do its best, fly its quickest—electricity will beat it still.

A steam express may hurry at a mile a minute through the land, but an electricity-conveyed message, will shoot to its destination speedy as the sunbeams. We have seen the accused hurry from the scene of his guilt at the rate of forty miles an hour, hugging himself probably in the idea that the vaporous agency he used was speeding him on, far faster than the art of man could devise means of following. Vain thought! a quicker railroad was by his side. A series of extended wires ran from pole to pole beside him, and it might be even as he looked upon the metal cords, that unseen as a spirit's passage, quick as imagination's flight, the tidings of the murder were glancing past to meet and confront him at his journey's end. And men have perhaps deemed, that for rusty wires no higher mission could be conceived than clasping some piece of mechanical handicraft; but we have seen them made as living things—as tell-tales and moving tongues—to speak men's thoughts—to enable beings hundreds of miles apart to whisper in each other's ears. To what uses may not this wonderful power, this spell of the electro-telegraph be applied? It will bind town to town, and province to province, with even closer bonds than steam has yet drawn round them. Time and space by it are literally and actually annihilated. The wish of the *Lovers* in the "Critic" could now be gratified, and were *Don Whiskerandos* confined within the walls of Portsmouth, the gentle *Tilburina*, might hold loving conversation with him, seated where once the Nine Elms grew. Ere we are many years older, we hope to see the Land's End no farther from John o' Groat's House, for all the purposes of speaking and listening, than one end of your dining-room table is from the other.

We began this paper sportively, and have continued in the vein in which we began. Nevertheless, the subject has a serious and an awful side. What are we coming to? Who shall answer the question? Who shall set bounds to man's invention? Who shall say what powers of nature he may not bend to his purpose—make the vassals of his will? A feeble and a passing creature, whom a brook may drown—yet who can triumph over the fury of the ocean—whom a flame may scorch to a calcined cinder, and yet who tells the fierce fire to do his bidding—whom a flash of lightning may blast—but who makes the essence of that lightning his messenger—a creature subject each moment to death in a thousand forms—whom a tainted breath of air may poison—whom a darkling step may fling upon his fate—whom a false movement in the thousand complicated details of his being may consign to the clay which he treads on—yet who, in the midst of all this, and in spite of all this, lives and moves, and thinks and works—accumulates and hands down, from generation to generation, the treasures of his knowledge, and, naturally subject to every physical influence as a slave—yet contrives by thought to rule it as a sovereign!

Yes, science is the true magic! The wildest of man's supernatural dreams equals not the feats which he has accomplished. If a sprite could put a girdle round the earth in forty minutes, man may do yet more in yet shorter space. Every year that passes—every power added to man's thought-won arsenal, demonstrates the great, the eternal truth of that maxim so trite, but charged with such deep meaning: Fact is stranger than Fiction. A hundred years ago the wildest dreamer would not have dared to think of the Atlantic certainly crossed in ten days—of England

certainly traversed in almost as few hours. But what poets have not dared to anticipate—man has dared to do. What was deemed too extravagant for fancy has not been found too strange for fact: the dealer in the pliable wares of imagination has been outstripped by the dealer in the stubborn wares of actuality—greater castles have been reared on the earth than ever were built in the air—man's deeds have outdone man's speculations, his day tasks, his night dreams.

And our progress is onward. By what we have done, we may judge of what we shall do. A matter then to be deeply pondered over—to be considered with curiosity, and interest, and awe, is that of

WHAT WE ARE DOING AND WHAT WE ARE COMING TO.

THE LEFT-HAND GLOVE;

OR,

CIRCUMSTANTIAL TESTIMONY.

ON the summit of a hill near Muhlbach, a small town of Rhenish Prussia, there is a chapel dedicated to St. Joseph. Being a place of pilgrimage, this chapel is on festival days visited by many of the inhabitants of the surrounding country; but on other days of the year it seldom happens that the sound of a human footstep disturbs the sacred solitude.

Very early on the morning of the 19th of July, 1818, a peasant proceeding to work, was wending his way along a narrow path at the foot of the hill. His dog was running before him. Suddenly the animal stopped short, and in another moment darted off rapidly in the direction of the chapel. The dog soon returned to his master, howling piteously, and betraying unequivocal signs of terror. The peasant quickened his pace, and turned directly into the path leading up to the chapel. On coming within sight of the portal of the little edifice, he was horror-struck to behold, stretched on the steps, the lifeless body of a young man.

The terrified peasant hurried to the neighbouring village with tidings of what he had seen. The news spread with the swiftness of lightning, and in a very short space of time the magistrate of the district, accompanied by the village doctor and schoolmaster, and followed by a crowd of country people, were ascending the hill in the direction of the chapel.

The body was found precisely on the spot and in the position described by the peasant. It was the corse of a very handsome young man; part of the clothing, viz., the coat and waistcoat had been taken off, and beneath the shirt there was found a piece of cloth of a bright red colour, apparently the fragment of a shawl. This piece of cloth was laid in several folds over the region of the heart. It was fastened by a band of fine lawn or cambric which was rolled round the body, and the whole was firmly fixed by a mass of congealed blood. On the careful removal of these bandages, there was discovered a deep wound, which had divided the carotid artery. The deceased wore light-coloured pantaloons, boots

with spurs, and on one of the fingers there was a massive gold signet-ring. The ground round the spot where the body lay exhibited no trace of any struggle; but prints of footsteps, partially obliterated, were perceptible. These marks were traced to a neighbouring wood, and in the direction of an eminence which towered above the trees, and whose summit was crowned by the ruins of the old castle of Ottenberg—a place which the neighbouring country people believed to be haunted.

Whilst the doctor and others were engaged in examining the body, some of the rustic crowd mustered courage to trace the foot-prints, which apparently led to the ruined castle—their superstitious fears being doubtless lulled by the conviction that ghosts are not prone to wander in the bright sunshine of a July morning. One of the party was soon seen running back to the chapel in breathless haste, announcing that the scene of the crime was discovered. The magistrate proceeded to the ruins of the castle, and what he saw left no room to doubt that the murder had actually been committed there. The floor of the spacious area (once the banqueting hall of the castle) was stained with blood. The walls, the table, and the seats, also presented similar stains. On the table were the remains of a repast which had evidently been partaken of at no very distant date, for there were fragments of bread and fruit, and a broken bottle in which some wine still remained.

On further examination, deep prints of footsteps were perceived leading from the ruins of Ottenberg to the high road of Beking, in a direction quite opposite to that of the chapel. A little further on in the same track, was found a piece of red cloth; and on comparison it was ascertained to belong to the same shawl, a fragment of which had been used to stanch the wound of the victim. At the foot of a tree lay a lady's glove, nearly new, but stained with blood. Nothing more was discovered, and in the evening the body was interred in the village churchyard, after being throughout the day exposed to the public gaze.

On the following day, an innkeeper presented himself to the magistrate of the district. He had recognised in the murdered man a traveller who slept in his house on the night of the 15th of July, and who left early on the following morning. He knew neither the name nor the condition of the stranger; nor had he heard from whence he came, or whither he was going. The innkeeper observed that he had a gold watch and chain, a red morocco pocket-book, and a green silk purse; moreover, that he wore two rings, one of which he had recognised on the dead body.

An active inquiry was set on foot; but no circumstance of importance was brought to light, until about six weeks afterwards. The police then ascertained that a gentleman named Von Bergfeldt, who had been residing for some time at Coblentz, had suddenly disappeared. He came from Frankfort, and to all appearance possessed plenty of money. He had made several excursions to various parts of the adjacent country, and his journeys had extended as far as the mountains of the Vosges. An old soldier, who had been his servant, and the proprietor of a house which he had hired, came to Muhlbach; both had a perfect recollection of the watch and the two rings remarked by the innkeeper; the servant positively affirmed that the boots found on the dead body belonged to his master.

Several months elapsed, and public interest, which had been powerfully excited by this mysterious event, was gradually subsiding, when a gentleman of rank, travelling to the waters of Podewil, happened to pass through Muhlbach. Hearing of the murder, he was struck by the name of the victim—Bergfeldt being the name of one of the most ancient and noble families in Silesia. He knew their armorial bearings, and he expressed a wish to see the signet-ring which had been found on the body. The engraved coat-of-arms was identical with that of the Silesian Bergfeldts; viz., quarterly Sable and Azure, on a Chief Or, a Serpent between Two Bees.

The *Ober-Procurator* of Mulbach lost no time in addressing a letter to the authorities of Breslau. An answer was speedily returned enclosing a letter signed Ferdinand von Bergfeldt, the writer of which described himself as being the second son of the old Baron Franz von Bergfeldt. He stated that his elder brother, had about two years previously, left home to make a tour in various parts of Europe, and that the family had received no intelligence of him for a very considerable time.

"Every circumstance," pursued the writer of the letter, "leads to the supposition, that the victim of the recent murder is no other than my unfortunate brother. Our family has the greatest interest in elucidating this mystery, inasmuch as our patrimonial estates are entailed on heirs male. My brother was married, but had separated from his wife, by whom he had a daughter, who died in infancy. I shall set out forthwith for Muhlbach."

Ferdinand von Bergfeldt arrived at Muhlbach in December, he examined the effects of the deceased, and the documents relative to the examination of witnesses. It appeared evident, beyond doubt, that his brother had perished by the hand of a murderer; but, nevertheless, it was requisite he should be provided with an attested certificate of his death, before he could take possession of the inheritance which would devolve on him as next heir, at the decease of his then very aged father.

He engaged the assistance of the advocate Schelnitz, a lawyer of justly reputed intelligence and activity; and with him he proceeded to Coblentz. The mystery of the case, the important interests involved in it, and the rank of the family, all contributed to stimulate the zeal of Schelnitz, and he speedily brought to light certain facts which promised to lead to the detection of the criminal.

Ferdinand and the lawyer visited the house which had been occupied by Edward von Bergfeldt at Coblentz. Seals had been affixed to all the drawers, trunks, &c., and, on a careful examination of the effects, there was found in the pocket of a coat a note written in French. The address had been torn off, but the note was as follows:—

"I grant the interview on condition of its being the last. Your threats can never intimidate me. I defend myself with the arms of virtue and honour. This is my last communication. Secret correspondence must not continue.

"C——.

"July 13th."

As soon as Ferdinand von Bergfeldt perused this note, he felt con-

vinced that he was on the right track for the discovery of the murderer.

"It has been conjectured," observed he, "that robbery was the motive for taking my brother's life—no such thing! I feel assured that the fatal blow was struck by a female hand—the same hand to which the glove belongs, and the same hand which traced this note. Every one of our family are aware that my brother did not behave well to his wife; and that his conduct caused them to separate shortly after their marriage."

The active inquiry now set on foot brought to the knowledge of the magistrates various circumstances worthy of attention.

A country girl deposed that, whilst she was engaged in cutting wood in the neighbourhood of the castle of Ottenberg, on the morning of the 16th of July, she had seen a gentleman in a hunting-dress walking with a lady. She described the lady to have worn a straw bonnet, a bright-coloured dress, and to have carried a parasol.

The keeper of the baths of Podewil, near Muhlbach, furnished testimony somewhat more important. He stated that, about noon on the 16th of July, a lady elegantly attired, but pale and evidently suffering from fatigue, came to the door of the bathing establishment, and wanted some person to tie a bandage round her right hand, which she said she had accidentally cut. The wife of the bath-keeper washed and bandaged the wound. The cut was long, but not very deep, and appeared to have been inflicted with a knife. The lady requested to have a clean white handkerchief, which was furnished to her; she left a ducat in payment, and went away hurriedly. An old man, dressed like a wood-cutter, had been observed waiting for her at some distance, and, the lady having joined him, they went away together. From the evidence of a person living near the baths, it appeared that, being at work behind a hedge, he had heard a short colloquy between the lady and her guide. The former was weeping and appeared greatly distressed. The old man said to her, "In the name of Heaven, madam, be calm! Tears cannot recall the dead to life—from me you have nothing to fear—I will be silent—silent as the grave!"

These witnesses described the lady to have had a light-coloured parasol, a straw bonnet trimmed with flowers, and a green silk dress.

Ferdinand von Bergfeldt now entertained no doubt that the investigation would speedily lead to a satisfactory result. In a letter, which he addressed to the magistrate of Muhlbach, he said, "We shall soon unravel the truth. We have the glove, and it will not be long ere we have the hand. It is a right-hand glove, and, on turning it inside out, I have made a discovery which has heretofore escaped observation. In the inside is written a name, part of which is obliterated, the letters *Henr—F——ke*, being all that are legible." But was this the name of the wearer or the maker? With the view of solving this question, the glove was transmitted to an experienced agent, who had orders to spare no exertions for the elucidation of the fact.

At this juncture an unexpected circumstance intervened. A festival day was at hand, and in preparation for it the chapel of St. Joseph was swept and cleaned. The box destined for receiving donations for the poor was opened; within it was found a green-silk purse, containing a considerable sum in gold and silver, together with a slip of paper, on

which were written the following words: "Give the dead man Christian burial, and Heaven will reward you!" It will be recollected that the innkeeper had seen a green-silk purse in the hands of the stranger who had slept a night in his house. He was shown the purse found in the poor-box, and he identified it as the same.

Meanwhile, Ferdinand von Bergfeldt received letters from Silesia, acquainting him with his father's sudden death. He hurried home without delay. He was aware that, in the event of his brother Edward's death being proved, it would be necessary that he should go immediately to Berlin to obtain the requisite authority for entering into possession of his inheritance. In this matter he counted on the support of his sister-in-law; as the widow would be entitled to an annuity much more considerable than the sum she had received as alimony since her separation from her husband.

Ferdinand von Bergfeldt was not on friendly terms with the family of his brother's wife. Some overtures for effecting reconciliation between the husband and wife had been obstinately opposed by the father of the lady, General Count Hildenrath. This circumstance had, in no slight degree, wounded the pride of the Bergfeldts.

On the 28th of June, 1819, Ferdinand arrived in Berlin, and he lost no time in visiting General Hildenrath, by whom he was not received in a very cordial manner. Edward's widow, Charlotte von Bergfeldt, was from home. Whilst Ferdinand was relating to the general all that he had learned respecting his brother's death, a carriage stopped at the door, and in a few moments Charlotte entered the drawing-room. At sight of Ferdinand, who advanced to meet her with respectful interest, she turned deadly pale, staggered, and seemed on the point of falling, but as if by a sudden effort recovering her self-possession, she courtesied and withdrew. Ferdinand was vexed at this behaviour, which he regarded as an unequivocal sign of animosity, and after a little further conversation with the general he took his leave.

He subsequently saw Charlotte several times, and though she did not seek to avoid him, yet she behaved with coolness and reserve. Though she had just ground of complaint against her husband, yet she rendered the due tribute of regret for his sudden and unfortunate death. About the end of August, Ferdinand received a letter from Schelnitz, which was in substance as follows:

"I have some particulars to communicate, which appear to me to be of the utmost importance, and to which I beg your earnest attention. In the first place I have to inform you, that we have found *the left-hand glove.* The name Heinrich Finacke is legibly written in the inside. It is supposed to be the name of the manufacturer, and we have taken measures for ascertaining this fact. The glove was discovered in the following manner: In the course of his investigations, the police agent, who had possession of the right-hand glove, showed it to a milliner of Muhlbach named Mademoiselle Enkel. A lady named Raumer, who was a customer of the milliner, happened to see the glove, and examined it attentively. This lady knew that I was engaged in investigating the affair of the murder at Ottenberg. Three days afterwards, Mademoiselle Raumer called on me and presented to me *the left-hand glove.* This lady is an intimate friend of the family of the Protestant Pastor Gaeben.

She related to me that, one day whilst she was visiting the daughters of that clergyman, a discussion arose on some point of dress, and one of the young ladies having opened a drawer to search for something, accidentally drew out a glove, which fell at the feet of Madame Raumer. On picking it up, she perceived something written in the inside, and she mechanically read the name *Heinrich Finacke.*

"'Where did you get this glove, my dear Caroline?' inquired Madame Raumer.

"'From the *femme de chambre* of a lady who was here last summer from Berlin,' was the reply.

"I lost no time," added Schelnitz, "in writing to the Pastor Gaeben, and he called on me this morning, accompanied by his daughter Caroline. They were very uneasy lest the discovery of the glove, a circumstance in itself so trivial, should place them in an unpleasant position. I tried to dispel their apprehensions, and begged the young lady would tell me candidly how the glove came into her possession.

"She informed me that a young widow lady, Madame Weltheim, a resident of Berlin, had some time ago been on a visit to Baron Schonwald, at his castle near Muhlbach. Caroline, who was a good musician, frequently went to the castle to sing and accompany the lady on the pianoforte. When Madame Weltheim was about to leave the castle, Caroline assisted the *femme de chambre* to pack up. In a small box filled with ribbons, flowers, and other trifles, the glove was found. Being an odd one, the lady's-maid threw it on the ground as useless. Caroline, admiring the small size and elegant form of the glove, picked it up and said she would keep it as a memorial of Madame Weltheim. I am fully convinced," pursued Schelnitz, "that all the young lady has stated is strictly true.

"You remember the letter written in French which was found among your brother's effects. Its signature was the letter C. Now I am informed that Madame Weltheim's *femme de chambre* was a French girl, and that her name was Cecile. You will, no doubt, be struck with this coincidence. Cecile is described as tall and slender; Caroline Gaeben is, on the contrary, of short stature. All that I can learn of Madame Weltheim is, that she is a lady of good family, and moves in the best society of Berlin."

It is strange, thought Ferdinand, when he had finished reading the letter, that Schelnitz should attach so much importance to coincidences which seem to me the mere result of chance. He went out to call on Count Hildenrath, with the intention of communicating to him what he had learned. The count was from home, but the countess, who had just arrived from the country, received him with great kindness. She was full of curiosity respecting the murder, and pressed Ferdinand to inform her of all the particulars.

"Your brother was buried near the spot where his body was found, I believe," said the lady.

"Yes, madam, his ashes repose in the little village churchyard, not far from Muhlbach."

"Muhlbach!" exclaimed the countess. "Oh! what would have been poor Charlotte's feelings had she known that. She was not far from Muhlbach at the time."

"How, madam! Was my sister-in-law near Muhlbach?"

"She was passing some time at the castle of Baron Schonwald, which is only a few leagues from Muhlbach. Don't you know Baron Schonwald? He is a very pleasant man, only so exceedingly fond of hunting. And the baroness—she is quite an oddity! In her youth she was one of the maids of honour to the electress! There was no King of Saxony in those days. But every thing is changed now; and as I was observing a day or two ago to my friend Madame Schlichtegroll, I don't know what we have gained by all these changes!"

In this way the loquacious old lady gossiped for some time, unheeded by Ferdinand, who was absorbed in profound reflection.

"How!" thought he to himself; "Charlotte so near the scene of the crime, and we not know it! She and her father have been silent on a fact of which they ought to have apprised me the very first moment I was in their company!"

He took leave of the countess, and returned in a very pensive mood to his hotel. He once more read the letter of Schelnitz, and pondered on every line of it. Another initial C. had now come to light. Was it the one they were in quest of? Could the accusatory glove belong to Charlotte? Had she assumed the character of a widow with the false name of Madame Weltheim? These and a thousand other perplexing thoughts and suspicions haunted the mind of Ferdinand throughout the night.

Next morning he again repaired to the hotel of Count Hildenrath. He found the countess and her daughter together in the drawing-room. The conversation naturally turned on the legal inquiries which were going on for the verification of his brother's death. Charlotte at first betrayed no sign of embarrassment or uneasiness.

"I believe, madam," said Ferdinand, "you are acquainted with the family of Baron Schonwald, who reside near Mulbach?"

"I have some slight acquaintance with them," replied Madame von Bergfeldt.

"Do you happen to know the daughter of the Pastor Gaeben who lives in the neighbourhood of the castle?"

"He has several daughters."

"I mean the second daughter; Caroline, I think, is her name."

"Yes, I know her. She is a charming girl, and a great favourite of mine."

"I have just learned that she is implicated, in a very serious way, in the horrible affair which we are investigating. The police has discovered—"

"What! What has been discovered?" exclaimed Charlotte, her eyes staring wildly, and her cheeks turning pale. "Can it be possible! Poor Caroline! She is innocent—quite innocent! I will go immediately to Muhlbach—I must save her!"

She sank on the sofa, apparently in a state of unconsciousness. The countess rang the bell violently, and, the servants having come to her assistance, Ferdinand hurriedly rushed down stairs, and left the house.

"The mystery is revealed," thought he. "Charlotte undertakes to prove the innocence of Caroline! This is equivalent to admitting that she knows the author of the crime! Discovery is now at hand. I need not stay longer in Berlin."

He was about to order post-horses for the purpose of departing, but in the course of the afternoon, a note was delivered to him. It was from Charlotte, who wished to have a private conversation with him.

Madame Von Bergfeldt received her brother-in-law with the most perfect composure, though she had not entirely recovered from the emotion which had so suddenly overcome her in the morning. She was very desirous to know what was the charge against Caroline Gaeben, and what discovery had implicated her.

Ferdinand evaded these questions by observing that the letter he had received from Schelnitz was very vaguely expressed; and that, though he stated that serious suspicions hung over the pastor's daughter, he had not stated the circumstances on which they were grounded. Charlotte informed him that it was her intention immediately to set out for Muhlbach, where she could produce testimony to prove the innocence of her young friend. Her mother was to accompany her; the count, who was suffering from severe illness, being unable to undertake so long a journey. This plan entirely coincided with Ferdinand's wishes. Resorting to a pardonable dissimulation, he pretended that it was his purpose to return home to Silesia immediately. That same night, however, he left Berlin, and took the road to Muhlbach, with the view of reaching that place before the arrival of his sister-in-law.

On reaching his destination, the first thing he did was to call on Schelnitz, to whom he communicated all that had transpired at Berlin.

"I have a few additional particulars to relate to you," observed the lawyer; "I have collected them from a domestic who recently quitted the service of Baron Schonwald. The 16th of July was a Saturday; it was a festival day, and the Schonwald family went to Muhlbach. Madame Weltheim did not go with them, but she went thither in company with a lady (Madame Rosen) and her two daughters. The party reached Muhlbach in the morning, and about eleven o'clock in the forenoon Madame Weltheim left her friends, and did not rejoin them again till evening. Now," observed Schelnitz, "it would be very important to ascertain where she went and how she was employed during this interval of absence. The Schonwalds and the Rosens might possibly furnish information on that point, I therefore advise you to see them. Madame Rosen wishes to dispose of her estate. You may present yourself as a purchaser. By that means you will be sure of a favourable reception. Draw the ladies into conversation, and try to learn from them all that took place on the 16th of July."

Ferdinand followed this advice. He learned from Madame Rosen that, whilst the ladies were breakfasting at Muhlbach, a country girl brought a letter for Madame Weltheim. She stated it to be from a very old friend, a Madame Treskoff, who resided in Muhlbach, and who wished particularly to see her. Madame Weltheim hastily put on her bonnet, and departed, followed by the girl. It was night, and candles were lighted when she returned. She seemed agitated, and the redness of her eyes denoted that she had been weeping. The ladies anxiously inquired the cause of her trouble, and she replied that her feelings had been deeply moved by finding her friend, Madame Treskoff, in great distress.

Continuing his interrogatories, Ferdinand was further informed, that though Madame Weltheim frequently wore a green silk dress, yet it was not positively remembered whether she wore it on the 16th of July.

"She was much agitated on her return," observed one of the ladies, "and she had *only one glove on.* (These words made Ferdinand almost leap from his chair.) This struck me as very remarkable, as she was always most precise in the details of her dress. I remarked to her that she had only one glove, to which she replied, 'Ah! I was not aware of it. I suppose I must have dropped it at my friend's!'"

Ferdinand had thus learned more than he expected. Taking a hurried leave of Madame Rosen and her daughters, he went immediately to Schelnitz. The latter was of opinion that nothing now remained to be done but to denounce Charlotte von Bergfeldt as the murderess of her husband. He inquired in Muhlbach and its neighbourhood whether a lady named Treskoff had lived there in the month of July. Her name was unknown to any one.

"There can be no doubt," said Schelnitz, "that Charlotte von Bergfeldt struck the fatal blow. It is useless to endeavour to sound the motives for a crime which Providence has miraculously disclosed by an unparalleled chain of concurring circumstances. She may have been prompted by jealousy—by hatred of a husband whose conduct it would appear was not free from blame—or by cupidity; for, on the death of Edward von Bergfeldt, his widow, by the terms of the marriage settlement, is to possess a considerable portion of the revenues derived from the estates. But, whatever may have been the motive for the crime, Charlotte von Bergfeldt is certainly guilty."

The minutes of the evidence for the prosecution were drawn up in due legal form, and laid before the *Ober-Procurator* of Coblentz. Meanwhile Madame von Bergfeldt, accompanied by her mother, arrived there. Full of anxiety to know what proceedings had been taken against Caroline Gaeben, she called on Schelnitz, whose name and address she had learned from Ferdinand. Schelnitz referred her for information to the *Ober-Procurator*, to whom he immediately conducted her.

"Madam," said the magistrate, addressing her, "your brother-in-law has charged Caroline Gaeben with being implicated in the murder of your husband. He assures me that he can produce satisfactory proofs of her guilt; but he has not stated to me what those proofs are. I understand that you have come here for the purpose of removing the suspicions which hang over that young lady."

"I have, sir; but I cannot conceive how suspicion can possibly attach to Mademoiselle Gaeben. She did not know my husband. She never even saw him!"

"How can you be certain of that, madam? You cannot know whom your husband may have seen during your separation from him. How long is it since you yourself saw him?"

Charlotte felt that she was approaching dangerous ground.

"The will of my parents," said she, "prohibited all communication between me and the Baron von Bergfeldt after our separation; I do not consider it necessary to enter upon any further explanation on that painful subject."

Resolved, if possible, to elicit something decided, the magistrate, fixing his eyes sternly on her, inquired whether she had not visited Muhlbach on the 16th of July in the preceding year.

"Yes, sir," she replied, "I think I was there on that day."

"How did you employ your time during the morning?"

Charlotte was silent, and a livid paleness overspread her countenance.

"Madame Rosen and her daughters," pursued the magistrate, "have declared that you parted from them at an early hour, and that you did not rejoin them until evening."

"I cannot understand," said Charlotte, in a faltering tone of voice, "why those ladies have been examined; nor can I guess to what all these inquiries tend."

"Permit me to observe, madam, that you have not answered the question I just now put to you, and that an answer is necessary for your justification!"

"For my justification! Then it appears I am accused! I now understand the meaning of this captious interrogatory. I will not condescend to enter upon explanation. That would be beneath me. I will remain silent. Henceforth my lips are sealed on this subject. No power on earth shall draw a word from me. Now, sir, do whatever your duty may dictate! You know my determination."

The magistrate found himself obliged to sign an order for the imprisonment of Madame von Bergfeldt. Next day she was confronted with the keeper of the baths at Podewil and his wife. Both unhesitatingly recognised her to be the lady who, on the 16th of July, had presented herself at the door of their establishment. Her right hand was examined, and across the palm there was a mark which might have been caused by a cut; but the scar was so slight as to render this circumstance a matter of doubt.

An order was forwarded to Berlin for putting under seal all the papers and effects belonging to Madame von Bergfeldt. They were previously examined in the presence of a magistrate. Among the papers nothing of importance was found, but in a jewel casket there was discovered a gold watch, which the accused lady had presented to her husband on his marriage, and a ring which Edward had been in the habit of wearing. How did these objects come into Charlotte's possession? Had her husband returned them to her at the time of their separation? These questions could be answered only by conjecture.

All this mass of evidence having been submitted to the consideration of the judges, the officers of police were directed to seek out three persons whose testimony appeared to be important. These were the old woodcutter, who accompanied the lady when she called at the baths of Podewil, Cecile, the French *femme de chambre*, and the country girl who had conveyed the letter to Madame Bergfeldt (under the name of Madame Weltheim) at Muhlbach. The woodcutter was nowhere to be found. As to Cecile, she had quitted her mistress's service on her return to Berlin, and was now married. In countenance and figure she was totally different from her mistress. No suspicion attached to her, and she could furnish no information calculated to throw light on the subject of inquiry. The girl who brought the letter to Madame von Bergfeldt was traced out, and she stated that, in 1818, she was in the service of a Madame Wunderlich at Muhlbach. She recollected that some time in the month of July a gentleman called on her mistress, who then desired her to take a letter to a lady, whose name she had forgotten. After reading the letter, the lady went with her to Madame Wunderlich's. The girl described the gentleman to have been tall and thin, with dark moustaches. He wore a green hunting-coat, light-coloured pantaloons,

and boots with spurs. This description corresponded with the appearance and dress of Edward von Bergfeldt.

These examinations being terminated, the case was deemed to be sufficiently established to warrant an order for the trial of the accused before the criminal court of Coblentz.

On the day fixed for the trial, an immense crowd thronged every avenue leading to the court. Madame von Bergfeldt was conducted into the presence of the judges. She was dressed in deep mourning, looked very pale, and, though evidently deeply affected, she was still struggling to repress her emotion.

The witnesses, forty-three in number, were examined. Their testimony confirmed all the particulars already narrated, and though no new facts were disclosed, yet the interest excited by the trial continued to increase. At the close of the examinations the advocate for the accused entered upon her defence. He delivered a long and eloquent address, in the course of which he ingeniously set forth every argument that could turn to the advantage of the prisoner. He dwelt earnestly on the fact of there being no positive proof that the body found on the steps of St. Joseph's Chapel was the body of Edward von Bergfeldt. Referring to the annals of criminal jurisprudence, he adduced the cases of several persons who had on circumstantial evidence been condemned and executed for murder, and whose presumed victims were subsequently discovered to be living. He concluded by expressing regret that the accused had determined to remain silent under the charge brought against her, and to withhold all explanation respecting the events of the fatal day; but, unaccountable as that determination was, he observed, that it ought not to be regarded as an evidence of guilt.

The advocate had just closed his address, when a messenger hastily entered the court, and presented a billet to the president, which the latter read aloud. It contained the following words:

"I entreat to be heard immediately. I can prove the innocence of the accused!"

"Let the person be brought into court," said the president.

The utmost curiosity and agitation now prevailed, and several voices were heard to exclaim, "Doubtless it is Edward von Bergfeldt!"

The unexpected witness presently appeared. He was a man of tall stature and of military bearing. As soon as Charlotte beheld him she uttered a piercing shriek. Having, not without some difficulty, made his way through the crowd, the stranger at length stood before the judges.

"My name," said he, "is George von Rothkirch, and I am an officer in the 3d Dragoons. That lady, whose innocence I am enabled to prove, is bound by an oath which compels her to remain silent. I beg permission to address a few words to her, and afterwards I will satisfactorily explain the mysterious event which occupies the attention of this assembly."

The president consulted the court, and the stranger was permitted to speak to the prisoner.

"Madam," said he, "death has broken the bond by which you believed yourself to be bound. Your father is no more. He died invoking blessings on you, and in ignorance of the dreadful position in which you are placed. Permit me now to reveal the truth."

Charlotte replied by a look of gratitude and a flood of tears, and George von Rothkirch, spoke as follows:

"Being in garrison at Coblentz in 1818, I met Edward von Bergfeldt, with whom I had formerly been acquainted. He then appeared ill and low-spirited, weary of life, and dissatisfied with himself. He spoke to me unreservedly of the differences between himself and his wife, acknowledged that he had not behaved well, but wished for reconciliation. I visited the family of Baron Schonwald, at whose house I met a lady, who was introduced to me as Madame Weltheim. I was charmed with her beauty and intelligence, and frequently spoke of her to Edward. He wished to see the lady whom I so highly extolled; but I could not prevail on him to accompany me to Baron Schonwald's. At length I had an opportunity of pointing out Madame Weltheim to him on a public promenade.

"'My dear Rothkirch,' he exclaimed, 'she is my wife!'

"He insisted on my conveying to her a proposal for reconciliation. Madame von Bergfeldt at first refused to listen to it, alleging that her parents would never forgive her if she saw or corresponded with her husband; at length, however, I succeeded in shaking her determination, and she consented to grant him an interview.

"It was arranged that, on a certain day, when she was to go to Muhlbach with some friends, an imaginary person, to whom we gave the name of Madame Treskoff, should send a message requesting to see her. She was then to join me at the residence of a lady in Muhlbach, and I was to conduct her to the castle of Ottenberg, where her husband had promised to be in waiting for her.

"On meeting her husband, Madame Bergfeldt was evidently agitated by painful emotions, which she vainly struggled to repress. Edward, on his part, was exceedingly gay and animated; he had brought with him a wood-cutter, who carried a hamper, furnished with a *déjeûner*. The husband broached the subject of reconciliation, which the wife endeavoured to evade on the ground of the objections of her parents. The dialogue became warm, and reproaches were mutually interchanged. Edward complained of the heat, which was indeed excessive, and he frequently had recourse to the wine, of which he drank very freely. I observed that he was becoming greatly excited, and he even went so far as to utter threats of vengeance, if his wife did not accede to his offers of reconciliation. Madame von Bergfeldt wished to depart, but he seized her by the arm and detained her.

"'Ah!' he exclaimed, 'would you doom me again to the miserable life I have suffered for some years past; sooner will I end my days—' and seizing a knife from off the table, be made a motion as if intending to stab himself.

"'Edward,' said I, 'why terrify your wife by acting this farce?'

"'Farce!' resumed he, in a tone of furious anger, 'do you suppose I fear death?'

"By a movement more rapid than thought, he plunged the knife into his heart. He fell at my feet deluged in blood, and Charlotte fainted.

"The woodcutter, who had been sitting at some distance off, now ran to us. Edward was a lifeless corse. With some difficulty we recovered Madame von Bergfeldt, who in this terrible crisis evinced great energy and feeling. It was long before we could prevail on her to aban-

don the lifeless remains of her husband, for whom she was most anxious to secure a fitting burial. The woodcutter suggested the idea of placing the body on the steps of the chapel, where, he said, it was sure to be speedily discovered. We removed some of the clothing, being desirous of creating the suspicion of murder rather than of suicide. Charlotte wished to have her husband's watch and ring which he wore; he had a second ring, but we found we could not remove it without mutilating the finger. We bandaged the wound, in order to stop the effusion of blood, and then withdrew. Madame von Bergfeldt cut her hand slightly in her endeavour to snatch the knife from Edward; she was dreadfully agitated by the horrible scene, and reproached herself for having caused the catastrophe by violating her father's injunctions.

"'But,' said she, 'he shall never know what has happened—it would break his heart. Whatever may be the result—even though I should die on the scaffold—so long as my father lives, I will bury the knowledge of this sad event in inviolable silence!'

"She made me and the woodcutter take a solemn oath never to divulge what we had witnessed.

"Shortly after this event, my regiment was removed from Coblentz to a distant garrison. I heard nothing of Madame von Bergfeldt, and I dared not write to her. A short time ago, I retired from the army, with the intention of proceeding to the United States, where my brother has long resided. Passing through the Rhenish Provinces, on my way to the port at which I proposed to embark, I heard of this trial—the whole truth instantly flashed across my mind, and I at once understood the chain of mysterious circumstances which had fixed suspicion on Charlotte von Bergfeldt. I hastened to Baron Schonwald, who related to me all he knew of the case, and showed me a letter which he had received only a day or two ago, announcing the death of Count Hildenrath. There was not a moment to be lost, and I hurried hither. Death has released me from my oath, and will, I trust, induce Madame von Bergfeldt to break the silence she imposed on herself."

He gave the name and dwelling-place of the woodcutter, who, being found, confirmed the accuracy of his statement. The court then immediately pronounced the ACQUITTAL of Charlotte von Bergfeldt.

* * * * *

A gentleman who happened to be present at the extraordinary trial above described, was, in the month of August, 1820, a temporary resident at the Hôtel d'Angleterre at Havre. One day, as he was passing down the staircase of the hotel, he met a lady whom he immediately recognised to be Charlotte von Bergfeldt.

"Who is that lady?" inquired he of one of the waiters, whom he saw in the hall.

"She is a German lady," was the answer; "her name is Madame von Rothkirch; she and her husband arrived here the day before yesterday, and they are to sail to-morrow for New York on board the Quincy Adams."

THE ROBERTSES ON THEIR TRAVELS.

BY MRS. TROLLOPE.

CHAP. XXXI.

WILLIAM HARRINGTON VINCENT was as well-principled a young man as if he had had no worthless relations belonging to him, and, although he was himself beginning to think Baden-Baden one of the most agreeable places he had ever visited, he was also beginning to think that it would be right and proper to leave it with as little delay as possible. This self-denying opinion however, was not occasioned by any consciousness that he was falling in love with his little cousin, Bertha, more seriously than the relative position of their respective fathers would render wise or convenient; on the contrary, if he *was* falling in love with her, he was not conscious of it at all, being honestly persuaded in his heart that the deep interest he felt for her arose solely from the forsaken loneliness of her position, joined to the affectionate memory he retained of her mother. He was aware, indeed, that she was a lovely and intelligent young creature, and that there was something in the unrestrained and confiding frankness with which she seemed to throw herself upon his cousinly protection, which was touching and endearing in no common degree. But poor Vincent was not one of those spoilt children of fortune who never see any thing that they think pretty, and particularly worth having, without fancying that they have a right to possess it. On the contrary, it was quite sufficient that any object should appear in his eyes particularly valuable, in order to make him feel at once that he had nothing to do with it. The well conducted son of a selfish, dissolute father is ever considered, and very naturally, as a being entitled to the pity and commiseration of the whole world, and yet the fact is by no means of unfrequent occurrence that a son so situated finds in his misfortune the seeds of higher qualities, and more self-denying strength of mind, than would ever have taken root in his character under other circumstances. And so it was with the acreless heir of Everton Park. Forgetfulness of himself and his own individual interests had been taught him in a multitude of ways, among which the example received from his mother, and the warning received from his father, were about equally efficacious. He was quite aware, as I have said, that his cousin Bertha was a very fascinating as well as a very estimable little personage; but he was quite aware also that her fortune would be such as to entitle her to marry in a way to place her in a station exceedingly different from that of the wife of the son of a ruined gamester. True it was that, although only a first cousin, once removed, he stood starred in the baronetage as heir to the title and large entailed estates of Bertha's father. But that father was still almost a young man; he was now a widower, and had given both his father and himself quite sufficient indications of his hostile feelings towards them, to make it scarcely a matter of doubt that he would marry again as speedily as possible, if only in the hope of obtaining an heir less distasteful to him. The idea of gaining the affections of his young cousin had, therefore, only entered his head as a thing most scrupulously

and cautiously to be avoided. He was by no means insensible to the fact that she disliked the people she was with to a degree which might almost perhaps have placed her in Dr. Johnson's honoured category of a good hater, and he attributed, very justly, a considerable portion of the pleasure she so evidently took in his society, and the strong measures she adopted to make it evident that she considered him as her natural protector, as the result of it. And thus, feeling an honest confidence in himself, and a most sincere conviction that the friendship so pleasantly springing up between them could bring no danger of any kind to her, he permitted himself with a safe conscience to enjoy it; and enjoy it he certainly did, to a degree that made his suddenly determining to quit Baden an act of great self-denial.

But there was something in the style and manner in which Lord Lynberry and Miss Maria Roberts treated each other which began very seriously to alarm him. His young pupil had many good qualities, but he was hot-headed and impetuous, and his vehement admiration for beauty was so little concealed, that his tutor might have been living during the seven or eight months they had been together in a state of constant alarm from the expectation of his eloping with some fair one or other, had not the *constant inconstancy* of his youthful lordship reassured him, and converted his reiterated confessions and protestations of everlasting attachment into a source of more amusement than anxiety. But Vincent had never seen his young friend entangled before in such a web as that which the tender Maria appeared to have thrown over him; and he was the more startled by the effect it seemed to have produced, from the circumstance of his having really believed that, in the case of Bertha Harrington, an impression had been made on the heart of Lord Lynberry of a much more serious kind than any which had preceded it. In this belief he was, perhaps, partly right, and partly influenced by the consciousness that, in the case of Bertha, there was at least *de quoi faire* a lasting impression. But not only had this seemingly serious love-fit been suddenly and totally effaced, but it had been succeeded by such unprecedented marks of passionate devotion to this new charmer, on the part of the young man, and such undisguised warmth of reciprocal tenderness on that of the lady, that Mr. Vincent knew not what to think of it, yet felt that he should have no great right to be surprised if, at any moment of the day or night, he were to hear that his young charge had, by the aid of a team of post-horses, set off with Miss Maria Roberts for the nearest spot where it would be possible for them to unite their fortunes for life. This was a consummation so very devoutly to be deprecated, that poor Vincent, with his habitual abnegation of all selfish feelings, determined upon announcing to Lord Lynberry his intention of immediately proceeding to Rome, between which city and Naples it was the wish of Lord Southtown that his son should divide the ensuing winter.

The time that the really anxious young tutor had fixed upon for communicating the resolution he had taken was the hour of breakfast, at the interval of five days from the eventful ball at which the fickle lordling had made the transfer of his heart from Miss Bertha Harrington to Miss Maria Roberts. Vincent, as usual, was the first in the breakfast-room, but Lord Lynberry came whistling into it not long after him, and, as the tutor contemplated his very youthful aspect, he trembled to think how great a degree of responsibility must inevitably attach to himself, both in

the eyes of the parent and of the world in general, if he permitted him to return to his native country as the husband of the fair but *fast* Maria.

"Well, my dear Lynberry," began the tutor, when the coffee and eggs had been handed about between them for a few minutes, "well! do you not think that we have almost had enough of Baden-Baden?"

"Thou art mad to say so!" returned the young man, in high tragedy tone. "Enough of Baden? Enough of my lovely, my adored Maria? Vincent! thou must know me for a man of very patient mood, or thou wouldst not tempt my choler so desperately—no, not for thy life."

"Good faith, my lord, I have no intention of tempting your choler, at all," replied Vincent, laughing, "but you know, I believe, that I act under orders, and if I have blundered not in the reading of them, it is about time for us to turn our faces towards Italy."

"Willingly, *mon cher*, provided always that my face at least, let it be turned which way it will, shall be so placed as to enable me to glue my eyes upon the idol of my affections."

Vincent looked grave, and remained silent, not very well knowing whether it would be most wise or least so, to lead the impetuous young gentleman to explain himself so clearly as to permit of a serious remonstrance in return. While thus absorbed in reverie, the anxious tutor kept his eyes fixed upon his coffee-cup; had he looked up and encountered the glance of his pupil, he would have seen an expression in it that would have puzzled him. The glance was both scrutinising and comic, and as far removed as possible from what Vincent would have expected to meet had he taken courage to look at him.

"Well, Vincent!" exclaimed Lord Lynberry at length, "what are you thinking about?"

"I am thinking, my lord, that I have a painful duty to perform; but that, painful or not, I most and will perform it to the best of my judgment and power. Confess, my lord, that you already understand what I mean, and that your conscience tells you in what direction my duty lies."

"My conscience, Mr. Vincent," replied Lord Lynberry, with rather more gravity than was usual to him, "I doubt a little, my dear sir, whether at this moment it be not your conscience rather than mine which, if properly awakened, might assist most effectually in enabling us to understand each other."

"As how, Lord Lynberry?" said the tutor.

"As thus, Mr. Vincent," replied the pupil. "My perspicuity, though not my conscience, leads me to divine that the sort of lecture you appear to have been preparing for me relates to my devoted attentions offered at the shrine of the transcendent Miss Maria Roberts. Is it not so, sir?"

"And if it be, my lord?" returned Vincent, looking at him with some degree of surprise.

"Why then if it be, Mr. Vincent, your conscience ought to tell you that you have done your pupil and your friend less than justice in supposing that your assistance was wanting to save him from being entangled for life in the chains of such a charmer as Miss Maria. Out upon you, Vincent! I give you cause enough, and free permission to boot, to accuse me of a thousand jackanape tricks, that do but small

credit to my wisdom; but I know not, Vincent, what thought or feeling ever escaped from me in my graver moments which can justify you in suspecting that I want your assistance to save me from the peril of becoming Miss Maria Roberts's husband."

This was spoken with feeling as well as gravity, and Mr. Vincent instantly felt that he deserved the rebuke, and as instantly acknowledged it.

"Forgive me, my dear Lynberry," he said, "forgive the injustice I have done to your taste, in favour of the deep anxiety I feel for your happiness. Had I not been your tutor, and had I not had my fears awakened to a sort of morbid sensibility by the responsibility attached to the situation, I do not believe that I ever should have suspected you of falling seriously in love with Miss Maria Roberts. And yet, Lynberry, though my tender concern for your matrimonial projects in this instance may have been somewhat supererogatory, do you not think I should do right to lecture you a little on the sinfulness of the false hopes to which you are giving birth in the bosom of the young lady?"

"Do so by all means, my dear Mr. Tutor, if you believe yourself called to the task by the voice of duty; but you must excuse me, if, while I listen to you, which of course I shall do with all possible respect, you must excuse me, I say, if I congratulate myself a little upon my own superior knowledge of the human heart; for I presume, when you talk of Miss Maria's hopes, you mean her tender hopes of having her fond affection for me returned, and not of her ambitious hopes of coaxing me into putting my honoured mother's coronet upon her head?"

Vincent gazed at his young pupil with very considerable satisfaction as he said this, but with considerable surprise also, and then laughingly exclaimed,

"Oh, excellent young man!
How much more older art thou than thy looks!

You have relieved me from an immense load, Lynberry, both present and future. I shall not easily again take fright about you; and as to the fast young ladies, as Montgomery calls them, I believe that I must be contented to let them take care of themselves."

"Which they will do according to the fashion of their tribe, very assiduously, assuming the credit of having enslaved a viscount, if they gain nothing else. Set your heart at rest, good Vincent, and let them labour in their vocation, as it is their nature to do. They would have to thank you for small mercies if you took them out of it. But now tell me, Vincent, as frankly as I have now exposed to you the real state of my feelings towards the incomparable Maria, tell me frankly, if you think that all the enthusiastic admiration I avowed to you for Miss Harrington was of the same fashion and fabric as that inspired by Miss Maria?"

Lord Lynberry coloured as he asked the question, and Mr. Vincent coloured as he answered it.

"You must be perfectly aware, my lord, that I cannot think so," he said, "for that if I did—" and here the tutor stopped.

"You would blow my brains out, you would say," rejoined Lord Lynberry, "and it would be more obviously your duty, I think, than Quixotizing in the cause of the fair Roberts. But I am strongly tempted, Vincent, tutor as you are, to lecture you a little in my turn, and you ought to pay the more attention to my preaching, because it is not, as you

will perceive from the nature of it, the result of jealousy. And first I will tell you, as an offering to your cousinly feelings, that, amidst all the band of adorables before whom my susceptible heart has bowed, Miss Harrington, is the only one to whom I should never have taken the liberty of making love, without hoping, as the old ladies say, that something might come of it. But I had just sense enough to perceive in the course of a very few hours, that I might just as well fall in love with the moon; so I judiciously said to my heart, '*halte la*,' and obedient to command, from being perhaps so very completely hopeless, the said heart did halt, and, having taken one long breath, wheeled about, and then set off to engage in a mock fight in rather a different direction. The scheme has answered perfectly, and I am now not only quite convalescent myself, but in a condition to bestow some little care and attention on the safety and welfare of my fellow-creatures; and you, Mr. William Harrington Vincent, are the first to whom I feel disposed to address a little advice. My reverence for you is so great, generated of course by our relative positions, that I am quite ready to believe you totally and altogether above the contemptible weakness of falling in love yourself; but, notwithstanding your advanced age, sir tutor, I do suspect that your young cousin, so utterly insensible to the adoration I was so perfectly ready to offer her, is falling, or rather *has* fallen over head and ears in love with you—who have perhaps never offered her any adoration at all; and if this be so, there may be good and sufficient reasons for our leaving Baden, Vincent, without reckoning any peril from the risk of my marrying the enchanting Roberts."

"That you have formed a tolerably just estimate of the state of Miss Maria Roberts's heart, Lynberry, is very likely, I think," replied Vincent, in a tone of very particular calmness, "but you must excuse me if I venture to doubt your power of reading all other young ladies' hearts as accurately as you have done hers. The character of my young cousin, for instance, is one that I confess I think it would by no means be easy to read, and, had I not thought so before, the complete blunder you have made respecting the nature of her feelings for me might convince me of it. Believe me, my dear Lynberry, the only interest I have in her eyes is that of a relation and natural protector, the want of which she feels, I am sorry to say, with most painful acuteness. You must perceive by my manner that I not only take the observation you have made in good part but that, unfounded and blundering as it is, I give you perfect credit for sincerity and friendly feeling in making it; and on your part you will, I am sure, give me equal credit for sincerity when I assure you that you have been wholly mistaken. So now, I think, we may both stay at Baden as long as we like, having by our mutual openness convinced each other that there can be no danger for any one in our doing so."

"So be it," said Lord Lynberry, rising. "I like the place prodigiously, and could almost be tempted to quote Shakspeare, dear, old-fashioned fellow, and exclaim

> Accursed be he who first says hold! enough!"

The two young men then parted, very tolerably well satisfied with each other, and each enjoying the comfortable persuasion that he might go on in the pleasant path he was in, without any fear that it would lead him wrong.

Chap. XXXII.

And the elegant Montgomery? was his devotion to the captivating Miss Agatha of the same nature as that of his younger friend for the captivating Miss Maria. The following extract from a letter which he put into the Baden-Baden post about this time, addressed to a certain Lady Charlotte Polfston, may answer the question satisfactorily.

"You are unjust, dear Charlotte; I have acknowledged and submitted to the necessity of delaying our marriage till you are of age, as mildly and meekly as you could do yourself, and I suppose you did not expect that I should listen to the perfectly unexpected reasonings which induced us to do so by any particularly rapturous form of thanksgiving—did you? The only syllable like complaint which I have uttered, since the lawyers, with such devilish perspicuity, pointed out the reasons for this delay, was when your aunt, with so much exemplary and unshrinking candour, obligingly informed me that she particularly wished me to go abroad during the odious ten months that I am to wait for you, like a second Jacob. I believe I did then burst forth a little, yet here I am, not so much, as you know well enough, to please your rich aunt, as to comply with the fastidious delicacy of her *exigeante* niece. Yet now you have actually the ingratitude to reproach me, because, forsooth, you perceive by my letters that I should like better to return to England than go on to Rome.

"Yes, Charlotte, you are unjust, and, as a proof of this, I beg to assure you that at the very time I received your letter, I was as busily engaged as a man could well be in making love. It is perfectly true, Lady Charlotte, and, though possibly I may think that you deserve to be made a little jealous, as a punishment for your severity to me, I give you my honour that I am not led to make this disclosure from any wish to inflict this painful emotion upon you, but solely to prove to you the perfect openness and sincerity of my character. I wish to heaven you were here to see her and to see me. I do not say this because I want to see you; no really, I do not mean that. I think it and say it because I would give the price of a little Watteau for the pleasure of seeing her sketched into your book of 'historical reminiscences.'

"She is a very pretty-looking girl, I assure you, this is perfectly true, but this, I fairly confess, is in my eyes her least attraction. No! it is her elegance, her grace, her fashion, which have rendered her irresistible in my eyes. Where she was born and bred I know not exactly, somewhere in or about London, I believe; but to witness the effect of the perfect conviction which has come upon her, that her having crossed the Channel has levelled every species of inequality between her citizen-race and the aristocracy of Europe in general, and England in particular, is, without any exception, the highest comedy in real life, that I have ever yet had the good fortune to look upon. As to my *not* making love to her, Charlotte, it would be as impossible as the not inhaling air when in the act of breathing. I do make love to her, Lady Charlotte, and let my sincerity in avowing the sin atone for its commission. Do not fancy, however, that the sweet creature's peace of mind is likely to be endangered by my tender attentions; be very sure that no such danger

exists. My engagement to you is as notorious as the papers can make it, and there are many here who know how I am situated as well as I do myself. However, I have not trusted to this, but have delicately hinted to this charming specimen of poor England's travelling aristocracy, that, sensible as I had unfortunately become of her superior attractions, I was unhappily bound by an engagement which prevented my laying myself at her feet. And how do you think the darling answered me? By sorrow and despair?—by dignity and repulsion?—by reproaches and contempt? Nothing like it, my dear friend. Her reply, as nearly as I can remember it, was in these words.

"'I well know, Mr. Montgomery, that, among persons in our class of life, the heart cannot always be listened to in affairs of marriage; but let us thank Heaven that, on the continent at least, there is an emancipation of sentiment, which in a great degree neutralises the misery produced by enforced ties. The pleasures of travelling are great, doubtless, to persons of refined taste; but its *uses* are greater still, for it enables them to throw aside the absurd prejudices of insular education, and to feel that the higher classes of society ought to be in a very great measure released from them.'

"There, my Lady Charlotte, is a specimen of the diffusion of useful knowledge, obtained by *les demoiselles ambulantes de la Grande Bretagne;* but build not any false theories upon this. I most assuredly hope to take you abroad with me next year, but no part of this species of new light is at all likely to reach you. You are not to suppose, however, that I ascribe any mystical power to your rank, or mine either, as a shield against the easy morality of the Continent—I have no such stuff in my thoughts, I assure you. But there is a species of folly, which really, in some cases, almost seems to amount to madness, and from which you would be exempt—I mean that which arises from the intoxication experienced by travelling ladies and gentlemen, in stations somewhat below the middle class, on suddenly finding themselves associated with persons of superior rank. It really seems as if the adoration of title in our country (where alone, as distinct from *race*, it is reverenced) generated a positive disease of the moral system. The incredible, the inconceivable tricks played on the continent of Europe by the persons (frequently bankrupt tradesmen or merchants), whose finances do not permit their living with ease at home, are such as can scarcely be accounted for without supposing that monomania has something to do with it. I have seen such people shun all association with travelling families of private station (however well educated, and perfectly respectable in every way, and, really holding a position in society at home, very many degrees superior to their own) with the most scrupulous and careful avoidance, while their efforts to get introduced to both women and men, however infamous, who have titles, have something of feverish eagerness, which it is at once ludicrous and melancholy to behold. And thus you see, sweet friend, that in spite of the little comedy with which I am amusing myself, I moralise the subject very seriously; but, if you think it would induce your aunt to arrive at the conclusion that I had better return to England, I will give you leave to paint my flirtation in any colours you please."

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Mr. Montgomery's statement, as given above, of what had passed be-

tween himself and Agatha, was perfectly correct, and most perfectly true, also, was his observation that there was something exceedingly like madness in the state of mind of that enthusiastic young lady. Certain it is, however, that, till her arrival at Baden, the FINE phrensy which had taken possession of her was not without the very usual symptom, common to young ladies of her class, of fancying that every single man who spoke to them *might* be converted, with proper skill and good management, into that necessary, or at any rate very convenient, commodity called a husband; and such was assuredly her first thought when making the acquaintance of Mr. Montgomery. But Lord Lynberry told her sister that his handsome friend was engaged to be married to a lady in England, and, though the report was a shock to her, it came accompanied with such confirmation of his being a man of fashion—for Lord Lynberry had mentioned the rank of the lady—that her wish for his acquaintance was rather increased than diminished by it. Some hope, some slight, vague hope there might be, perhaps, that her charms might detach him from the noble lady to whom he was affianced, but such hope, if it existed at all, was so greatly less important to her than the dearer and more present one of having her name united with his as that of the lady he most admired at the baths, that, as the latter grew and prospered, the former dwindled and died away, partly under the influence of the avowal he himself made to her, but still more under that of the powerful feeling that she cared not a farthing whose husband he might be in years to come, provided that, at the present moment, she had the glory of leading him captive before the eyes of all the fair and noble ladies and all the "first-rate fashionable" gentlemen assembled at Baden. This was a great step in the young lady's progress towards deserving the epithet of "*fast.*" In order, however, fully to comprehend the sort of set of which Miss Roberts is a type, it is necessary to premise that she was by no means one of that unhappily large class of females who are likely to become the victims of their own too tender hearts. Miss Agatha Roberts was as little likely to arrive at such a catastrophe as any young lady could be who, among her other bulwarks of protection, had *not* that of principle. But, notwithstanding this deficiency, a great many things were more likely to happen to Miss Agatha than that she should be destroyed by the vehemence of her affections; yet next to the pleasure of seeing in all the eyes around her that the marked attentions of Mr. Montgomery were observed, was that of believing that she had succeeded in persuading him that of all mankind she loved and could love but him alone.

That she deceived herself in thus believing is most true, but not the less for that did she enjoy the gratification of fancying that let who would, in future years, fill the domestic English situation of mistress of his house, she, in the delightful present, filled that of mistress of his heart—a persuasion which gratified her in a thousand ways. Nevertheless, even this gratification was nothing in comparison of that arising from the conviction that all the noble eyes, both male and female, which constituted the bright congress of Baden-Baden, took cognizance of the all-important fact that the most elegant man in the society made her the object of his most particular attentions. If any ruin of any kind threatened her, *this* was the source of it; not any weakness of the heart; and, although the conduct of the lively, thoughtless Montgomery towards her was any thing but defensible, its turpitude was of a very

different order from that of a man exerting all the powers of pleasing bestowed upon him by Heaven, for the purpose of amusing himself during a moment, by rendering wretched for life a creature whose worst fault, perhaps, was the loving him better than herself. Of this, or of any thing in the least degree approaching it, Mr. Montgomery was not guilty; yet he was one of a class who have a good deal to answer for too; for he was an English gentleman, and one well calculated in many respects to do that justice to his greatly misunderstood country, of which it so greatly stands in need. He, as well as many others belonging to the same class of society, might, if it so pleased them, redeem throughout Europe, in a very great degree, the national disgrace which now rests upon England of being *the worst-mannered nation in Europe.* Young men travel more than old ones, and the young men who come forth from among us are greatly too apt to carry with them the holiday feelings of boys escaped from control, and go frolicking over the world without remembering for a moment that they are undergoing the ordeal of a very strict observation, and obtaining a European reputation both for themselves and their country, which is for the most part far from being favourable, and for the most part far from being deserved. That more highly finished gentlemen can be found in any part of the world than in England, is an opinion which none can entertain who have had fair opportunities for forming a judgment on the subject; but as, from possessing both the power and the inclination for travelling greatly beyond that of any other people, the opportunities for forming this judgment arise, ninety-nine times out of a hundred not in England, but out of it, does it not become a positive patriotic duty in the young men who go forth to sun themselves and to be seen, as well as to see, does it not behove them, each and all of them, to act a little more up to their OWN idea of what an English gentleman ought to be than it is their usual travelling custom to do? Every Englishman may in this way prove himself a patriot. We do not want any Quintus Curtius doings in these piping days of ours, but it might be as well that we should not yield ourselves up to this imputation of being the worst-mannered nation in Europe merely for the sake of indulging the naughty school-boy feeling that we may do what we will when we go out to play, because there is nobody by to punish us.

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Maria's case was a different one. She really was a pretty girl, and believing herself a great deal prettier, and feeling convinced that a series of lucky accidents had placed her quite in the very highest ranks of society, she determined to profit by these great advantages, and make a splendid match. Though she did not exactly perceive all that passed in the mind of the young Lord Lynberry, she had become quite aware that he liked to be made love to. It was to this peculiarity in his lordship's temperament that she owed her triumph over Bertha Harrington, and it was in consequence of feeling assured of this fact that she fell immediately a thousand fathoms deep in love with Lord Lynberry, and, had a keener wit than Lord Lynberry's been at work to watch her, a great deal of very fair amusement might have been elicited by noting all the little trickeries with which she played her part. She had her gay fits and her pensive fits, each so well calculated to set off the other! and if his lordship, by accident, chanced to express any thing approaching an opinion,

did not her whole being, heart, intellect, and soul imbibe it? Did it not pervade every feeling and purpose of her existence? Did a flower receive a passing word of praise from his beloved voice—was there any other flower under the wide vault of heaven which she could care to cherish in her bosom, or adorn her flowing locks withal? His lordship preferred green tea. She knew not how it was, but somehow or other she had begun to find out that if there was in the world something that she hated worse than every thing else, it was black tea. In short, it was not her fault if in him she did not live and move and have her being. A good deal of this escaped his light-hearted lordship's notice, but he saw enough to amuse him exceedingly, and if at last he did feel a little piqued at the suspicion that the young lady was thinking more of his coronet than of him, and feel a little disposed to try his powers of being personally fascinating, there was a good deal in the conduct both of mother and daughter to excuse him. And thus things went on for another month or so, the Roberts family decidedly becoming more obnoxious to observation every day, and, in their own estimation at least, more celebrated for their *bon ton*, high fashion, and unquestionable superiority in every thing desirable, to every body else in the place. There were a few Russian ladies, with magnificent diamonds and prodigiously high titles, with whom they became quite intimate, and in whose charming society, and that of an equal number of their highly distinguished military friends, they enjoyed many very delightful excursions, Mr. Montgomery and Lord Lynberry never failing to join them. On some of these occasions the high-born and highly-married Princess of Fuskymuskoff, a beauty of some years standing, and not wholly unknown at any continental court, very graciously consented to enact the part of *chaperone* to the whole party, poor Mrs. Roberts not being able conveniently to ride a donkey, and not wishing to walk as far as some of their pic-nickings carried them. In a few other instances they had made acquaintance with ladies who, like themselves, were in the habit of frequenting the rooms and the public walks, but by degrees these, most of them being *slow* English, were dropped again. Two young ladies indeed had, with their respective brothers, the honour of being admitted to a considerable degree of intimacy with our distinguished friends; but it is probable that they owed their distinction to their having learned to smoke, an accomplishment which they had not only promised to teach their new friends, but they and their respective brothers taught also the art of manufacturing exquisitely elegant little cigarettes, in a style that was perfectly fascinating to all parties.

One trifling uneasiness presented itself during these halcyon days to the mind of Mrs. Roberts, which arose from perceiving that her intended daughter-in-law not only avoided, habitually, and as a matter of established custom, every sort of intercourse with her intended husband, but that moreover her intimacy with Mr. Vincent went on increasing in so very remarkable a manner that she could not help thinking it *might* come to something, notwithstanding Edward's assurances that he did not care a sixpence for it, and that he perfectly well knew how to make Bertha Harrington his wife, let Mr. Vincent like it or not. It was a comfort, certainly, to hear him say this, nevertheless, as it did not quite satisfy her, she determined to speak to Bertha herself; not indeed on the subject of Edward—she did not think it was quite time for that, but on the sub-

ject of Mr. Vincent, whose familiar manner of talking and walking with her might be truly stated as having occasioned considerable anxiety to the young lady's self-constituted guardian. To this remonstrance Bertha listened without the least appearance of impatience, and even waited, when Mrs. Roberts had ceased speaking, to see if she had any more to say before she answered her, and when that lady added, "Well, my dear, what have you got to say to me about it?" she replied, "Very little, madam. Indeed I doubt if it would not be better to say nothing."

"No, pray, my dear, don't say that!" returned Mrs. Roberts, rather reprovingly. "Young people, you know, should always speak when they are spoken to; it is one of the very first rules that are taught. I am sure you must remember it, my dear."

"Then I will say, madam, that being, from unfortunate circumstances, placed at a distance from my nearest natural protectors, I profit with great thankfulness of the accidental presence of one who is sufficiently near to me in blood to make his friendship as valuable as it is agreeable."

"Well, my dear, I suppose it is all very natural that you should think so; but it don't follow, you know, that those who are older and wiser should think just exactly the same," said Mrs. Roberts, assuming a good deal of dignity in her voice and manner, "and I hope you will please to remember who it is who is speaking to you, when I say that in *my* opinion it would be much more proper if you did not walk and talk quite so freely with this Mr. Vincent, who, after all, is but a tutor, you know, if he was twenty times your cousin."

"So well, Mrs. Roberts, do I remember who it is that speaks to me," replied the young lady, "and how perfectly unauthorised is every word which you have taken the liberty to say, that, unless I receive your promise never again to intrude any observations upon an intimacy, the cause and origin of which must of necessity be totally unknown to you—unless I receive this promise, madam, I shall immediately profit by the intimacy you have observed, for the purpose of obtaining advice from the only quarter whence I can at present seek it, as to the best manner of quitting a situation which has become disagreeable to me."

"My darling child! what can you be thinking of?" exclaimed Mrs. Roberts, becoming exceedingly red. "As if you did not know, my dearest Bertha, that the slightest word from you was always enough to make me do every thing you wish! And besides, I have that perfect confidence in you, my dear girl, that your merely saying, as you seem to do now, that there are good and proper reasons for your being so intimate with your cousin, would be quite enough to prevent my saying any thing more to prevent it—to say nothing of my fondness for you, which of itself would be quite enough to prevent my ever alluding a second time to any thing that gave you pain."

Miss Harrington bowed rather stiffly in return to this affectionate speech, and walked out of the room.

Nevertheless, though she had so unexpectedly found a near and dear friend in her cousin, and though a mind of more than common courage enabled her to protect herself, in some degree, from the assumed guardianship of the unsuitable associates among whom she had been thrown, notwithstanding all this, her situation was, in truth, most pitiable. Her

deep dislike to every individual of the family of which she had so strangely become a member seemed to increase with every hour that was added to the length of their acquaintance; for towards Mr. Roberts, though less detestably absurd than the rest of the family, she could feel no esteem. The weakness with which he yielded in all things to the ill-disguised tyranny of wife, daughters, and son, was, in her opinion, too degrading even to excite pity—contempt was the gentlest feeling she had to bestow upon him; and towards the rest of the family her feelings of dislike were stronger still. And yet, though she kept them in some sort of awe of her, by their sordid fears of losing the money she brought, she was far, oh! very far from feeling that it was possible for her to leave them. There were circumstances connected with her terrible departure from her home, which she never had, nor ever could hint to her cousin, though in all else there was not a thought of her heart that she wished to conceal from him. And these same circumstances, creating as they did a horrible though vague suspicion against her father, made her feel it more possible to endure for ever the detestable association of the Roberts family than apply to him for leave to return home; for that home, which had once been to her the very perfect model of all that home should be, was now become to her imagination the abode of all the horrors that could most appal her heart. But not a word, not a sigh, not a look, which might indicate this must ever reach any human being, and least of all her cousin! Alas! there were causes enough of family estrangement between them already. Should she add another that might lead, if possible, to still more dreadful scenes than all which had gone before? Not for her life, no, not if her life could have been forfeited a thousand times over to prevent it. In short, the situation of poor Bertha was very sad; and though a buoyant, ardent spirit, elastic in youth, and stimulated by an imagination of no common strength and vivacity, did occasionally bring her moments, and even hours, perhaps, of enjoyment; there were many more, during which a melancholy reaction fell upon her, and then it would not have been easy to find an innocent young creature of seventeen more profoundly unhappy.

Chap. XXXIII.

Towards the close of this first delightful month at Baden-Baden, poor Mrs. Roberts found her admirable talents for managing the financial concerns of her family rather severely called upon in many ways. In the first place, the eloquent and unanswerable reasonings of her son and daughters, the power of which, upon her mind, seemed daily to increase, had proved to her, beyond the power of contradiction, that not only all their pleasure for the present, but the greatest portion of their happiness and prosperity during their future lives, depended upon their dining at the *table d'hôte* with the favourite *fast* party, to which they now appeared to belong by prescriptive right, four days out of every week. Now this, although Lord Lynberry, Mr. Montgomery, and the two noble friends of the Russian princesses, invariably paid for all the champagne and extra wines which were consumed (neither Mr. Roberts nor his son Edward ever appearing sufficiently acquainted with the manners of the place to be at all aware of what was going on), notwithstanding that these greatly-prized and various advantages were obtained gratis, Mrs. Roberts

found that the paying ready money for the half-dozen chairs so frequently engaged for the use of herself and her family, was exceedingly *troublesome*, to say the least of it; and besides this, the intervening days generally brought a good deal of extra expense with them in the way of preparing for pic-nics. True, again, the wine was always furnished by the same gentlemen; but, even in Germany, hams, chickens, turkeys, tongues, lamb, salads, crawfish, and fruits, cost something, though not so much, "thank Heaven!" Mrs. Roberts observed, "as they did in Leadenhall-market." Yet still they did cost something, and so much, in fact, that, had not a very convenient large poultry farmer, willing to sell produce to English *my lords*, on credit, been happily discovered, with an obliging butcher and Italian warehouseman acting on the same principles, the inconvenience would have been considerable. As it was, however, the victualling department went merrily on, and many were the *fast* dinners eaten within the sober shades of the Black Forest during that delightful season. Although there was, for the most part, a good deal of sympathy and happy community of feeling among the members of the Roberts family on the subject of all these fêtes and festivals, there were occasions on which the daily improving Edward seemed inclined to assert the rights of independent manhood, and to estrange himself from the rest of the party. He had, in truth, made an attempt to introduce his admired, or, as he called her, his *adored* Madame de Marquemont, to the society of his family and their elegant friends; but this attempt was effectually checked by that lady herself, who confessed to him, amidst a great deal of very touching agitation, that she was growing conscious of feelings towards him which she could not endure to expose to the scrutiny of either curious or indifferent eyes. I scarcely need say that such a reason as this could not be combated, and it therefore followed, as a matter of course, that Edward was not always, or even often, of the pic-nic parties, a privation which his mother endured the better, as it exonerated him from the bore of contributing his contingent to the fees for sight-seeing, horse-holding, and the like, which such excursions are sure to bring with them. By degrees, too, Mrs. Roberts discovered that it would be more convenient, for the same reason, to have his father absent likewise, and then came the amiable feeling that it would be very kind if she staid at home herself to dine with him. This made it quite unnecessary to send a large basket, and the excessive liberality of the Princess Fuskymuskoff, who thus became *chaperone* of the party, soon made it quite unnecessary to send any basket at all, and from this time forward the pic-nics gained upon the *table d'hôte*, so that a week seldom passed without four of these excursions being arranged.

No country in the world can be more favourable for these pretty variations upon the old air, "*Amusons nous*," than the neighbourhood of Baden-Baden; and, during the first half-dozen parties of this kind, Bertha, notwithstanding all her sorrows, enjoyed herself exceedingly. She had new landscapes to look upon, new sketches to make, and her well-beloved cousin William at her side to take care of her, and to make every thing look still fairer than it was. As to her Highness of Fuskymuskoff, how she performed the duties of *chaperone*, or how she took care of herself, Bertha neither knew nor cared; and, if asked to give an account of each party on her return from it, by any one whom she thought worthy of an answer, she would have assured them that it had

been the most delightful scheme she had ever been engaged in, and that she only hoped a great many more would follow like it. But, somehow or other, Mr. Vincent did not like these pic-nic parties quite so well as his young cousin. It was not that he felt himself unhappy either, for he certainly enjoyed the scenery, admired Bertha's power of rapid sketching exceedingly, and appeared to like the walking about with her in search of subjects, and the sitting down beside her while she executed them, very much. Yet, nevertheless, he said to her one evening after their return from one of these excursions, which she thought the most agreeable they had yet taken, "I am afraid, Bertha, that you will think me a very tyrannical sort of cousin, for I am going to desire you not to do what I believe you like doing better than any other thing within your reach at present. Do you think you shall be able to forgive an interference so little amiable?"

Bertha looked at him earnestly for a moment, and then replied with great simplicity, "I think I could forgive you for any thing except your telling me that you would not talk to me or walk with me any more. And do you know, cousin William, I cannot help thinking that it is exactly this that you are going to say," she added, while the colour mounted to her cheeks, and a tear began very visibly to gather in her eye, "for you *must* know that it is what I like best—and certainly I shall think it very unkind."

Vincent coloured too as he listened to her. But the emotion was not caused by his finding in her words any reason for supposing that Lord Lynberry was right in the fears he had expressed for the fair Bertha's peace of mind. It was rather, perhaps, the assured conviction that he was quite wrong which caused the change in his complexion. Not, perhaps, that the almost destitute Vincent would have wished it otherwise—under the circumstances, it would have been a sin to do so. But whatever the source of the feeling, he mastered it quickly, and replied, "No, dear Bertha, no, it is not that. Could anything make me think *that* necessary, I should be quite as sorry as you could be. On the contrary, however, what I have to say to you will, I fear, sound very like desiring you neither to talk nor to walk with any one but me."

"Indeed?" said Bertha, with a very happy-looking smile.

"Yes, indeed, it must sound very like it; for the fact is, that I want you to promise me that you will not go to any more of these pic-nic parties," he replied.

"Oh! if that be all, I can promise it with perfect readiness," she returned.

"And yet, dear Bertha, I am sure you enjoy them greatly."

"I enjoy seeing the beautiful country, and I enjoy drawing in the open air, with you at my elbow to tell me when I am right and when I am wrong—but as to enjoying the parties, because they *are* parties—I don't think you suspect me of it."

"That is quite true, Bertha, it would be but affectation if I said I did. And yet I almost wonder, too, that you should not be a little offended at my inteference, because I suspect it must appear so very unreasonable to you."

"Perhaps," replied poor Bartha, "I am not offended, as you call it, at your interference, because it is such a comfort to me to know that I

still have a relation near me, who cares for me enough to interfere about me at all. And besides that, cousin William, I know perfectly well that you would not do this, nor any thing else, without having good and sufficient reason for it. And you may be very sure that I shall go to no more pic-nics at Baden."

"I thank you, dear Bertha, for your confidence in me—and I thank you the more because you do not ask for my reasons, which, to say truth, I should not be very well able to give explicitly. I certainly know very little, either for or against these Russian people, but yet I think that I am only doing what is right in wishing you not to join any more in their gay doings. I heard them talking yesterday of sending a band of wind instruments to some place in the forest, where they said there was level turf that would do to waltz upon. Now all this might be very pleasant, and perfectly unobjectionable among intimate friends and acquaintance. But the very fact that we do not really know any thing about these people is, in my opinion, quite reason sufficient to render it objectionable for Miss Harrington to be thrown into such very familiar association with them."

"Then Miss Harrington will associate with them no more," replied Bertha, smiling; "or, at least, not in such a sort as to involve any species of familiarity."

And Bertha kept her word, in spite of the very strongest hints that Mrs. Roberts could venture to give about its not being right for young people to affect singularity, and separate themselves from their young companions, particularly when they might have the great advantage of being *chaperoned* by a princess.

In the first instance, it is probable that Mrs. Roberts's objection to Bertha's staying at home, arose from the being obliged to provide a dinner for her, the *tête-à-tête* repasts of Mr. Roberts and his lady being upon a very small scale indeed; but a very strong additional objection soon became obvious to her, although she dared not make any open remonstrance on the subject; for Mrs. Roberts had quite given up her notion that Bertha was an idiot, though she still thought her the very stupidest girl she had ever known, but she thought that this dulness was mixed with a monstrous deal of self-willed obstinacy, which might lead her any day, if she got into an ill-humour, to write to her father, for the purpose of asking him to let her come. This new objection to Bertha's constant refusals to join the pic-nics arose from the manner in which her afternoons and evenings were passed at home. When the Roberts family had been first blessed with the acquaintance of Lord Lynberry, Mrs. Roberts had, in the most cordial manner, expressed both to the young man and his tutor her hope that they would make her pleasant Balcony room as useful as if it were their own; and, at any rate, that they would always come and take their tea with her. Their doing so, when nothing else was going on to prevent it, had become quite a habit, and it was one of which Mr. Vincent profited without scruple now, treating Bertha precisely as if she had been a younger sister, bringing such books as he wished her to read, and assisting her in her study of German with all the steady perseverance of a professional instructor.

"This will never do, Edward," said the alarmed lady to her son, eagerly seizing a momentary *tête-à-tête* that she caught with him one

morning before breakfast. "If you can believe that such a girl as Bertha, growing prettier and prettier every day, and such a young fellow as Vincent, can go on in the way they do without making love, if you can believe it, I can't."

"How you do delight to plague me about that girl, ma'am," replied the young man, continuing his search in the table-drawer for a lost glove; "and how many more times will it be necessary for me to tell you, that I don't care the tenth part of a penny whether she fall in love with Mr. Tutor Vincent or not."

"Then if *you* don't care, sir, I do," replied his mother, with more anger than she had ever evinced towards him during the course of his whole life, "and how many times will it be necessary for me to tell *you*, I wonder, that without her fortune we are one and all of us likely to prolong our residence on the Continent by being locked up in a gaol. Your father says, that he can't get at a single penny of principal money without a most horrible loss, and what is worse still, both to him and to me too, it can't be done without exposing whatever little mistakes we have made about prices abroad to that nasty low fellow that manages the old banking concern. Think, then, what it must be to me, Edward, to hear you speak in this light, careless way, about the only thing that there seems left in the wide world to save us! Your father says that he can't give me another shilling for the next month without actually borrowing it or taking it up. And I don't believe there is a shop in the town where we don't owe something."

"I dare say not, ma'am," replied the young man, taking out a small pocket-comb, and currying his little moustache in the glass, "I can answer for a good many of them myself. The taking this great house has proved very convenient in that respect, and so has our intimacy with Lynberry and Montgomery. They have both of them more money, lucky dogs, than they know what to do with—for they neither of them play—every body knows that, so their credit is first-rate."

"But what has that to do, Edward, with your marrying Bertha Harrington? For mercy's sake speak to me like a reasonable being! What has that to do with your marrying Bertha Harrington?"

"It has a great deal to do with it, ma'am. It will enable me to go on and keep moving till the proper time comes for me to take her."

"Gracious goodness! how you talk, Edward! It is really enough to drive one wild. Take her indeed! I should like to know what good it will be to take her when she is the wife of another man?—and so she will be if you do not look about you a little."

"Mother!" said the young man, raising his voice, "let me tell you, once for all, that I will not be plagued about this odious girl before it is necessary. At this moment I not only hate her, but am passionately in love with another woman, and I will not have my happiness interfered with. That I *must* have her money, I know as well as you do, and have it I will, ma'am, you may depend upon it."

"But, my dear boy, this is dreadfully wild talk. You can't rob her of her money; you can't take it out of her pocket, Edward."

"No, mother, I intend to take it, pocket and all. But it must be done at my own time, and in my own way."

His mother gazed at him with a look half puzzled, half admiring.

"Oh, Edward!" said she, "I do think, considering what a mother I have been to you, that you might take me into your confidence, and tell me exactly what you mean."

"Well, ma'am, I will," he replied, "provided you will give me your promise not to tell my father, nor, indeed, any one else. I may, perhaps, want a little of your assistance when the time comes, so it is as well that you should know it. But, remember! you must swear to mention it to no one."

"Well, Edward, well, I swear I won't."

"Then I will tell you," replied her son, "but upon my soul not even the winds must hear it," and, leaving the glass, pocketing his little comb at the same instant, he came close to his mother, and whispered something in her ear.

The colour mounted to her face, and she shook her head, but she smiled, and betrayed no token of displeasure, though for a moment or two she remained perfectly silent. At length she said, "But it will require money, my dear fellow, where will you be able to get ready money from?"

"Where I have got it from before, ma'am. Do you really suppose, mother, that I can go on in such a place as this with nothing but the odd dollars and francs that I squeeze out of you? You are monstrously mistaken if you do. Lynberry, ma'am, will lend me whatever money I want."

"Lynberry!" exclaimed the delighted mother, in a perfect ecstasy of hope and joy, "Lynberry? Is it possible that that dear creature, Lynberry, has lent you money, Edward? Then, thank Heaven! I *am* right, as, I must say, I generally find that I am. Lynberry is in love with Maria, my dear Edward. No young man lends money, you may depend upon it, without having some such motive for it. I thought it, Edward, from the very first—that is from the very first, after he got over his ridiculous fancy for Bertha; of which I must say he seemed heartily ashamed afterwards. Well then, my dear boy, I will teaze you no more about Bertha, but trust entirely to you, who I must in common justice say, have shown in every way that you deserved my confidence. And now, my dear, I won't detain you any longer; and, indeed, I have enough to do myself, for before we sit down to breakfast I must settle with my darling Maria what she is to do about getting a new bonnet—whether it will be better to go again to the same shop, or to begin a little bill at the one just opposite to us. It is not quite so stylish a shop, but then it may be convenient, so I'll just go—"

And not perceiving that her son had already escaped from her, the happy mother went on commenting on her own admirable contrivances till she had passed through the door which opened upon the apartment of her daughters.

A FIELD-DAY WITH THE PORTUGUESE.

We were sitting, half-a-dozen of us, in Sabina's *restauration*, slaughtering the after-dinner hours by the aid of olives and havannahs.

What an uncommonly pretty girl Sabina was! A deal too pretty to keep a *restauration*, or *fonda*, or whatever else they called it—don't you think she was, friend reader? or, at least, you would have thought so if you had seen her, as we have, scores of times; her plain black dress (she was in mourning for her mother) contrasting with the ivory whiteness of her neck—and of her cheek, we were going to say, but we should be wrong, for *there* was a slight tinge of pink—no fixed bloom or milk-maidish sunburn—but the palest rose-leaf, or the inside of a sea-shell. The last is the best comparison, albeit hackneyed. And then her beautiful chesnut hair, glossy and abundant, and her long lashes, shading eyes of a blue!—ultramarine was a fool to it; and then the music of her voice! That a sweet voice is a beautiful thing in woman, somebody has said before us, and thousands doubtless have thought. Nothing could be more like the tones of a silver bell than the voice of Sabina, so ringing, yet so gentle and heart-stirring; the more of the latter, perhaps, for the slightly melancholy expression that was discernible in it at times; especially when replying to the harsh bass of her father, a brute of a Frenchman, who tyrannised over her frightfully, and whose ill-treatment, it was said, had accelerated her mother's death. Sabina was herself a Frenchwoman, although she had been some years in Spain, her charming face and modest demeanour attracting—at least as much as her father's culinary skill—crowds of customers to their *fonda*, which was situate upon the Plaza Nueva, or New Square, in the ancient and respectable city of Vittoria.

Vittoria at that time—this was in 1837—was a lively and bustling place, with a strong garrison, and frequent columns of troops marching in and out. It was likewise a sort of depôt for officers on sick-leave, or who found themselves temporarily unattached, the latter a circumstance of no frequent occurrence, the Carlist war being just then in full swing, and throat-cutting plentiful. At the period now referred to, however, there was a fair sprinkling of idlers in the place; mostly officers of the guards or on the staff, waiting for opportunities to rejoin their regiments or divisions; and the great lounge with these *desœuvré* gentry was the Fonda Francesa, as they styled the establishment of Sabina's father. From morning till night were parties of smart aide-de-camps and dashing guardsmen to be seen there; breakfasting, dining, smoking, twanging boleros on the guitar, or persecuting poor Sabina with their flatteries. To these Sabina paid little attention, but usually gave up the field to the enemy, and kept as much as possible in her own apartment, out of the way of her tormentors. When compelled to encounter them, a downcast look, and a quiet, but at times somewhat disdainful, smile, were her only reply to the exaggerated and hyperbolical compliments and flaming declarations that were addressed to her with all the polite impertinence of which the Spanish tongue so well admits.

There was one, however, amongst her admirers, for whom Sabina was suspected of having a predilection—a young officer of chasseurs, a handsome slip of a fellow, not more than three-and-twenty, and a soldier by birth, as one may say, for all his family had followed the profession of arms, and he himself had entered the service as a cadet before he was musket-high. He had risen to be a lieutenant, had received a bad wound in action about two months previously, but was now pretty well cured. Don Bernardo—that was his name—was certainly farther advanced in Sabina's good graces than any of his competitors. We, the officers of an English squadron then quartered at Vittoria, were in the habit of dining at the *fonda*, and we had observed certain small signs of preference, which had also not escaped Monsieur Franchipane—so the Spaniards had nicknamed Sabina's father, whose real name was Royer, and this preference was a favourite pretext with him for unkindness to his daughter. He would, when in a bad humour, which was at least six days a week, abuse and ill-treat her terribly; sometimes, as we were informed, going so far as to strike her, although this he did not venture to do when there were customers in the house. Like most bullies, he was an unmitigated poltroon, and a short time previously had been heartily belaboured by a young cadet, a mere boy of sixteen, whom he had thought to intimidate by his gruff voice and big words. His daughter bore all his ill-usage with the utmost meekness, although it became more and more unendurable, and her health was evidently suffering from it. Another consequence of this treatment seemed to be that the understanding between her and Don Bernardo became daily more intimate, and in proportion as her father abused and repelled her, did she seem to encourage the attentions and take pleasure in the society of the handsome dragoon.

The Portuguese division, under General Baron Das Antas, was just then at Vittoria, about four thousand strong, infantry, cavalry, and artillery. We had become acquainted with several of the officers, and more particularly with those of a squadron of lancers, some of whom had served in the regiment raised by Colonel Bacon in Portugal; they were excellent fellows, and spoke English exceedingly well. Their squadron was commanded by Don Carlos de Mascarenhas, an officer of high family, and a most favourable specimen of the Portuguese *militaires* and gentlemen, and consisted of a hundred men, well equipped and mounted, and looking as creditable on parade and on service as any troops well could do. There being no royal guards in the Portuguese army, it was the regiment to which these lancers belonged, and one other, that furnished Doña Maria's escorts, and did palace duty generally, and we were told that it was with some difficulty she had been prevailed upon to allow one of the squadrons to be sent on foreign service.

This was a field-day with the Portuguese division, and we had promised our friends of the lancers to go and witness their evolutions. The hour at which the parade was ordered had arrived, and our horses were brought to the door. We were about to take our last glass of wine and depart, when a terrible row was heard proceeding from an adjoining room in which Sabina and her father were. Royer was, as usual, abusing the poor girl for some fancied offence, and the *sacres* and filthy French and Spanish oaths were running off his tongue at least as ra-

pidly as his *fricandeaux* had ever done over those of his guests. Sabina's reply was, as always, a soft one, but it had little effect in turning away the wrath of the irate Gaul.

"Now the divil take that big baste of a Frenchman!" cried our friend O'Connor—a Tipperary boy, you sowl!—six feet of bad stuff, with a potato face at the top of it—who would ride at any thing, from a five-barred gate to a haystack, had broken most of his bones in one steeple-chase or another, held Irish horses—ay, and Irish riders too—to be the pick of creation for cross-country work, was hot-headed and warm-hearted, a hard hitter, and desperate drinker. He was a rough bear of a fellow, but, nevertheless, his high spirits, good humour, and rich brogue, made him a most amusing and pleasant companion. The Spaniards and Portuguese, who were daily thrown off their balance by his eccentricities, and had seen him perform various breakneck feats, in riding and other ways, in which the chances were ninety-nine in a hundred that he would kill himself, but out of which, thanks to luck and pluck, he had always come with a whole skin,—had long since made up their minds that Don Patricio was completely *loco*,—that is to say, as mad as a March hare. He had come out to Spain for the fun of the thing, but had with difficulty been kept from returning to Ireland, when he found that, although there were plenty of foxes in the country, there were no fox-hounds, and that, even if there had been, he would, by following them, have exposed himself to become the hunted instead of the hunter. It was a cruel deprivation to him at first, but little by little he got used to the absence of his favourite sport, and was now quite contented with what he styled, "drawing the cover for Carlists."

One of the few things that ever made O'Connor angry was to hear Sabina abused by her father, and on one such occasion he had nearly demolished the Frenchman by a dig in the ribs that took the breath out of his body and the colour out of his face for at least five minutes. "It'll tache ye manners, you brute!" said O'Connor, after administering this small tap, as he called it; and so it did for a day or two, but then things relapsed into their former state. Notwithstanding this correction, the Irishman was an enormous favourite with Royer, as he was indeed with every body who knew him.

"Now the divil take the Frenchman!" repeated O'Connor; "Isn't he for ever ill-thrating the poor girl! Hallo, Monshur Frenchy-pane!"

And he commenced a clatter amongst the glasses that soon brought Royer into the room, greatly alarmed for his crockery.

"I tell you what it is, Monshur!" cried O'Connor; "if you don't lave Mamzell Sabina alone, I'll disfigure your ugly countenance for you."

And then suddenly remembering that his English (or Irish) was unintelligible to the man he addressed, he commenced, in a most execrable jargon of French and Spanish, a lecture on Royer's treatment of his daughter. The Frenchman grinned, and bowed, and assented; but this acquiescence was evidently the effect of the awe in which he stood of O'Connor; and there was an expression of ill-temper and impatience in his small, twinkling, pig's eyes, which made it probable that after our departure Sabina would suffer threefold for this well-meant interference.

O'Connor was still hard at it, blowing up the Frenchman, when we rose and walked down stairs, expecting him to follow us, but as he did not do so, we got on our horses and rode slowly away towards the side of the town on which the field-day was to take place.

It was early in the month of June, and the parade had been fixed for the evening, to avoid the midday heat. As we passed through the San Domingo gate, and emerged upon the Bilboa road, the shadows were growing long, and the sinking sun bathed the whole of the extensive plain before us in a flood of rich golden light. In some fields about a mile off, the Portuguese division was discernible, mute and motionless; the glancing of the sunbeams on their bayonets, lance-heads, and sabre-scabbards, and the waving of the white plumes of the staff-officers, being all that broke the monotony of their dark masses. The inspection of the troops was just finished, and, as we approached the ground, the general and his staff galloped to the front of the line, and the evolutions commenced.

The road from Vittoria to Bilboa led, previously to the war of Succession, through a country presenting a delightful picture of rustic happiness and prosperity. Every mile or two came a flourishing village; on all sides were seen picturesque hamlets and snug farm-houses, teeming orchards and well-cultivated fields. The good effects of Basque industry and labour, which contrast so strongly with the indolent and *far niente* habits of the majority of Spaniards, were everywhere visible. But now how changed was all this. The land, that had formerly brought forth abundant crops of wheat and maize, was, for the most part, lying fallow; the cattle had disappeared from the pastures to furnish rations for one or other of the contending armies, into the ranks of which nearly all the male population capable of bearing arms had been absorbed, leaving none but old men, women, and children, whose exertions were insufficient to cultivate more than a small portion of the land. The plains of Vittoria had been a constant battle-field of Carlists and Christinos, the villages and *aldeas* suffering grievously from alternate occupation by both parties; and broken hedges, devastated gardens, smoked and blackened walls, and roofless houses, over which the unpruned vine pushed its tendrils in rank and useless luxuriance, bore strong testimony to the ravages of civil war. Of course, even if there had been sufficient hands to till the ground, it would not have been worth the farmer's while to raise crops, which, if they escaped being trampled or grazed by dragoon horses, would, as soon as gathered in, inevitably have been transferred to the sacks of the commissariat; a promissory note on an empty treasury being the only thing given in return. What little was produced was generally driven over to the Carlists, the Alavese being, almost to a man, in favour of the Pretender, of which we saw numerous proofs while quartered in that part of the country. From the top of the highest church tower at Vittoria, where an observatory had been erected, and watchers were constantly stationed, solitary Carlists might daily be observed, riding fearless and unmolested through the various villages. But for Christinos to attempt such a thing was to meet certain death at the hands of the peasantry. One of the officers of a foraging party returning into Vittoria, paused at the door of a farm-house to get a draught of water. His men had just taken a cart-load

of straw from the loft of this very house, and had moved off, the only inmates they had seen having been a brace of squalid children and a shrivelled old woman. The officer was awaiting the appearance of the latter with the water, when a stalwart countryman suddenly started out from some hole or corner where he had been lying *perdu*, and grasped with one hand the horse's bridle, with the other the rider's sabre-hilt. At the same moment half-a-dozen peasants, armed with muskets and fowling-pieces, appeared at the other end of the hamlet, which a moment before had seemed entirely deserted. Fortunately, the officer had pistols in his holsters, for there was no time for a struggle. He drew one of them, shot his sturdy captor through the head, and galloped after his party, several bullets whistling harmlessly about his ears as he did so. Incidents of this nature were of frequent occurrence, demonstrating pretty plainly the feeling of hostility to the queen's cause that existed among the peasantry of Alava. But we are getting too digressive, and must return to our Portuguese.

By the time we reached the ground, the field-day was in full activity; infantry manœuvring, cavalry charging, artillery limbering and unlimbering their guns; aide-de-camps dashing and rattling about with all the desperate haste and agitated importance, of which those gentlemen are apparently bound to assume the semblance, even when they have nothing in the world to do. Das Antas himself, mounted on a splendid gray charger, was commanding the manœuvres, and looking to great advantage in his handsome uniform and richly laced cocked hat; his long black beard (like most of the Portuguese, no razor was ever laid upon his face) descending on his breast, and giving him a picturesque, although, to our eyes, rather outlandish, appearance. A mile or two off, a few Carlist vedettes were seen stationed on a range of low hills that varied the level surface of the plain, and watching the proceedings of their *amigos* the Portuguese, whom they subsequently considerably mauled in a fight near the Ebro.

We were just taking up our position on a slight eminence, whence we commanded a good view of what was going on, when the sound of horses' feet, clattering down the road in our rear, caused us to look round. Two horsemen, equally well mounted, although of very different aspect, were rapidly approaching, and in another minute or two joined our party.

Of the new comers, one was O'Connor, mounted on his favourite horse Curragh, a bright and bonny bay, sixteen hands high, full of fire and spirit, but yet as gentle as a lamb, very fast, and a splendid leaper. The Irishman was evidently in high feather, and there was a comical twinkle in his eye which showed that mischief was in the wind. His companion was no less a personage than Monsieur Royer, whom by some extraordinary powers of bullying or wheedling, O'Connor had induced to bestride another of his horses, a vicious, fidgetty, contrary beast, known in the regiment by the name of Lucifer, and which, on account of its vice, nobody could ride with pleasure, and few with safety. It was a well-bred Irish horse, dark brown, with black legs, and possessed of a mouth like a bar of iron, a rat tail, and a bloodshot, wicked-looking eye. Its infernal temper prevented its ever getting into condition, for it fretted the flesh off its bones as fast as good keep laid it on them. It

had a trick of laying back its ears when it meant to do something particularly vicious, in spite of which warning habit, it generally managed to kick or bite about a groom per week. Upon the back of this amiable quadruped the unfortunate Frenchman had been inveigled into perching himself; and there he now sat, if sitting it might be called, his short round legs vainly endeavouring to get a grip of the saddle-flaps, his hands tugging desperately at the bridle, while the perspiration ran down his face; and his chubby cheeks, now as white as chalk, reddish nose, and corpulent person, made him look like an unhealthy Bacchus going a-hunting.

"*Monsieur Conna!*" cried the unlucky hotel-keeper, in an agony of discomfort, "*il faut que je descende. Ce cheval est trop vif.*"

"Not a bit of it;" replied O'Connor, "*vif* be hanged, sir! The horse is a good horse, and you are a beautiful rider. Did ye ever see the likes of him, boys?" he cried, winking at us behind his victim's back. "Come, Monshur Frenchypane, let's take a canter over the turf and see what the Portugee general's doing. Come along!"

And off went O'Connor, we following, fit to roll off our saddles with laughter at the spectacle afforded us by the Frenchman, who was within an ace of getting unhorsed by every bound of his rough-paced steed, and made the most extravagant and ludicrous efforts to preserve his equilibrium. As we rode along, at a gentle canter, O'Connor gave us a farcical account of how he had got Monsieur Franchipane to accompany him; how he had bustled him into his best coat, hustled him down stairs, given him a leg into the saddle, and finally ridden off with him before he had quite got his feet in the stirrups. To add to the unlucky Royer's annoyance, just as they were turning out of the plaza, a green uniform and silver epaulette appeared at the other end of it, and the handsome countenance and small black moustaches of Don Bernardo were seen proceeding in the direction of the fonda. Thereupon the Frenchman begged hard to be allowed to go back and look after his daughter, but O'Connor laughed at the idea, and, trotting off, was followed by Lucifer, who utterly disregarded all his rider's efforts to stop him.

There are few more animating sights than a field-day, especially when, as in this instance, every circumstance combined to give it effect and brilliancy; a bright sunshine above, making each bit of metal and burnish about arms or harness blaze and glitter, a soft green turf, which the June heat had not yet deprived of its freshness, underfoot; four thousand well-appointed troops of all arms, wheeling, charging, advancing, retiring, with much precision and exactness. There were the light dragoons in their blue uniforms faced with yellow, mounted on horses rather too small, but active, and in excellent condition; the lancers, better mounted and better looking; the cazadores or riflemen, in brown, with bright blue facings, an agreeable mixture to the eye, although one does not fancy brown to be a very military sort of colour. The latter corps were clever at skirmishing, for which they were particularly intended; but even at that they were beaten all to nothing by some of the Spanish light infantry regiments. As far as looks went, the Portuguese had it hollow, and nothing could be more picturesque than their appearance when darting forward from tree to hedge, and from bush to bank,

their tawny visages, more than half covered with beard, and surmounted by a small dark shako, indistinctly seen through the smoke of their rifles.

We had been looking on for some short time, and had ridden round to the side of the ground farthest from the town, where we were joined by several Spanish officers who, like ourselves, had come out as spectators. We were now at the extremity of the pasture land, and close to us, on our right, was some waste ground, overgrown with a profusion of wild thyme and lavender, and other flowering plants. Suddenly there was an advance of the whole line in an oblique direction, and two squadrons of cavalry, which were on the extreme left, entered the waste ground in question. They were about half way through it, when O'Connor, who had been watching their advance, while the attention of the rest of us had been principally directed to another part of the field, gave a sort of wild Irish exclamation, and then, setting spurs to his horse, galloped off with such a view holloa, as could rarely have been heard upon Vittoria's plains. Monsieur Royer, or rather his horse, kept close beside him, and we followed, so soon as we perceived the cause of the sudden start. This was a fine hare, which had just bounded out from under the very feet of the Portuguese dragoon horses, and was scouring over the plain in full view. The ground was excellent for a run, gently undulating, with here and there a ditch and hedge, sometimes a stiffish wall of loose stones, dividing the land.

The state of the field was thus. O'Connor in front, going his hardest, and occasionally casting a glance over his shoulder at the Frenchman, whom Lucifer was bringing along at a thundering pace. Royer was in an agony of terror; he had lost the stirrups, and was holding on by a deadly grip of mane and pommel, singing out all sorts of pen and ink, one minute abusing O'Connor and swearing he would complain to the general of this treatment, the next imploring in the most humble manner his "*cher Monsieur Conna*" to let him descend from his high-mettled charger. To threats and entreaties O'Connor had but one reply, an exhortation to stick to his pigskin, and Lucifer would take him over any thing, which piece of advice being conveyed in O'Connor's vernacular, was about as well understood by the Frenchman as if it had been spoken in Sanscrit. To add to Royer's discomfiture, there were at least a dozen dogs, hangers-on of the Portuguese division, upon the ground—one of them, by-the-bye, had a ball in his shoulder, the result of some skirmish, into which he had thought proper to intrude himself—and these animals, for the most part curs of low degree, now attached themselves to the heels of Royer's satanic steed, and set up a barking that drove the latter almost mad, causing him to lay back his ears, and plunge and lash out in a manner which greatly augmented the Frenchman's misery. Still, however, and by a miracle, as it seemed, Royer had kept his seat across a few fields, and was now approaching a strong fence some five feet high, beyond which was a very handsome green ditch. It was easy to see that this would decide the matter. O'Connor cleared the obstacle in first-rate style, and Lucifer followed, but an operation of the sort had not at all entered into his rider's calculations, and when the latter found himself flying through the air, in, to him, so entirely novel a manner, he relaxed his grasp of the mane, and the next instant was

lying kicking and floundering in water and mire. There were no bones broken, nevertheless the joke was rather a rough one, and two or three of us pulled up to pick the unlucky wight out of the quag-mire. As to his horse, it had taken no notice of its rider's fall, but had gone on with O'Connor, and was now having a small gallop for its own private amusement. This was of little consequence, for Royer had had enough of riding for that day, and, after washing the mud from his face in a neighbouring rivulet, he set off to walk back to Vittoria, muttering *sacres* between his teeth, and casting vindictive glances at O'Connor, who might now be seen in the distance, walking his horse leisurely back, with puss dangling in his hand. He had fairly ridden the hare down, driven her into a sort of drain out of which she could find no exit, and then jumped off his horse and seized her.

It was dusk when we returned to the town, and, leaving our horses, repaired to the square, which was the customary evening resort of the fair *Vitorianas*. A band was playing, and there was the usual allowance of flirtation, mantilla-waving, and fan-fluttering going on. About ten o'clock the crowd began to thin, and we betook ourselves to the fonda to refresh ourselves with a cool bottle of Val de Peñas. We had established ourselves at the table, and after giving our orders, were just making some inquiries of a waiter about Royer, when in rushed the man himself, not, as might have been expected, washed and purified from his recent mud-bath, but coatless, and with face, hands, and apparel still bearing the unclean evidences of his late exploits as a Nimrod. Snatching a carving knife from one of the tables, he sprang upon O'Connor, and made a furious stab at him. O'Connor avoided the blow, and, catching the Frenchman's wrist in his right hand, wrenched the weapon from him, and dashed the would-be assassin violently backwards. Royer sank upon a chair, and began to blubber like a child, stammering out threats and abuse of O'Connor, intermingled with lamentations, in which the name of his daughter frequently occurred, and of which we were at first unable to comprehend the cause. We were soon enlightened, however, by the waiter, who informed us that Mademoiselle Sabina was "*partie.*"

"Gone away!" cried we, "and where?"

It was not known for certain. They supposed with Lieutenant Bernardo.

"*Oui, oui, c'est avec lui!*" cried Royer, with a stamp and a curse between every word, "*c'est avec ce cochon d'Espagnol!* And it is you I have to thank, Monsieur Conna," cried he, shaking his fist at O'Connor, on whom, as well as on all of us, the truth was now beginning to dawn.

It appeared that Don Bernardo's visit to the fonda that evening had had for object to inform Sabina of his immediate departure. A brigade of Spanish troops had been suddenly ordered to the district of Soria, and he took advantage of its escort to get so far on his way to Estremadura, where his regiment then was. He found Sabina in tears and great grief; her father had been treating her with more than his usual harshness and asperity, and her affliction was naturally any thing but diminished by the news of her lover's intended departure. Taking advantage of these

concurrent circumstances, Bernardo strongly urged her to accompany him to Soria, and there become his wife. Friendless as she was, ill-used by her only surviving parent, and placed in a position unsuited to her gentle and retiring habits, the poor girl hesitated. Bernardo pressed his suit with redoubled ardour—a prompt decision one way or the other was necessary, for Royer might return at any moment, and at last Sabina yielded to the young officer's arguments, backed as they doubtless were by those of her own heart. There was small time lost in packing band-boxes; a residence in a country that is in a state of civil war teaches even ladies to travel without much luggage; and in very few minutes, and, as far as we could calculate, at the very moment when Royer, under the able tuition of O'Connor, was taking his first lesson in hare-hunting, the dragoon and his fair companion left Vittoria by the Castile gate. Sabina's departure from the fonda had been managed so quietly that it had passed unnoticed. Her absence was not perceived until Royer returned home and inquired for his daughter, and then a full hour elapsed before he could obtain any inkling of its cause. Pursuit was out of the question; in the first place because the road was very unsafe without an escort, and in the second because the gates of the town were shut, and no representation of Monsieur Royer's would have been sufficient to get them opened before morning.

The apparently questionable prudence of Sabina's escapade was in some measure justified by the result. Don Bernardo married her, and an excellent little wife she made him. It was some time before Royer could be reconciled to the match, for Bernardo, although a dragoon officer, was as poor as a rat, having nothing but his pay, which in Spain at that time was about equivalent to having nothing at all, seeing that no pay was ever forthcoming; and Royer, although only an hotel-keeper, was well to do, having filled his pockets at the expense of the numerous successive garrisons and *corps d'armée* that had been quartered at Vittoria. Moreover, like most of his countrymen, he had a prodigiously good opinion of every thing French, and a superlative contempt for everything Spanish; and the mere fact of his being a Frenchman, far more than counterbalanced, in his opinion, any difference of social rank between himself and his son-in-law. At last, however, he was mollified; but although matters might be considered to end well for all parties, Monsieur Franchipane never forgave O'Connor nor forgot his ride, and he ever afterwards declared that the two animals of which he most hated the name and abhorred the sight, were—hares and Irishmen.

LIGHTS AND SHADES

IN THE LIFE OF A

GENTLEMAN ON HALF PAY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "STORIES OF WATERLOO."

No. X.

SECRET REVELATIONS—THE MIDNIGHT CONFERENCE—THE RANGER'S RETURN—A FALSE ALARM.

Friar. You come hither, my lord, to marry this lady?
Claudio. No.
Leonato. To be married to her, friar; you *come* to marry her.
Friar. Lady, you come hither to be married to this count?
Hero. I do.
Friar. If either of you know any inward impediment why you should not be conjoined, I charge you, on your souls to utter it.
Claudio. Know you any, Hero?
Hero. None, my lord.
Friar. Know you any, count?
Leonato. I dare make his answer, none.

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

"'WHEN the stranger disappeared, the earl paced the room for several minutes, and the deep silence which ensued, contrasted singularly with the uproar and confusion which my fainting fit had so recently occasioned. Suddenly my guardian stopped in front of the lady of the mansion, and, as he addressed her, the low, stern intonation of his voice, and the paleness of his countenance, betrayed the high excitement under which he evidently was labouring, and which he vainly endeavoured to conceal.

"'Pauline!' he said, directing a searching glance at Madame d'Arville, 'you have neglected the trust reposed in you. To another I would have said that she had betrayed it—but that you *dare not* do. Will you at least favour me with the particulars of this disagreeable occurrence—the introduction of my ward to my worst enemy.'

"'The lady with difficulty had contained herself—for the cold, contemptuous manner of the earl had stung her to the soul—and her reply was merely a reiteration of surprise, intermingled with numerous appeals to the Virgin and the saints, without any information, however, that could remove suspicion, or render the occurrence less incomprehensible to all assembled than it had been before.

"'My lord,' observed the chevalier, when the lady paused to recover breath, 'it is quite evident that the affair is wrapped in mystery not at present to be penetrated. I, to whom some matters are known, of which madame and D'Arlincourt are ignorant, feel in common with your lordship, what important consequences may arise from this most untoward transaction. Still it is mere suspicion after all, and the sudden excitement of the

girl may have arisen from causes very foreign from those to which at present we attribute it. But, looking to the business in its worst light, and admitting that there is good foundation for apprehension, the danger may be remedied, and your fears, my lord, be put to rest for ever.'

"'The earl listened attentively, and, as the speaker proceeded, marked by assenting nods, that he approved of what fell from the chevalier.

"'Go on, De Bomont,' he replied; 'you have the only cool head in the company. This infernal affair has chafed my temper overmuch—madame's wits appear to have gone astray—while, to guess from her adjuration of the saints, I may compliment her much on her piety and little on her circumspection.'

"'The earl's sneer was answered by a scornful glance, which seemed to pass disregarded, and he thus continued,

"'Before we decide on what plans are to be adopted, I should wish to have some private conversation with my friend here. Would you, Monsieur d'Arlincourt, attend madame to her boudoir, whither, in a short time, the chevalier and I will find our way.'

"'The count obeyed the earl's request, and led the lady from the supper-room, who seemed by no means flattered with being excluded from the secret conference. Not so D'Arlincourt—it afforded him an opportunity to converse alone with Madame d'Arville, which he particularly desired—and when the door was closed, he threw himself upon the sofa beside the lady of the house, and took her hand in his.

"'Pauline,' he said, 'how fortunate is this *tête-à-tête*—moments are precious—and while opportunity permits, attend to him who has ever been your friend—'

"'And why not add *lover* too?'

"'Nay, Pauline, this is no time for idle fooling,' returned the count.

"'Idle, indeed,' observed the lady, 'if aught involving D'Arlincourt's attachments is to be discussed.'

"'Hear me, Pauline; it is useless to speak of the past, while at the present moment, if there be planetary influence in men's fortunes, my star is overcharged with all that argues evil. But one thing can avert the danger—and that is instantly to carry into effect the marriage scheme which brings us here.'

"'What! Will not one wife suffice Count d'Arlincourt?' replied the lady, with a sneer.

"'How now, Pauline? What mean you? What wife?'

"'She, for whom your mistress was abandoned—Carlotta.'

"'Then am I betrayed to—?'

"'One who will take no advantage of the discovery,' returned the hostess. 'No—when in her fury last night, as I communicated the earl's intentions respecting his ward and you, she stormed like a fiend, announced herself your wife, and swore that even to death she would maintain her claim, while I despised the weakness which left you at the mercy of such a woman—anger changed to pity—and—I forgave you.'

"'Oh, Pauline! none had ever cause to curse his folly as I have had. In one brief month I felt the wretched thrall in which I stood—a year, and we were separated, and as I then hoped and believed, never to meet

again. Little did I suppose when I heard that you and Carlotta were in England—and, associated by a singular freak of fortune, that I should be placed dependent on the kindness of one I loved and had neglected—but worse far—thrown upon the mercy of a fiend I had made a wife.'

"'And which tender relationship, if there be truth in woman, will on her part be rigidly maintained. What mean you to do?'

"'See her to-night—reason with her—show her the folly of continuing a union, where mutual hatred are the fruits—point the advantages which wealth will confer on me, and—'

"'Through revenge she will tell you that, though the golden apple be actually within your reach, a touch of hers will wither your arm before it can grasp the treasure.'

"'Is she then so determined?'

"'In that resolve, inflexible.'

"'But she cannot effect it, Pauline—the earl is no fool, and the earl is in my power. How stand you with his lordship? Are those who were lovers in Palermo, in cold England merely friends?'

"'The past might give me reason to distrust you, D'Arlincourt; but no partial confidence will answer now. If there be a man on earth I hate, that being is the earl. What did he find me? A woman followed by the crowd—idolised by a husband—high in position, affluent, admired—all these I lost through him—and yet I was scarcely in his power, before a dark-browed peasant girl supplanted me. Far from friends and country, no alternative was left but submission—here, for years have I been cooped up, the slave of him who once knelt at my feet—a puppet at his beck—the mere agent of his infamy. Will the splendour of her prison reconcile the captive to her thraldom? Will the linnet endure the cage because the wires are gilded? No, D'Arlincourt, the chain which binds you to Carlotta is not more galling than that which fetters me to a man whom in heart I abhor. Marked you his contemptuous bearing? the sneer with which his lip curled, as he addressed me in your presence this evening?'

"'Indeed, Pauline, I did observe how disrespectful was his manner. But this is mere woman's jealousy. Would you give up the earl's protection?'

"'Had I a shelter for my head, however humble it might be, I would fly from a man who has repaid misplaced affection with insult.'

"'Then assist me through the difficulty which threatens to interrupt my present prospect of obtaining the earl's ward, and share fortune with me in another land.'

"'Until another and a fairer rival wins the volatile heart of Monsieur d'Arlincourt, and I become a second time cast upon the world and deserted.'

"'No, Pauline; never was man's inconstancy followed by more sincere contrition. But did the earl ever discover that you and I were aught to each other but mere acquaintances?'

"'Never; himself in England, he believed that the general report spread by my own emissaries was true, and that, to evade the arm of justice, I had taken shelter in the convent of the Benedictines—and while the Countess d'Arlincourt was figuring in the gayest circle of the city

where she was residing with her fond and constant lover—the self-created count—he fancied she was mortifying past sins in one of the strictest communities, placed on a bread-and-water regimen, and attired in sack-cloth and ashes.'

"'Pauline laughed heartily.

"'And now,' she continued, 'may I inquire for what amiable qualities has the earl selected you to become the husband, and obtain the fortune of his ward? Probably he knows not so much of your private history as I do—nor comprehends the process by which Jules Canet, the courier, became Henri d'Arlincourt, the count. To confer a wife upon a friend is frequently a great conveniency to the donor—a fortune accompanying the present, however, makes it rather a more remarkable gift.'

"'A hurried disclosure, Pauline, of the relations existing between myself and Lord ——, will best explain the reason. The lady I shall receive in full—the fortune but in part.'

"'How so, Jules? Nay, I had forgotten—Henri.'

"'You know the talents I possess, and will not think I make an idle boast, when I say that in every capital in Europe I have played, and never been fairly defeated. The earl is, as you know, a daring gambler—and last spring his play transactions were extensive, and, as they proved afterwards, unfortunate. Fortune declared heavily against him—his losses impaired his judgment—and, by desperate exertions alone, he managed to meet engagements, which amounted to a frightful figure. The season was nearly over, when a discovery made at Baden obliged me to quit the continent in haste, and seek a temporary shelter in London, until the affair should blow over. It was my first visit to the British capital—and in the higher circles I was entirely unknown. De Bomont and I ran against each other by accident, on the second evening of my arrival, and his surprise at meeting me was only exceeded by his delight—for I was the very man then wanted—the only person who could retrieve the tottering fortunes of the earl. I was immediately taken to Lord ——'s hotel—gave him some specimens of my science—plans were matured—and I was in a day or two introduced to his fortunate associates. None suspected me to be aught but what I had been described—I played among the noblest of gamblers—and in two months won back a large portion of the money previously lost, and again set the earl upon his legs. Do you wonder now at his being grateful to one who, in the eleventh hour, saved him from ruin all but consummated?'

"'Now, indeed,' replied Madame d'Arville, 'I can comprehend the causes which led your noble protector to gift you with a wealthy heiress.'

"'Probably not all the causes,' returned the pseudo count. 'The earl generally contrives to keep in the back-ground some secret spring which actuates his motives—and, believe me that, in the present instance, my dear Pauline, he has not deviated from his usual course.'

"'Explain yourself, Monsieur Henri.'

"'Heavy losses were to be met—money was therefore indispensable—and where was it to be obtained? Not a tree was standing which dared be felled, and the earl's son, with a prudence and determination not to be overcome, refused every entreaty and artifice employed by his affectionate father to induce him to open the estate. De Bomont, in this emergency, reminded the hard-pressed nobleman, that his ward's pro-

perty was funded, and by some little ingenuity, might be rendered immediately available. It would benefit the orphan too. The country only paid her three per cent., and the earl would make it *four*. The plan was carried out—a signature or two was forged—and Miss Meadows' fortune of 50,000*l.* has crumbled down to exactly a tithe of the original! Do you comprehend me, Pauline?'

"'Why, yes, but still imperfectly. The earl has disposed of the fortune of his ward—'

"'And has neither wish nor present ability to replace it.'

"'I am all attention—proceed.'

"'Well, De Bomont has hit on a method of abridging his lordship's guardianship of a pretty girl, and cancelling a large debt at the same time—two important matters you will allow—I wed the lady with 5000*l.*, and the earl will be relieved of five-and-forty!'

"'Ha!—I understand the business now correctly—and you consent?'

"'Why, yes.'

"'And accept 5000*l.* only?'

"'Certainly, Pauline. But it is to make that money a more rapid means of enforcing the other forty-five.'

"'By Heaven! D'Arlincourt, I could worship you. Do these island laws afford the means of reaching at a delinquent like my lord?'

"'Ay, my dear madame, provided the injured is in a position to set the law's machinery in action. My lord's most munificent five thousand will oblige him to disgorge the other five-and-forty. And now that we understand each other, will you heartily assist me?'

"'And will you a second time deceive?'

"'Never—by every hope of happiness. Never—by this kiss.'

"'Ha! steps on the lobby,' said Pauline, in a whisper. 'My Lord Earl—what an absence! Another moment and I should have slept—I cannot compliment the count's agreeability to-night. The fogs of England have infected him.' Then turning to D'Arlincourt, she drawled out, 'Pray M. le Comte, what were you last speaking of?'

"'Pauline,' said the earl, 'we have much to speak about to-morrow. Ring for some wine. This room is quiet? No eaves-droppers?' The lady bowed an affirmative. 'Ha!—all well—and now, madame, we wish you a sound repose.'

"'Nothing could have pained a woman, once flattered and followed by admirers, more sensibly than the cold civility with which the earl intimated that her absence was desirable. She rose instantly—bade the earl a good-night—bowed formally to the chevalier—and when she reached the door, and caught the eye of D'Arlincourt, her look spoke volumes.

"'What had passed between the earl and his dependent, the chevalier, in the supper-room, I know not—but, for the detail of the *tête-à-tête* which occurred in Madame d'Arville's boudoir, I was indebted afterwards to the last person upon earth, from whom I could have expected either sympathy or information.

"'From my recent illness in the parlour, Susan's stay with me was kindly protracted, and we were sitting at the fire conjecturing a thousand causes for the earl's visit, and wondering whether the Ranger would redeem his promise and return, when a tap was heard at the bedroom-

door, and Carlotta entered. At that late hour, from her a visit was most unusual, and the appearance of Madame d'Arville's favourite was absolutely startling. The expression of her face betrayed the stormy workings of her mind too plainly—cheeks and lips were colourless, her hair partially disordered, and the wildness of her brilliant eyes had all the frenzied excitement of madness in their lightning glances. She seemed at first displeased to find Susan in the chamber.

"'What, not a-bed yet!' she exclaimed.

"'No,' returned the young attendant. 'So soon after her sudden indisposition, I did not think it proper to leave Miss Meadows by herself.'

"'You are right, girl,' was the reply. 'I come from my most amiable mistress, and your all-accomplished *gouvernante*, mademoiselle, to make affectionate inquiries after your health. I shall report favourably, and thus relieve the more than maternal anxiety of Madame d'Arville for her pupil's health.'

"'Nothing could surpass the sarcastic tone, or the contempt which the curling lip of the lady's *femme de chambre* conveyed, as she delivered madame's formal message. When retiring, my eyes involuntarily followed her as she was leaving the apartment. Pausing in the doorway, with a meaning look, and a slight movement of her finger, she intimated that she would speak with me, and I obeyed the summons.

"'Do not undress—dismiss your attendant—and expect me in half-an-hour. Neglect this opportunity—and—*you are ruined!*'

"'The emphatic whisper in which the last sentence was delivered, had on me the effect that was intended—and when I returned and sat down beside Susan at the fire, my agitation did not escape her observation. She asked me what Carlotta said, and I repeated it—our girlish conference was brief—and it terminated in Susan retiring to her own room, and my awaiting the promised interview.

"'Before the stated period had elapsed, my expected visiter entered the chamber.

"'You have attended to my request—'tis well—I will speak to you, as I would not in the presence of another.'

"'I motioned her to take a chair.

"'No, lady, there is no time for delay—one question answered, and I attend you. You know, doubtless, what all within the château are well acquainted with—the object of the earl's visit?'

"'I have heard from Madame d'Arville enough to excite my astonishment—I may use stronger language—my disgust.'

"'Is the count then an object of indifference—and are you disinclined to enter on a matrimonial engagement with one selected by your guardian? Answer my question with sincerity.'

"'D'Arlincourt to me is not an object of indifference, but aversion—and no human control will I acknowledge or obey which would force me to a union from which every feeling of my heart revolts. You know now my sentiments, and, young as I am, no earthly power shall shake them. Go, Carlotta, and tell your mistress—ay, I will not falter—my heart is another's—my hand my own.'

"'While I spoke, I thought on my last parting with the Ranger; and the scene in which our faith was mutually interchanged vividly returned

My brow reddened—my eye flashed—in the girl's face a woman's firm determination was imprinted—and Carlotta read it correctly.

"'Enough, lady!' she exclaimed; 'what changes in my feelings towards you a single day has wrought! I awoke—your determined enemy—I shall sleep—if a mind agonised as mine can find a temporary forgetfulness—with a prayer for your deliverance. A prayer—and from me! Bah! That, indeed, were mockery. But no more. Come with me—and yet I half fear to trust you. This evening your girlish folly betrayed a secret that none before suspected. One rash exclamation now—you are lost—and though I may pity, I shall want the power to assist you. Can you, like me, listen when every sentence uttered stabs to the very soul, and yet hold your breath? If you can—come, and learn from those who direct your future destiny, what that destiny shall be.'

"'This evening, Carlotta, I was surprised—to-night I am prepared. Trust me, without warmer feelings to influence me, this dreaded union with a man I loathe, will render me firm and prudent as yourself.'

"'Then follow boldly, and the means devised for love shall serve the purposes of hate. Little did Pauline suspect that when she discovered the means of affording the secret *entré* to her boudoir to the minion she favoured for the time, that plan contrived to deceive others, in turn, should deceive herself. Well, more of that again. Follow me. Every mansion has its secrets, and the château is no exception,' she said, and led the way.

"'On the first landing-place, we turned into a narrow passage which branched from the principal corridor, and, as I had heard from Susan, led to apartments occupied by the domestics. The third door she opened, and, when we were within, bolted it carefully, and unclosed a small lantern. The hour—the air of mystery—the perilous position in which I stood myself—all gave exciting interest to an adventure, such as I had read of in romances, but hitherto had considered as unreal; and yet in the chamber there was nothing but of the commonest description—a plain sleeping-room, as plainly furnished—and from appearances, not occupied for some time.

"'Know you where you are?' inquired my companion, in a whisper.

"'In an apartment, I should guess, belonging to one of the servants of the château.'

"'Once it was what you describe—but, by the ingenuity of my lord's valet and my exemplary mistress, it has become a very important chamber indeed. Hist! We are now within a dozen paces of those whom in this world *you* have most cause to fear, and *I* to detest. Come!—my lady's closet!—you have oftentimes been useful to the mistress, and for a second time to-night shall do good service to the maid!'

"'She said, and advanced to a press, unclosed the door, and nothing appeared but empty shelves within.

"'Be silent now, not a whisper—I will direct you.'

"'Her hand unclosed some secret fastening. The shelves receded—we stepped into a closet, and, but for its size and darkness, might have imagined that we had quitted solitude for society.

"'Carlotta closed the door by which we entered—placed her hand upon my arm, and gave it a monitory pressure. The transition of a moment

was singular—voices immediately beside us spoke plainly as if we were actually in the room—while, leading me to a side of the closet opposite that by which we had gained entrance, Carlotta masked the lantern, and through two openings, which an ill-fitted door afforded, we saw and heard all that passed within as distinctly as if we had been seated at the table.

"'I need scarcely say that the earl, his friend the chevalier, and the man destined to become my husband, comprised the party. After madame's departure, the delicacy of her boudoir had not been respected, for several bottles were placed upon the table. De Bomont was perfectly collected, but both the earl and count were evidently under the influence of wine. From the accidental grouping of the party, and the disposition of the lights, every change of feature of those within was revealed to the eye, and the ear caught every syllable that passed between them even had they spoke in whispers. At the moment, however, when we became listeners, from the high and hurried tones in which they were conversing, the earl and his guest appeared to be mutually displeased.

"'And, pray my lord, every thing considered, why am I not entitled to inquire what meant the affair of this evening?' demanded D'Arlincourt. 'Who is this fellow whose news disturbed your lordship so marvellously—he whom you call the Ranger—and what connexion has he with my wife elect?'

"'Just,' returned the chevalier, in a cold and angry tone, 'by the same right that we waive a privilege of inquiry into any particulars regarding a wife elected, Monsieur le Comte'—and De Bomont's sarcastic tone in pronouncing the title was not to be mistaken. 'Explanation on one side might be inconvenient probably as on the other.'

"'Bah!' said the earl, as he waved his hand impatiently, 'all this is to no purpose. If M. d'Arlincourt's play was as shallow as his diplomacy, a juggler in a country fair would leave him pennyless. I shall make a brief summary of matters as they stand. Here is the lady—with her, five thousand pounds—of course, a private marriage—off to the continent—no public inquiry—no trouble—and yet the count,' the earl's eye turned ironically on D'Arlincourt, 'talks of a public ceremony. Bans, forsooth—why not a special licence to give it greater *éclat*. Were other nuptial contracts as formally performed? If they were, count, and report might be credited, you are already helpmated.'

"'My lord, under this subterfuge would you elude the conditions of our agreement?'

"'And will you presume, sir, to demand that I should countenance the mockery of a public ceremonial, when under this very roof a wife is resident?'

"''Tis false—I know to whom your allusion points—to Carlotta—once my mistress, I admit. Pardon me, my lord, but were all the claimants to be countesses in right of the Earldom of —— to appear, think you this room would afford accommodation for so numerous a party?'

"'Scoundrel!' exclaimed the earl furiously, 'you grow impertinent.'

"'And yet that scoundrel saved a greater—'

"'The earl sprang from his chair, his eyes flashing with rage.

"'Nay, my good lord,' observed D'Arlincourt, with a sneer, 'the sentence was unfinished—I would have added 'man,' had you but been patient.'

"'The chevalier had laid his hand upon the earl's arm, and by looks endeavoured to urge him to restrain the furious outbreak which the sarcastic language of the count appeared too likely to occasion.

"'My lord,' he said, 'control your temper. Angry discussions are now worse than useless. And you, Monsieur d'Arlincourt, recollect that no matter what intimacy recent transactions may have produced, you are in the presence of a superior, with whom it ill becomes you to bandy words. What would you have? An idle parade of a most silly ceremony—one totally unrequired—one not to be effected without risking a publicity, which may compromise the safety of all concerned—one which former engagements preclude you from entering into—nugatory on that account in law—and, in this country, subjecting you to criminal prosecution.'

"'All these considerations are for me to weigh,' exclaimed D'Arlincourt, impatiently, 'I alone am exposed to the consequences which might possibly arise, and I will risk them.'

"'Nay,' returned De Bomont, 'surely if his lordship consents to take the shadow for the substance, it should methinks content you. If you are so chary, count, rest assured the earl would experience little difficulty in finding those quite ready to receive a pretty girl and five thousand pounds, with or without the benison of monk or parson. But why waste words? D'Arlincourt, *you cannot marry*. Carlotta—nay, brave it not—I speak it of my own knowledge, is your wife—by law, by your own acknowledgment, your wife!'

"'Tis false, by Heaven!' exclaimed the count. 'I called her so—purposes required it—'twas nothing but a passing folly. No, no, I soon surfeited of matrimony. Pshaw! don't name a woman I detest!'

"'Carlotta, while this singular scene was passing, had kept her hand upon my arm. During the conversation which we overheard, from time to time, the pressure of her fingers called my attention to what was being revealed, or marked her own impatience; but the last sentences uttered by the count appeared to excite her almost to madness. The grasp of her fingers became painful, and, with lips close to my ear, she whispered, "False villain! thy hate is faithfully returned!'

"'But why prolong an idle discussion?' observed the chevalier. 'Did my lord consent, Monsieur d'Arlincourt, to your absurd demands, you would be no nearer the altar than you are at present, even although you had never paid it a formal visit before. I run no risk by a slight disclosure of wounding your sensibility, for you care nothing for your bride elect more than you do for that Madonna which rests against the wall.'

"'I fear,' replied the count, 'that my answer will raise a smile. You may, however, credit me or not, precisely as you please. From the moment I saw the girl she caught my fancy, and now I am actually in love with her.'

"'The tense pressure of Carlotta's fingers, with an ironical 'Indeed?' from the earl, and a laugh from the chevalier, followed D'Arlincourt's declaration.

"'Alas! M. le Comte,' observed the latter, 'permit me to offer you my sympathy. Your too tender heart no doubt will bleed when I inform you that the lady has already taken the liberty of falling in love with another.'

"'No matter. The seas shall divide her from her admirer, after at the altar she has given me a husband's rights.'

"'But will she go there?' said the chevalier, with a meaning smile.

"'Yes,' returned the count. 'If entreaty will not avail, a little gentle force shall effect it.'

"'No, D'Arlincourt,' replied the chevalier, 'build nothing upon that foundation, or your edifice will crumble. You are not in Italy, but England. The land is what it boasts to be—the home of freedom—no compulsion will do here—the humblest peasant girl is under the same protection with a peeress—and a prince of the blood dare not violate the sanctity of a cottage home. Come, for the night let us adjourn our conference—and I have no doubt that, on cool reflection, you will see the impolicy of pressing the point at issue farther.'

"'I am prepared, Monsieur d'Arlincourt, to bestow upon you the lady and the promised dower—but it shall be in the manner I have sufficiently explained,' observed the earl, as he moved towards the door.

"'And I, my lord,' returned the count, 'will expect your pledge to be fulfilled, and, let me add, with legal formalities, of which one scintilla shall not be omitted.'

"'The only answer the earl vouchsafed was a contemptuous scowl. Both, without further remark, quitted the room. The chevalier followed, the secret council closed, and Madame d'Arville's boudoir was deserted.

"'Carlotta unclosed the lantern, and its feeble light fell upon a face convulsed by passion, which from previous restraint broke out with frightful violence. Curses on her lover's perjury were intermingled with vows of desperate vengeance, while oaths that made me shudder issued from trembling lips colourless as those of a tenant of the grave.'

"'Carlotta,' I whispered, 'be calm.'

"'Calm!' she repeated, 'and her eyes flashed with rage, 'tell the lioness robbed of her cub to restrain her fury—then tell the woman who has loved, and trusted, and been deceived as I have—tell her to forget her wrongs and forego her vengeance. D'Arlincourt, I once doted on thee to distraction—with equal intensity do I hate thee now! But no more will I accompany you to your chamber—follow me, lady.'

"'When we reached the great corridor, Carlotta pointed out my chamber, and left me with an intimation that she would presently return. Her absence was but short, and, after bolting the door, she placed a flask and glasses on the table. I did not decline the wine she offered me, for I found myself labouring under a nervous agitation, which no effort could remove. My temperate appeal to the flask formed a very striking contrast to the deep draught in which my companion indulged. It seemed however, to have the effect desired, for she became more composed, and the convulsive motion of her lips in a few minutes subsided altogether.

"'I have made a hurried circuit of the château, and all have retired to their respective chambers. Lights from the windows of De Bomont and

the count, tell that the occupants are safe within. I overheard the earl conversing with his valet, and Madame d'Arville is long since in bed. Pray, lady, will you intrust me with your confidence ?—it may enable me to serve you more effectually.'

"'The disclosures of that evening had betrayed the fact of my having a secret attachment, and the strange revelations which succeeded gave full assurance that in the fidelity of Carlotta every reliance might be placed. Her friendship might be eminently important, and I considered that the best mode of obtaining her sympathy would be by making her my confidante and adviser—and in this conviction, every particular regarding my meeting with the Ranger, and all that subsequently occurred, were faithfully detailed. Her astonishment how these repeated interviews in the cliffs not only eluded discovery, but escaped suspicion altogether, was unbounded—for, as she confessed, ever since I had become an inmate of the château, by my guardian's orders I had been under constant *espionnage*, and even the few letters which I had written or received had all been read and re-sealed before they were allowed to reach my hand, or be transmitted through the post.

"'And wherefore, Carlotta, was all this trouble necessary—and what was dreaded from a wretched orphan like myself ?'

"'The conversation you overheard to-night is sufficiently explanatory of the earl's reasons for secluding from the world a helpless girl whom he had so infamously defrauded. Heaven be praised ! the villain's precautions were unavailing. But men are all plunderers alike. Is not the fond affection of woman dearer to her far than the dross the miser worships ?—and what is the business of his life, and the proudest boast of the profligate ? Ay, whether he be prince or peasant, 'tis the same—why, that he has wormed himself into the heart of too-confiding woman—triumphed over her weakness—degraded her first, and then abandoned her.'

"'Tenderer recollections for a time appeared to have lulled the tempest of jealousy and revenge, which had torn the bosom of the *roué's* deserted mistress—and eyes, just now flashing with rage, melted into tears, and showed that, in her altered nature, still a portion of the woman remained.

"'I took her hand in mine, and endeavoured to console her.

"'Alas, Carlotta, I fear you have undergone many a painful vicissitude.'

"'Heaven forfend, lady, that you should experience a hundredth portion of the misery that I have already undergone, and, my heart whispers, must undergo!'

"'Would you intrust me with your history, Carlotta ?'

"'My history !' she almost screamed. 'Girl ! you know not what you ask. Reveal the past transactions of a life like mine ! Oh no, no—there are passages in my career of guilt and misery I dare not breathe—nay, dare not think upon.'

"'She buried her face in her hands and sobbed convulsively. I gave her wine—she partially recovered—the violence of her grief abated—but every deep-drawn sigh seemed to come directly from a breaking heart.

"'Well, mademoiselle, I will tell you my story—at least so much of

it as you may listen to. I was once innocent as yourself, and crime was known to me but by name. Oh God! why did I not die when my thoughts were uncorrupted, and my name unsullied as your own!'

"'The remembrance of what she had been forcibly returned,—all the excitement of anger was gone, and a countenance on which

> Years of guilt and of disguise
> Had steel'd the brow and arm'd the eyes,

had assumed a humble character, which gave its beauty an interest I could never have believed it to possess.

"'Well, Miss Mary, I feel that, in unloading a bosom to one like you, I shall have a listener who will feel pity for failings she cannot forgive—and all of Carlotta's history that dare be told, you shall learn from her own lips—but, Holy Virgin! did not something strike against the casement?'

"'I fancied certainly,' I whispered, 'that I heard a gentle tap upon the glass.'

"'Ah! 'tis fancy after all—some beetle attracted by the light, for now I perceive, the shutters were not closed—that matters not—the window looks out on the garden. Ha! by every saint, another and a more distinct sound—I'll see what it means.'

"'She said, rose, and approached the casement—while I half fainted, and fell back, unable to rise from the chair.

"'Extinguish the candles,' said Carlotta.

"'The order was obeyed, and my companion raised the window.

"'Mary!' said a voice without.

"'Who speaks?'

"'I—dear Susan,' was replied.

"'Ha—who are you?'

"'I am hoarse—know you not the tones of your old friend of the cliffs—fair Susan?'

"'Ha—speak—who—'

"'Dull girl! Will the Ranger!'

"'I sprang forward, but Carlotta seized my arm, and implored me to be quiet.

"'What brings you here at this late hour? Know you that the house is full? Surely you can fancy the consequences of detection?'

"'All these I know—but where is Mary? This is her chamber, and yet a strange voice addresses me. You are not Susan?'

"'No, not Susan—but one as faithful to the full. Nay, start not, here stands my surety.'

"'As she spoke, she led me to the open casement. There was no moon, but the night was clear and starry—I looked out, and beneath, a man was standing—but the shadow of the building, and a dark cloak which wrapped his figure entirely concealed it.

"'It may be a plot,' said Carlotta, in a whisper, 'speak softly to him, and the answer will decide the doubt.'

"'William, have you indeed returned?'

"'My own sweet Mary's voice,' exclaimed the stranger. 'Ay, love, in one enterprise the Ranger has succeeded, and a dearer one remains to be achieved.'

"'Oh, know you, William, what you peril? Every room in the château, with one exception, harbours an enemy.'

"'Well, well, no matter. Who stands beside you?'

"'One,' returned Carlotta, 'heart and soul faithfully devoted to an injured orphan.'

"'Speak freely, Ranger—she who listens, with a woman's form possesses a heart fearless as your own.'

"'May I confide, Mary, in your friend?'

"'Oh, yes—my life upon her attachment. Were you away, all I should have to cling to would be Carlotta.'

"'Carlotta—ha! the minion of Pauline d'Arville, the mistress of the scoundrel D'Arlincourt.—Mary, you are betrayed.'

"'No, no,' returned my companion, 'the minion of Pauline this night has discovered more of female worthlessness than she ever knew before, and the mistress of Jules Canet would calmly look upon the scaffold when the knife descended on as blackhearted a criminal as ever expiated a life of guilt.'

"'I am satisfied, Carlotta; and now for a brief detail, Mary, of what occurred since we separated. I won't detain you with my successful effort in delivering men condemned to death for a crime of which they were altogether innocent. I escaped by your means the detection which would have ended in death—here am I, unsuspected—my enemies think me divided from them by a sea, and on that false impression rests my full security.'

"'But are you not unsafe, William, should the earl and his friends become alarmed?'

"'I have two or three companions without the garden-wall who would make short work, though in the count and chevalier it deprived the world of two of its brightest ornaments, and in the peerage made a trifling change, and gave the old earldom of —— a new successor.'

"'What brings you here, William?'

"'To claim,' returned the Ranger, 'a bride—or, if she has repented a hurried engagement, free her from a rash promise, and bid her a last farewell.'

"'No, William—would I were beside thee, and my faith should again be plighted.'

"'And will you fly with me?' inquired the Ranger, passionately *Me*—known but by evil report—a man of desperate fortunes—banned, outlawed—'

"'Yes, yes—willingly will I share your fortunes.'

"'Ah, Mary! would I were near thee to hold thee to my heart, and speak my gratitude. Attend—danger is around—my deadliest enemies rest quietly not fifty paces from the spot, where he, for whose life they would pay tenfold its worthless value, stands securely on this green sward as on the deck of his own lugger.'

"'What are your plans, Ranger?' inquired my companion. 'To be successful they must be promptly effected, or in four-and-twenty hours your mistress will be forced to the altar, and the mockery of marriage place her in the power of—'

"'Whom?' inquired the Ranger, sharply.

"'Jules Canet, the ex-courier; or, if it please you, Henri, Count d'Arlincourt,' was the reply.

"'Then count or courier,' returned the rover, with a calm determination which gave assurance that his was no idle threat, 'if your skin be pervious to lead or steel, look sharp, or I'll interrupt the ceremony. Will you fly with me to-morrow night? Can you but manage to reach the garden, and every obstacle to escape will be overcome?'

"'That I will effect,' said my companion. 'What hour, Ranger, shall we expect you?'

"'At twelve, precisely—'

"'And where?'

"'Know you the arbour which terminates the green alley which opens on the heath?'

"'Perfectly.'

"'There shall I await you—and now, Mary—'

"'Ere the sentence was completed, a loud explosion in the direction of the spot the Ranger named, was heard.

"'Ha!—a shot. No signal that of mine. I must be off. Fear nothing, love! To-morrow night I'll win my promised bride—ay, by Heaven! though I send half-a-score of scoundrels to their account, and lay this house in ashes.'

"'He spoke and disappeared.

"'Hark!' exclaimed Carlotta, 'the alarm spreads'—for another report of fire-arms immediately beside us followed. 'You will be the first object of suspicion—secure your door—undress. The part of one disturbed from sleep is easily enacted. Your replies are plain—those of one startled from sound repose, by an alarm of which she knows nothing. I'll ascertain its cause and extent.'

"'Carlotta bounded down the passage, and I followed her directions. While undressing, I heard doors slam—steps hurry up and down the corridor—questionings and reply—all that could indicate a general confusion. Persons approached my chamber—lights flared through the keyhole, and a voice—which I recognised to be the earl's, exclaimed,

"'See to the lady! What, ho!—Pauline!—Carlotta! Curse on these loitering fools. Were the house burning, I firmly believe they would tarry to arrange their head-dress.'

"'I beg to differ from your lordship,' exclaimed a voice I knew to be Carlotta's. 'Under such circumstances, the duties of the toilet should be postponed.'

"'Where sleeps my ward?' demanded the earl, haughtily.

"'She occupies that chamber,' was the reply.

"'Is she safe?'

"'That is easily ascertained. Unless your lordship wishes to make a personal inquiry, I shall request admission.'

"'Go on—no fooling, woman.'

"'Carlotta's knock obtained admission instantly, and every fear touching my safe custody was removed at once. In a few minutes the inmates of the château had all collected in the corridor with two exceptions—Madame d'Arville and the count were absent.

"'As I looked through the partial opening of the door, a singular scene met the eye. A dozen half-dressed persons of both sexes, with alarmed countenances, were vainly endeavouring to obtain some information from those beside them—but to those anxious inquiries no answer was vouchsafed. At last the loud and angry voice of the earl demanded,

'Where were the scoundrels who had been directed to patrol the grounds?' when two men, armed with fowling-pieces, unwillingly came forward.

"'One glance at these nocturnal protectors was quite sufficient to satisfy the earl that in their vigilance no great confidence might be placed. To an angry inquiry of 'Who discharged these shots? whence came this alarm?' a stupid stare was returned. What ale had partially done, fear had completely effected.

"'You drunken villains—which of you caused this confusion?'

"'Both muttered a denial of the charge.

"'I have been through every corner of the garden, my lord,' said the stout stranger, who, on the preceding evening, had brought the tidings of the Ranger's escape, 'and all is quiet. Ha! I fancy after all these shots came not from an enemy,' and he took a gun from the fellow's hand who stood beside him. 'See, my lord, the cock is down—the pan open—this piece, not ten minutes since, has been discharged.

"'Doubtless,' replied the earl, 'these drunken swine have occasioned all this uproar. 'Off to your sties—away—not a word—or, by Heaven! I'll set you in the stocks to-morrow. So, madame, have you at last found your way hither? Whatever may betide your ward, your toilet will not be neglected.—Monsieur d'Arlincourt; had the lady for whom you profess such love, needed immediate assistance, your rescue would have been somewhat tardy.'

"'Had the truth been known to the persons charged with indifference, the nightly *emeute* had been the most alarming. Pauline and the pseudo count had been deeply occupied in the lady's dressing-room, devising plans to overreach their guilty confederates. To them the alarm was astounding—and as the domestics hurried along the passages to and fro, the count found it inconvenient to issue from his concealment, until the whole had grouped around the earl and left him a safe egress.

"'All separated in a few minutes. The clock struck three. To a slight tap I unclosed the door, and Carlotta entered.

"'All ended happily—not a suspicion is abroad—and the alarm of to-night will give more security to your lover's attempt to-morrow. I dare not venture to remain longer. Sleep, dear lady, sleep. If I can rest under the same roof with a wretch—the idol once of love—the object now of hate—I, too, will court repose. Will it come? Will thoughts of the present and the past—no—no—I dare not name the future—will *they* be lost in temporary oblivion? Oh, no! The thoughts by day give place to nightly visions and this wretched existence is fevered, valueless, hopeless. One feeling only binds me to life, and I cling to it tenaciously, as the drowning wretch grasps any thing which might support him. Name—fame—happiness—hope—all are gone. What then remains? Vengeance!—vengeance!'

"'She said—burst from the room—I locked the door—and went to sleep—if sleep consist of mingled visions, in which love and terror were intimately blended.'"

AN EXCURSION UP THE ORONOOKA, AND RAMBLE THROUGH VENEZUELA.

Chap. V.

An amphibious Province—Llanos and Llaneros—A City tenacious of Life—An English Physician—The Araguatas, a Family Sketch—A Venezuelan Gentleman of Fortune and his Establishment—Purchase and Embarkation of Mules—A bad Start—Llanos of Caraccas—Mirage—Alligators—Arrival at Camaguan.

The province of Apure comprises all that tract of low country between the Apure, the Oronooka, and the Meta, where the last river, which is navigable to the foot of the Cordillera of Bogota, twenty leagues from Santa Fé, emerges from the provinces of New Grenada. Its surface is throughout a succession of plains covered with rich herbage, maintaining cattle innumerable, and belts of forest along the margins of the rivers. It is traversed by innumerable streams and Caños, especially towards its junction with the Oronooka, where, in the rainy season, it becomes a vast sea, navigable for launches, while in the upper parts of the province, a few banks alone, during the same season, show themselves above water. Across these, it is the triumph of the skilful llanero, by alternately swimming his horse, wading, and pursuing a tortuous course, to find a passage, but the communication is in general by canoes between one *hato*, or cattle-farm, and another.

The summer lakes are numerous and abound in fish, and besides the cattle, horses, and mules, the forests and waters abound in deer and chiguires; the flesh of the latter is an article of much trade, for, though an extremely rich food, it has been voted fish by the pious Catholics, and it is the favourite delicacy of their Lent. It is to be feared that, in these attempts to moderate the austerity of their fasts, some errors may have crept into the natural history of Apure, the strictest Catholics venturing to reckon that animal amphibious which is half the year up to his neck in water. With this annual deluge, as a check upon their fecundity, it is surprising that the savannahs of Apure, however high waving with grasses, can sustain such numerous herds. As the waters rise, these herds are driven off to the winter stations, of very little elevation ; those that are missing, or are overtaken by the floods, have to seek a dry resting-place over vast plains almost level. Many in swimming and wading perish by the crocodiles, the torpedos, and water-boa, while those that land find the islands of refuge already in possession of their mortal enemies the jaguar and the snake ; even those which have reached their places of safety find the pasturage so confined that they can with difficulty sustain life. It is plain that there are bounds in this province to the production of cattle; however, its capabilities are large, and during a great part of the civil war, Apure both in its hardy llaneros and its cattle to feed them, formed the stronghold of the republic, and now exports vast herds to the less pastoral provinces. In ascending the Apure, the forest appears impenetrable, it extends, however, but a short dis-

tance inland, all beyond is interminable savannah; along the Caños there is occasionally a renewal of forest, but more generally patches of bush, under which, in the less-frequented parts, are seen lying deer, chiguires, and crocodiles, the latter, after their usual manner asleep, with their mouths wide open. The province of Apure is said to suffer much from fever, of which 9000 persons perished between the years 1832 and 1838, out of a population which in 1838 was computed at 15,479, including 2940 tame, and 2375 wild Indians. This mortality was attributed to the vast accumulation of vegetable *debris* in the delta of the Apure, which, when the inundations recede, sends forth a pestilential miasma. A plague also has of late years broken out among the horses and mules, extending through the neighbouring provinces, so sweeping in its effects, that at many of the hatos the horses are now insufficient for the peons to attend to the cattle.

Paez, the late president, whose exploits among the llanos of Apure have immortalized him in the annals of the Republic, would no longer be able to collect in these savannahs the hardy light horse with which he harassed and overthrew the regular regiments of Spain; the llanero could no longer fulfil his boast of riding up to a square of Spanish infantry and dragging out from its centre with his lasso an astonished officer. The regular llanero, however hardy, is by no means an eminent pedestrian, the loss of his horse has cut his claws and drawn his teeth. The disorder is however said at present to be abating, and has never extended to New Granada, where the breed of horses is small but hardy, and that republic now exports a large number of mules to supply the deficiency in Venezuela.

The town of San Fernando, though not called the capital of the province, is the largest and most flourishing. Its advantageous position, nearly opposite to the mouth of the Portuguesa river, separating the provinces of Caraccas and Verinas, by which it becomes the depository of the tobacco, indigo, and other productions of the latter provinces, makes it a place of importance. It is, besides, the high road for the purchasers of cattle from Caraccas and Cumana. It has shown that its promises of prosperity have been more substantial than those of the numerous promising towns of the Oronooka, by exhibiting a tenacious vitality which has enabled it to rise again from the ashes to which it was twice reduced during the civil war. It contains about 4000 inhabitants. Like a brown beauty, its appearance in the morning by no means fulfilled the expectations that its aspect from the water's edge, so brilliantly lighted up, had excited. Its principal street runs in a straight line along the river's bank, and the others lead up from the river and are recrossed at right angles. Wattle and dab and tapia were still the humble materials of construction, but some new buildings were in progress on a more civilised plan.

Our host was building upon a scale adapted to his prospering affairs, and his house promised to set the architectural fashion of San Fernando. Large posts to support two stories were driven into the ground, and the intervals were filled up with rough unbaked bricks, or lathed inside and out with bamboo, and the spaces between the laths filled with clay. A deep projecting verandah extended round the outside, the framing of which was of handsome mahogany-coloured timber, the execution whereof

showed the hand of a cunning carpenter. The bank of the river being only elevated a few feet above the inundations, the town during part of the year is insulated, but even when these subside, lagoons and swamps remain, by which it is nearly surrounded. These are bordered by forests interspersed by broad tracts of savannah. San Fernando boasts among its public buildings a pretty village-like looking church, an humble court-house, and an humbler national school-house. The first had been for some time minus a clergyman, the second was at the time of our sojourn without a judge, that functionary having also had a seat in the chamber of representatives, but for the last the young ideas of the rising generation were in good hands. The worthy master being the only Spaniard in the town who spoke English, we were obliged to have recourse to him to interpret for us in all knotty cases, and we found his assistance as effective as it was obligingly given. The weather was intensely hot during our stay at San Fernando. The day after our arrival we attempted to stroll through the town at mid-day, and reeled under the sun towards a smith's shop to which we were directed, to get a rifle repaired. The mechanical arts are but rudely cultivated in this part of the world. After several excruciating efforts to take off the patent breech, the worthy operative proposed to get rid of the charge by putting the breech into his forge fire. He finally succeeded in drawing out the ball, an operation which cost him the entire day and the rifle much damage.

An English apothecary, surgeon, or doctor, or all combined, a nondescript, of a roving turn, had taken up his abode here for some weeks, and, speaking very little more Spanish than ourselves, had, notwithstanding, contrived by his readiness in using the knife, his plausibility, and a certain skill in making tin boots for crooked children, to acquire immediate reputation, and absorb more dollars from the simple-minded natives than all the established practitioners put together. With him we formed an immediate acquaintance: he was a resolute sportsman, and, as he proved to us, certainly a good shot, however, *splendide mendax* as to his performances in other respects. His narrative of a personal encounter with a boa, in whose coils he had writhed for half an hour before he could slay and flay the enemy, might have furnished hints for a new Laocoon group. The skin, about fourteen feet long, he displayed in triumph in his Æsculapean studio, which was well stored with such *debris* of birds, beasts, and fishes, besides the physics and the usual insignia of his art. He also produced a knapsack covered with part of the hide of a water boa that had been thirty feet long, and certainly, judging by the breadth of the skin, it must have been of a calibre even exceeding the proportion of that length. With this roving genius we made several shooting excursions among the savannahs and neighbouring forests. The former abound in water fowl, but are extremely difficult to traverse, from the height and strength of the coarse grass and vegetation, and the constant intervention of swamp and water, along whose edges the jaguar loves to lurk, and among whose shallows the boas are generally met with. The natives, however, seem more afraid of the rays, which are very numerous, and whose sting, like that of the ray of the sea, it is very difficult to heal. In the forests are found large herds of the peccari, it is also much infested with rattle-snakes; the

labour of toiling through the jungle in a climate so intensely hot is great. Being desirous of making a collection of preserved specimens here during our stay, as it was the last point from which we could send them without fear of their failing to reach their destination, we made many efforts to rouse the idlers of the population to hunt and fish for us, but no prospect of reward could lure them from their inveterate laziness. The fairest promises were unhesitatingly made, and the smallest donations of powder and ball and copper caps thankfully received, but the promised caymans, jabirus, and gymnoti, never appeared. Our small acquaintance with the language was no doubt an impediment, and a longer stay would have enabled us to get together, from among the more active llaneros or inhabitants of the hatos around, a hunting or fishing party.

In the mean time fresh impediments had arisen to our onward progress. Our guide Bonifacio, who was to have accompanied us throughout, had scalded himself severely on board the launch while performing the office of cook, and the heat of the weather and exposure to the sun had rendered it very unlikely that he would be able to accompany us farther. There appeared to be the greatest difficulty in procuring the services of a peon to replace him. We succeeded, with much difficulty, in purchasing three mules of indifferent quality, though of high price; two more were yet wanting, and saddles, and bridles, and pack-saddles. These latter at length, various individuals, merely, as they affirmed, to oblige our host, consented to sacrifice for an inducement of three times their value. The cumbrous bits, and still more cumbrous trappings of the rude Moorish saddles were stowed away in our apartment, and various minor preparations effected to expedite our departure, our host promising to look after the purchase of the additional mules. His brother, Don Candelario, (though liberty and equality are the established principles of the republic, that title of honour by courtesy is tenaciously retained,) proposed after dinner, in the cool of the evening, that we should visit some of the ladies of his acquaintance. The fair barbarians were lounging under their verandahs, dressed to receive visiters, this being the hour for recreation and social intercourse throughout the Republic, when the youth of St. Fernando, equally with cities less remote, go forth with sound of harp and mandolin to steal young hearts away. The señoras spoke of their fondness for dancing, and assured us that their réunions for that amusement were frequent; nevertheless, the lowness of the thatched roofs and the clouds of dust from the mud floors, in latitude between 7 and 8, must sadly marr their enjoyment.

The next day we accompanied our acquaintance, the doctor, upon an excursion, in which we were to shoot through a variety of savannahs and forest skirts, and finally dine or sup with a wealthy colonel, who was his patient, or victim, and friend, at his country place. We started on foot, while the sun was yet high up in the heavens, and painfully hot. Our path, after leaving the suburb, lay for some time up the bank of the river; in crossing a fine piece of forest, we fell in with a family of araguatas, our old friends the howlers, who were traversing the upper boughs. Dispersing ourselves through the underwood, we had full leisure to observe their movements as they swung by their tails from the ends of the boughs, till they caught at those of the neighbouring tree. They held on most tenaciously by their tails when fired at; one who

was wounded severely, stood three shots before he relaxed his hold and fell, and another swung himself into a bush to die, whence it was impossible to dislodge the corpse. A female came tumbling down with one of her young at my feet; the little wretch was holding on with his tail coiled round the mamma's neck, and I had the greatest difficulty in disengaging him, and putting him into my pocket. The araguata is of a bright chesnut colour; we had brought down the father of the family, a grave, hirsute-looking personage, with a very thick beard, three of his wives, and two children. It would have made a beautiful family group, stuffed and well set up, and I felt all the desire to return with the prize and commence operations, at least for the preservation of the skins, but we had only one peon with us, the family were heavy, and the doctor anxious to hurry on to a certain savannah abounding in deer. We abandoned the sylvan group, not without some feelings of remorse at their useless destruction; to have deprived so many almost human beings of life, without immortalising their bodies, we felt to be unjustifiable homicide. The araguatas are determined robbers of gardens, for which purpose their troops travel an immense distance by night over the forest, establishing sentinels, and proceeding with the utmost system in their attacks. They are polygamists, but the families seem to dwell together in the greatest harmony. Our ramble was continued through forest and savannah, and a few guacharaca pheasants, scarlet macaws, and large green lories were bagged, but, by the time we had reached the best ground, it was almost dark, and the deer could only be heard, not seen, as they rushed through the thicket. We were obliged to bend our steps towards the colonel's residence, extremely thirsty and well enough disposed for supper. The colonel was a man rich in cattle; the place where we found him was his *hacienda* or agricultural farm. The buildings were rude enough, the colonel himself was in his shirt and drawers, the usual llanero country costume, his lady and children were without shoes and stockings, and some of the latter stark naked; neither was his house well provided with creature comforts. He, however, set before us calabashes full of cane-juice, fresh pressed, which served to slake our thirst, with fruit and coffee, while some fowls and meat were being prepared for our repast. I resigned the little araguata to the cares of one of the young ladies, who petitioned for its possession, and awaited the cooking operations with an impatience not a little increased by the viciousness of the *zincudos* (mosquitoes) who kept our hands constantly going. Our host's principal cultivation was canes for making rum, although of the latter beverage he had none then in his house.

The Spanish Americans are generally an abstemious and thrifty race; and as yet we had found their ideas of comfort rather loose. The *hatos* or cattle farms of our host were numerous, and our friend the doctor assured us that, in his full llanero dress, well mounted, and with his Moorish horse furniture well appointed, he was a very distinguished-looking personage. The *hacienda* being on the banks of the river, a boat or canoe was offered to convey us, on our return. We, however, thought it safer to return on foot; the air was as oppressive as if we had been shut up in a pinery; and, after a fatiguing ramble, not without some fear of stumbling over a boa or crocodile in the darkness, or coming across a jaguar, we arrived at St. Fernando late at night, heated and thirsty.

Our host had, in the mean time, obtained a promise of the remaining mules, and we completed our supplies of coffee, chocolate, *tasajo*, and biscuit, which, as we were to sleep several nights in the savannahs, were indispensable. A peon could not be hired. It happened that another Venezuelan colonel, also a patient of the doctor's, was about starting for Caraccas, and for the first few days he intended pursuing the same course as ourselves. He therefore, at the suggestion of the doctor, who assured us he was the best fellow in the world, and that he had just tapped him for the dropsy to the extent of an unknown quantity of gallons, offered to be our companion, and also proffered us the services of his peons till we reached a village at the end of the first day's journey, where we should find no difficulty in providing for ourselves. We gladly accepted the offer, and our plans were made, to start across the river the same evening after dinner, our first purchased mules being already at a *hato* on the opposite bank, awaiting our arrival. The newly-purchased mules did not arrive till late; it was getting dark, but we could easily see that they were small and unbroke; however, it was too late to reject them: the difficulty yet remained to get them across. The cattle, which are exported at this point from the province, are driven into a wide enclosure, which is contracted to the width of a road at the water's-edge; through this they are driven into the water, and forced to keep their heads straight for the opposite shore by peons in the boats which accompany their passage.

Our two beasts were dragged on in spite of kicking and plunging, and forced to swim alongside of the canoe in which we were seated. One of them, as wild as a deer, made several attempts to emulate the fabulous bull in the china-shop, by taking an inside place, and his head was with difficulty kept down; however, we at length brought them over in safety. Notwithstanding the number and occasional ferocity of the caymans about this part of the river, few beasts sustain injury in making the passage; perhaps when a large herd is swimming across, their kicking and splashing frighten the enemy away. A short time before our arrival at San Fernando, a canoe had been upset, and a woman who was on board had been carried off by these wild cannibals. The boatmen, a numerous race here, immediately made common cause, and commenced a war to the knife. Several caymans were killed during the evening, in whose internals were found various portions of the poor woman; in one a finger, with her ring on; she was scarcely a mouthful apiece among so many. Numerous tales are told of the expertness of the peons at the *hatos* along the river in fishing for them, and even attacking them with knives in their own element. At the mouth of the Portuguesa river, we heard that the monsters were even more numerous than in the Apure.

The *hato*, at which we were to spend the night, was close to the place of debarkation. The two mules were put into an enclosure, and a messenger sent off with directions that the three others should be brought in from their pastures by daylight. The house consisted of two rooms and an open hall, shed, or verandah; in fact, the same as the two rooms, with the exception of the walls. In this latter apartment we tied our hammocks, and hung ourselves up to sleep, the Venezuelan colonel talking with infinite vivacity to the last. Long before daylight, he was

again stirring about. If his body was diminutive, he had the soul of a Julius Cæsar, after whom, as he took pains to inform us, his godfathers and godmothers had christened him, foreseeing the future hero in the fire of his infant eyes. Our mules not arriving, we addressed ourselves to the task of preparing coffee, and for the same continued reason decided upon remaining till breakfast, despatching another messenger for the beasts. The little colonel solaced himself for the delay by tending his travelling jack-asses, of which he had five, washing their sore backs, and clipping their manes and tails into ornamental patterns. The *hacienda*, or *hato*, for the farm was both agricultural and pastoral, was furnished with a garden, very badly taken care of, in which bananas and various fruit-trees were flourishing; but the furniture of the house was little better than what we had seen in the cottages along the Oronooka. A single bee-hive was hanging up in the verandah; a hollow log, just as it had been cut in the forest, bees and all carried off together, and the bees were working away, totally regardless of the emigration of their house. We were becoming anxious about the non-arrival of the mules; however, at ten o'clock they actually hove in sight.

Upon a close inspection of our beasts, it appeared that we had undergone the fate of all strangers; our bargains were grievously bad. Having had no experience in mule travelling, nor sufficient acquaintance with the language to bargain for ourselves, we had left entirely to our late worthy and obliging host the task of making our purchases; the price we were to pay for each mule was seventy-five dollars, for which, being the price in that part of the world for good, strong, riding mules, we had expected to have been well mounted. Upon examining the unhappy brutes with which we were now to commence a journey of several hundred miles, we found that two only of the number had ever been mounted, one of which had a very sore back; the other three were unbroken colts. To make the latter submit to their burdens required no small exercise of the llanero's art. At length, after repeated failures and much kicking, plunging, and obstinate resistance, two of the mules were accoutred with their pack-saddles, the portmanteaus strapped on, the supercargo or cow's-hide laid over these, and above was exposed the eternal *tasajo*, for the benefit of the sun, wind, and dust. It may be imagined that the latter very esteemed delicacy was not much improved by the numerous particles of dust and mule's-hairs with which it was thus impregnated in the course of a day or two. The third mule, which was the wildest, was tied to the tail of the least unruly, and all were driven off, together with the sober donkeys of our good little friend and ally, Julius Cæsar, and kept in the right track by his experienced peons. After giving the cargo beasts sufficient time to make a good advance, we ourselves mounted and turned our backs upon the river. It is the custom of the country to travel armed; each horseman wears a red silk sash over his right shoulder, in which is hung perpendicularly a very long, straight sword, the handle of which covers his left breast, and the point reaches to the ground; pistols are usually in his holsters, and in his hand a gun. Our friend's head peon carried also a *trebucho* or trumpet-mouthed blunderbuss, a very formidable looking piece of ordnance. Whether all this apparatus was necessary, we were of course yet unable

to judge. At Angostura we had heard much of the dangers of the road; however, we contented ourselves with carrying our guns, which enabled us occasionally to fire at the various game.

Scarcely had we lost sight of the river before the whole scene had changed its character; an interminable flat lay before us, covered with waving brown grasses, or occasionally with clumps of fan-leaved palms and small shrubs. As we advanced into the llanos, the ever-shifting mirage glanced before us, at one time a still smooth lake, then breaking into a succession of lagoons, interspersed with islets, but more generally resembling the flooded banks of a river in a cultivated country, traversed by half-submerged hedge-rows. The deception was at one time so complete, that we could scarcely convince ourselves that what was before us was not an inundation from a branch of the river we had just left. Occasionally dark streaks would cross the landscape, terminating at one end in a column of smoke. These were the charred tracks of the fires, sometimes accidentally kindled, but more frequently caused by the inhabitants of the plains, to burn off the coarse grass and produce a fresh green crop for their herds. The broad expanse of plain would at times become clear even of palms, and nothing would interrupt the uniformity of the scene but the gambols of a few whirls of dust, coursing each other over the plains, now advancing, now receding, now dispersing, then reviving again to continue their fantastic existence for a few more seconds. Again the path was enveloped in a forest of the same palms, with their brilliant summits and sombre stems shutting out the horizon. The path, though the high road for traffic, was frequently almost obliterated, and a sharp look-out for foot-tracks was rendered highly necessary.

The heat of the sun and the reverberation from the ground were excessive, and produced a constant thirst, which there was no water to slake, and the palms afforded but scanty shelter from the sun. The rough Moorish saddles were by no means so easy to the rider as an English peat, and the rougher jog-trot of the mules abominable. We soon overtook the baggage; the young mules were troublesome enough; the unloaded one had broken away from the tail of his leader, frightened by the charge of a wild cow, and, scouring over the country, was with difficulty kept in the track. We came across a chain of pools covered with wild-fowl, whence the water had not yet evaporated; it was hot and muddy, nevertheless it was eagerly drunk. In the afternoon we passed a *hato;* the peons were just driving in the cattle, which, in spite of the luxuriance of the grasses, were miserably thin, perhaps not having yet recovered from the starvation of the inundation season. Our recreant mule was here lassoed and fastened more firmly to the unwilling tail, as previously. After taking each a draught of water, we resumed our journey.

Riding on in single file, for, the roads being all paths, to ride abreast is inconvenient, my eyes fell by chance upon a log-like object among the coarse herbage close to my mule's legs: an eye unpleasantly brutal and lymphatic met mine with a fixed stare. Pulling up instantaneously, and dropping the muzzle of my gun, I fired. The puff of smoke was blown aside, and there lay an alligator, about eight or nine feet long, with his brains all spattered out of his head, but the eyes still open, and fixed with

the same carnivorous gaze. The little colonel, who was ahead, but returned at the report of my gun, cried out that there were more close by, and we both fired where there was a rustling in the grass. A second was killed, and another scuttled awkwardly away, with his leg broken. This alligator, having a body very thick in proportion to his length, is called Bova at St. Fernando, where we had seen one killed during our stay, differing, however, widely from the Bova of the lake of Valentia, which is only three feet long. The St. Fernando people, of whom we had inquired his habits, had told us that he was an innocent creature, because, though he would kill people, he was not in the habit of eating them, but, on the contrary, was himself very good eating. In spite of this amiable abstinence on the part of the alligator Bova, I must confess that I never encountered the gaze of a more disagreeable-looking eye; it haunted my slumbers for a fortnight at least. The river, we presumed, from meeting with these animals, was not far off, though shut out by clumps of bush, or they might have been travelling from a lagoon recently dried up, as is their custom, in search of deep water. It was now dusk, and we had yet a long distance to travel. My companion, to whose lot the sore-backed mule had fallen, found considerable difficulty in urging on his beast; we however at length succeeded in reaching the village of Camaguan.

Chap. VI.

An Amphibious Village—A Pet Virgin—Llanos and Bivouacs—Guarapo—Lightning Conductors—The Capital of the Llanos—An Interior—Sunday Recreations—The Carnivorous Gardens—An Accomplished Valet—Adios Caballeros.

The village of Camaguan enjoys, or rather endures, an amphibious existence upon the banks of the Portuguesa River, which separates the provinces of Caraccas and Barinas. Our little ally, Julius Cæsar, conducted us to the house of a lady of his acquaintance, who, he assured us with fervour, was a charming person. The señora, who had rich black eyes, a good-humoured countenance, and a very fat body, received us with a profusion of smiles. She led us through her shop —a shop is nothing in these remote parts—great men keep shops without disguising them by the name of stores, as in the West India islands. She desired us to make ourselves at home, and proceeded to procure us supper. In the mean time we made the grateful discovery of some English beer in a neighbouring shop, and astonished our Venezuelan friend by the velocity with which, with but slight assistance from him we poured down our half-calcined throats several bottles, and still called for more. He came to the conclusion that it was not the heat of the Llanos, but an English habit or vice. The repast being concluded, and our beasts safely put up, our hammocks were slung, and, swinging in them, we enjoyed the sweets of conversation. The principal speakers, however, were our hostess and little Julius Cæsar, the former having seated her burly proportions upon a low trestle bed; the latter perched himself upon the corner of a high trunk, which brought his mouth on a level with her ear, though his little legs dangled still half a yard from the floor. The señora was

charging her little friend with some commissions which he was to execute for her in Caraccas. The first was to procure for her a certain novel, of which, having read it in her early days of romance, she had some pleasing recollections, and she was anxious to afford the same pleasure to her daughter, a young lady, who joined little in the conversation, but attended strenuously to the affairs of the household. The name of the novel having escaped her memory, she proceeded to describe it by commencing the whole story, *ab ovo*, in which the loves and opinions of a certain marquis, a second Sir Charles Grandison, were narrated with much animation. It was a most ingenious abridgment, the novel being one of five or six volumes; but, as we frequently afterwards had occasion to observe, the Venezuelans are remarkably good *raconteurs*. The little colonel leaned over her, with an air of the deepest interest, and promised to make diligent inquiries for the delightful volumes. The señora assured us that, if she had one passion more ruling than another, it was reading; she then, gracefully lighting a cigar, after two or three puffs, handed it to me, and, having performed the same delicate attention to my companion, resumed her dialogue upon the commissions. The next was for certain *gros de Naples*, lama, and lace, to decorate a little Virgin Mary. Julius Cæsar stimulated her zeal for this laudable purpose, by describing a little establishment of saints which he had just seen in the house of a lady of his acquaintance, all dressed with the minutest care. The lady's eyes glistened with envy; she wished that she was the possessor of such a little holy family, and her commissions for silks and satins were redoubled. A general desire was then expressed by all the party to be introduced to the Virgin. We were led to a cupboard, and, the door being opened, the nicely-dressed doll was exhibited. We, of course, were loud in our admiration; the little colonel observed, that he suspected our praises would be still warmer if the image were of flesh and blood, in which compliment to our gallantry the lady smilingly acquiesced—the impiety of the idea never seemed to strike them. Our seats were resumed, and the volubility of our hostess and Julius Cæsar threatened to last till daylight. However, the latter showing symptoms of distress, the trestle-bed was carried into the next room for the señora to occupy, and Julius Cæsar consigned his vast mind and little body to the repose of his hammock.

Our first care the next morning was to find a *peon*, and we were early provided with one, who was to accompany us to Calabazo, and promised to perform wonders in reducing our unruly beasts to subjection. The village, half of which is Indian, is regularly laid out, the houses of the usual wattle and dab, with gardens behind each. In every house a canoe or two were lying up in ordinary, and paddles of the classic pattern, which reposed upon the shoulders of the river gods of old, leaning against every wall, gave evidence of the aquatic habits of the population. The Portuguesa is here a noble river, and several launches were lying at anchor, or moored along the banks. While at breakfast, a peon of the little colonel's arrived, bearing a letter from his wife. He quoted with great glee the conclusion, which was an exhortation to go regularly to mass; religion, which is almost banished from the thoughts of the men of Venezuela, retains its influence over the

female mind. Our new peon overcame the obstinacy of our mules with much expertness; their unruliness of the previous day had caused their packs to gall them not a little—a bad commencement for a long journey: after repeatedly flinging themselves down, however, they were reduced to obedience, and sent forward. Our hostess, being bent upon some business from home, came to take leave of us. Never was there a more laughable figure: a very little shepherdess's hat, over a very fat face, surrounded with ringlets and artificial flowers, and two long plaited tails falling from the back of her head. Julius Cæsar evidently thought her bewitching, and we parted with many mutual compliments. Overtaking our cargo mules before they had cleared the village, we rode on a considerable distance, and alighted by the banks of a lagoon, which traversed a plain covered with cattle. The cargo mules not arriving within the expected time, we were compelled to try back, and found that we had missed the road; we, however, soon recovered the track, which led us by a stream, beyond which was a wild-looking *hato*, where the llaneros in charge of the farm brought us out some sour milk; this and the *tasajo* form the simple fare of the abstemious llanero. The sour milk is extremely grateful when the throat is parched after a hot ride.

Continuing our course, we traversed an open tract, over which the fires had recently passed: the roots of the grasses were still red-hot, and gave out an intolerable glow. We had much difficulty in keeping the track through a dense forest of the fan-palms, many of whose stems were scorched by the flames. This hardy palm of the llanos is, perhaps, the only tree that survives the embraces of the wild fig; it is frequently seen with its stem twisted into the form of a corkscrew among the colossal coils of the parasite; but its head, though sometimes twisted on one side, and presenting a comically strangulated appearance, nevertheless preserves its green vitality, and defies the destroyer. Its timber, when cut down, is incorruptible, and so hard as to turn the edge of a hatchet; several other palms, as the gru-gru, possess a similar timber, but only on the outside, the interior being soft and pithy; in this (the *corypha tectorum*) the hard timber continues to the heart; it is extensively used in the llanos for buildings and cattle enclosures, and its leaves, as the name implies, form an admirable thatch.

It was late before we overtook the pack-mules, whom we at length found drinking at some mud-pools. As we rested under the scanty shade of the palms, two travellers passed us in full llanero costume. Their *cobijas*, or mantles, of blue cloth, lined with scarlet, rolled up along with their hammocks behind their saddles, the high peaks of the latter, with their pommels ornamented with embroidered leather, and furnished with holsters, the red handkerchiefs tied round their heads, and fastened in a knot behind, surmounted with the broad-brimmed sombrero; their Jack-the-giant-killer-looking swords, together with the sharp, grave features which betokened the blood of old Spain, and their swarthy hue, made them picturesque objects. Resuming our route, we passed in the afternoon the mail, which consisted of a leathern bag, carried on a half-caste's head, whose clothing was half a pair of drawers and a quarter of a shirt. We were becoming

much fatigued from the heat, when our little ally pointed out the *hato* where we were to pass the night. It was upon a rising ground, insulated during the rains, and there appeared about it some show of cultivation; several sheep, with long silky wool or hair, were feeding around. The host, a fine-looking old Spaniard, came out to receive us. Our first request was for water and a few limes; we had with us some rum, and with these ingredients we managed to make punch enough in a calabash to slake our thirst. It was yet early, and our host, seeing our guns, recommended us to stroll along some lagoons, where there were wild-fowl, and where the deer generally came down in the evenings to drink. I had pierced a jabiru through the body with a ball, and a boy who had accompanied us from the house going up to seize him, the bird, though unable to get on his legs, kept the boy at bay with his long bill. When I came up, he appeared to be dying, but when he felt the stock of my gun pressed upon his neck to keep him down, he still made fight, and in the struggle contrived to cock one of the locks. I found that I had chosen a dangerous method of quieting him, but he was soon despatched by a blow on the head with a stick. The bird measured six feet from the tip of his bill to his toes, and nine feet from tip to tip of his wings, which were snowy white. The bill was a formidable-looking weapon to receive a thrust from; the head and neck are naked, and of a glossy black, but the lower part of the latter is scarlet, and is capable of great distension. Returning, without falling in with any deer, we found our party assembled at the *hato*, and with the assistance of chocolate and *tasajo*, contrived to make a sufficient repast. The wild men of the plains stared at our display of thirst; their throats are parched from infancy, and dust and heat give them but little inconvenience. We were hung up to sleep as usual in the shed, though not so high but that several gaunt-looking hounds managed to make use of our pendent bodies to rub their backs withal, just as a lap-dog sometimes abuses the privilege of getting under a sofa. We started early next morning. A few more trees and flowering shrubs began to mingle with the monotonous palm groves; fragrant *chiaparros*, in full bloom, stretched along on either side, and a pretty creeper, which our peons called violetta, flung a profusion of lilac bloom over their highest summits. We stopped at a lagoon which bounded the groves, to wait for the mules, anxious to see how our wildest had got on with his cargo, which he carried this day for the first time. A rose-coloured spoon-bill came down to fish in the lagoon, but the graceful bird was too shy to approach. We were sitting under the shade of a large tree, whose leaves were not unlike those of the horse-chesnut, and which, with several others richly covered with blossoms, formed a cooler retreat than is usually to be met with in the llanos. Our little companion was beguiling the time, and indulging his fondness for social converse, by relating some passages of his life, his early ambitions and their disappointments. Bolivar, the liberator, his Magnus Apollo, had early in the war of independence perceived his merit, and made a lieutenant-colonel of him. Had the designs of that great man been successful, Simon the First would have made a count of him. Here the little man's eyes were dilated, and his shooting-coat was adjusted with an air that would have dignified the title.

Bolivar sat upon the presidential chair of the triple republic of Columbia ; he was on the point of making an alteration in the title of that somewhat ricketty seat, and France had offered him her alliance and support. Unfortunately, the latter had introduced into the negotiation something about a reversionary seat upon the chair for one of her royal sons. This excited the jealousy of England, who despatched an emissary, Admiral Fleming, to Caraccas, to counteract the intrigues of France. The result was the division of Columbia in 1830, into three republics, whereof one at least, Venezuela, was almost unanimous for the separation ; and Bolivar shortly afterwards died while organising a counter-movement, and with him died the hopes of our little friend. Although he himself denied being a party to the above intrigue, which his partisans carried on without his knowledge, Bolivar is not universally supposed to have been a Washington. Our mules having come up, we found the novice enduring his burden without any overt act of impatience. Beyond the lagoon we fell in with several deer, which were, however, wild and wary. In the heat of the day we turned aside into a *hato* for shelter. As we approached, we found a sulky savage half-asleep upon his face under the open roof; with difficulty he was induced to rouse himself to speak to us ; however, an equally rough, but more good-humoured looking Spaniard, whom our friend addressed as Don Diego, made his appearance from the interior, and gave us sour milk, a welcome, and a swing in a hammock during the hottest part of the day.

Don Diego was major domo for an heiress who lived at Calabozo, the proprietress of this and some neighbouring *hatos*. Don Diego's comforts were few, but so apparently were his wants. Later in the afternoon, we called at a *hato* of much greater apparent civilisation, with gardens and goodly fruit trees, and the open part of the building and outer apartments surrounded by a screen. This was the residence of a colonel, who had been aide-de-camp to the late President Paez, and who was here enjoying his *otium cum dignitate* with his family. This consisted of a wife and three young ladies, the latter fine girls, and the father and mother a fine-looking pair. The commandant took us out to look at his place. The situation, elevated above the surrounding savannahs, was pretty, and a few patches of forest crossing the landscape gave it a parkish look ; but, passing by all this as unworthy of notice, he led us up an avenue of bananas, and pointed with an air of triumph to a pit in which we saw some muddy water—so valuable is a spring in a land where springs are like angel's visits. The commandant pressed us hospitably to remain there that night. We should have gladly complied with his invitation, but in the mean time we had ascertained that our baggage had passed on, and we were constrained to follow, not without regret at exchanging the most civilised establishment which it had been our lot to encounter since leaving Angostura for a bivouac in the savannah.

After riding for half an hour we were hailed from the left, and found our party established for the night near a lagoon, and our hammocks already slung up in the boughs of a wild fig-tree and some palms. The hammock, for those who lead a gipsy life in a country sufficiently hot, is a far more refreshing resting-place than the hard mother earth. By

flinging a mantle over the cord—not mathematical, but of hemp or twine—of the arc which it describes, the traveller is secured against the contingency of a tropical shower and its consequences to an occupant of the *terra firma*, a pool of mud to sleep in for the remainder of the night; but, the wind having free access all around, it is by no means adapted for cold weather. We left the bivouac before daylight. Our path lay through a deep sand, in the middle of which we were startled by the apparition of a beacon or sign-post, setting forth that Calabozo was six leagues distant. This was the first attempt that we had met with of measuring distance. The reply to a question upon such a subject was, not unfrequently, "so many cigars off," the size not being specified. Two leagues brought us to a group of wild *hatos*, and three more to the banks of the Guarico, whose mouth we had passed before entering the Apure. When the inundations subside in the llanos, the surface of the plain, contracting suddenly under the violent heat of the sun, splits perpendicularly in irregular figures, leaving fissures of considerable depth, in which frequently the crocodile and water-snake lie torpid during the uncongenial season of drought. The columnal appearance of the tabular sand-stone summits of some of the South African mountains might be accounted for upon the same principle, combined with a subsequent emerging of the country from the waters. However, the rugged surface which it produces upon the llanos would render hard riding over these plains a service of no small danger; but the horses, accustomed to such impediments, gallop over them in perfect safety.

We found upon the Guarico a *pulperia*, or small inn, in which we were glad to repose ourselves; the day was intensely hot, and our thirst excessive. Guarapo is a liquor extensively used throughout this country; it is either guarapo by itself or guarapo fuerte. The first is the simple cane-juice as it comes from the press, the other the cane-juice after a slight fermentation. Though brown and muddy in appearance, they are not very disagreeable to a thirsty traveller, except when the latter sort has began to turn sour, which often occurs. The *pulperia* had but a small supply of guarapo, or of any thing else. The hostess, notwithstanding the proximity of the river, seemed to pique herself principally upon a spring, which gushed out from the sloping bank into a succession of mud basins. We hastened over a frugal meal, and resumed the road to Calabozo. The country was perfectly flat; the grass, either from being closely cropped by numerous herds, or from having just sprung up after being burnt, was like an English turf, and small clumps of chiaparros and flowering shrubs were scattered about. The road sides only wanted the invisible wire fence to have the appearance of well-kept dress-grounds. Passing the neighbourhood of the missions' establishments, which retain since the civil war little but the name of what that name implies, but where there are some much vaunted warm baths, we began to catch glimpses of the white towers of Calabozo through the intervals of the coppices. We observed a plantation of poles to which were sometimes said to be attached lightning conductors, a device of the wise men of Calabozo, after the town had suffered repeatedly from thunder-storms. Whether the forbearance of the lightning since the establishment of these poles is due to their power of

attraction or not it is difficult to say; as the authorities of the town, finding that the copper bars were occasionally stolen or mutilated by the wicked, had them removed from the supporting poles, and deposited in their stores in the town, to be put up only as occasion might require. We entered the capital of the llanos, which, with its churches and numerous respectable buildings, its regular streets and planted suburbs, forms a pleasing contrast to the monotonous plains. We had introductions to several families, whom, upon inquiry, we found to be absent in Caraccas. However, having ascertained the position of one house where the family were actually residing, we rode into the court through a pair of large folding doors. The lady of the house received us with much kindness of manner; her husband was out visiting one of his *hatos*, but we were immediately furnished with an apartment, and our mules were deposited in an inner court and supplied with Indian corn grass. Calabozo contains about 5000 inhabitants; it is the capital of the pastoral districts, whose wealthy proprietors live there upon the produce of their numerous *hatos* or cattle farms, in comparative luxury. The houses are spacious, and their interior arrangements, though comfort is still unknown, exhibit all the consequences of rude affluence. Our kind hostess having sent to announce supper, we found with her two charming little señoritas, her daughters, from whose lips the Castilian phrases fell with a music which we had not before perceived in the language. Before daylight, our little friend, Julius Cæsar, was out of his hammock, and the first beam of morning light revealed his little person standing in a pair of critically formed boots, and girt as to his body, which his dropsy had comically shapen, with a pair of short drawers. Over this costume he flung a dressing-gown with a large cape, and thus apparelled he went out to join the lady of the house in the court, who was already up and giving orders to her household. While coffee was being prepared, we made a rapid toilet, and soon joined the party, who were all now assembled. Early hours are the custom of the country, and, Calabozo being hot, it behoves every one to make the most of the cool mornings. The younger children of the family were in a state of extreme *dishabille*, almost amounting to positive nudity. In the tropics, the growth of young human beings must not be cramped by useless garments.

The house in which we were thus received was in the principal square; at the opposite angle was the cathedral, in front of which was the market-place. The brightness of the llanero costumes, together with the lively colours of the buildings, the churches, with their tall towers and square belfries, long dead walls and brightly tiled roofs, and the pleasing irregularity of the rows of houses, gave a sprightly aspect to the scene. Our visit to our mules was by no means satisfactory. The back of my companion's was so bad that it was decided to exchange him without delay, and, in the course of the following morning, with the help of a few dollars, he was converted into an excessively ugly but serviceable old gray horse. All the pack mules were seriously galled, but we were assured that they would travel well. The host returned from his farms during the day. He gave us a frank, hospitable reception, and, speaking a few words of English, upon which he very much prided himself, our cordiality was soon complete. His English phrases, picked up from the various British adventurers of the war of indepen-

dence, were principally such as are found in a slang dictionary, and noisy was his mirth, and loud his laugh, when he thought he had made a happy hit. We were soon, with our host's assistance, provided with a peon to accompany us to Caraccas, and to his charge were delivered our mules with their trappings. In strolling through the square I was accosted, in broken English, by a gaily dressed llanero, mounted on a mule, with a highly ornamented Moorish saddle. He had heard that we were in want of a guide, and proffered us his services at forty pesos. His language was a compound of French, Spanish, and Italian, eked out with Arabic and English, but, from his vivacity of action, quite intelligible. He was a Genoese by birth, a sailor, and had served also for a short time on board of an English man-of-war, had been every where and every thing, latterly a soldier, and lastly a llanero and Venezuelan citizen. His appearance was certainly that of a scamp, and his history of his metamorphoses tended to confirm the impression made by his general address and countenance, in spite of the eloquent praises which he lavished upon his own probity, information, and ingenuity. However, our host gave him a good character; we imagined that his scampishness might be only that of an amusing Figaro, and we finally agreed to accept his services, merely stipulating that, whatever information we demanded of him upon any subject, he was never to plead ignorance, but draw at once upon his imagination. The latter clause of his agreement he religiously kept; he turned out an unhesitating and accomplished liar. We accompanied our host to the baths of the Mission: a stream had scooped out a succession of basins filled with the most transparent water. Some of these were called tepid, but the warmth was scarcely perceptible without the glass. It is necessary to have crossed the turbid streams, and skirted the muddy lagoons of the llanos, to appreciate the luxury of a bath in such clear, pure waters.

It was Sunday; on our return from the Mission, we found the ladies in their mantillas, the invariable costume for attending mass. Our host gave a small midday musical party. The violin and the guitar discoursed most eloquent music together, the young ladies sang sweetly, and admiring swains "o'er the sirens hung." A young married niece of our host's had the most beautiful eyes in the world, and ere long the whole party found themselves involved in a waltz. There suddenly arose an *émeute* in the apartment, and the eyes of all seemed to centre upon us two English strangers. We soon ascertained the cause of the commotion. It appeared that there was a delusion or tradition in the land that a gymnastic performance sometimes exhibited at small theatres, called a sailor's hornpipe, was a favourite national dance, in which we were expected to exhibit. In vain we disclaimed the accomplishment, it was insisted that all Englishmen danced hornpipes. We were hard pressed, and no doubt should have been obliged, in spite of the latitude, to have extemporised some absurdity had not our host good-humouredly interposed. We traced this extraordinary delusion, which we found existing also elsewhere, to the act of a certain sea captain of the last century, who being possessed of a devil or of much grog, actually performed the alleged extravagance at a ball at Puerto Caballo, or La Guayra, and with such remarkable agility, as to give

that lasting character to the British navy and nation to which we were so nearly sacrificed. A light repast of water-melons and fruits, with various liqueurs and cider, porter, champagne, and other exotic refreshments, concluded the morning but not the day. After dinner all the beauty and fashion of Calabozo assembled at the public gardens. At their entrance was a fine mango tree, with a leaf of which each youth had decorated his button-hole or hat-band, in token of brotherhood. The scene was worthy of the capital of the grazing districts. A large fire was burning upon the ground, before which large strips of *tasajo* were toasting, frying, and fizzing; vessels of guarapo were at hand, and delicate viands, not without much suspicion of garlic, and bright with oil and eggs, were handed around. The ladies, some of whom were extremely pretty, were seated on long benches, where the men exhibited their gallantry by ministering to them from the abundance around the fire: the scene was highly amusing, though somewhat carnivorous. Towards dusk the greater part of the company adjourned to our entertainer's hospitable roof to recommence dancing. On our way thither, a bell announced that the Host was passing by. Those who could not take refuge in the houses had to kneel in the streets. Before we knew well where we were, we found ourselves on our knees before some of the prettiest women of the party. Had we had sufficient command of Spanish, our prayers would have been involuntarily earthly: the fair creatures looked bewitching. In the mean while the Host had passed; we reached our entertainer's court, and dancing was resumed and continued to a late hour. We remained three days at Calabozo. Our little friend, Julius Cæsar, started before us; he was proceeding by another route. Our host was indefatigable in doing the honours of the place. Our evenings were spent in strolling or visiting, or in listening to soft music by moonlight, within the open court, where the family usually assembled and received visiters. Our host's amusement was to involve us in awkward mistakes in our attempts at Spanish. One of mine, in endeavouring to compliment one of the young ladies about a song, in which he asserted I had used the word *calzone* for *canzone*, caused him the most uproarious laughter.

Our new *laquais de place*, guide, travelling companion, bear-leader, or Figaro, having entered the court the last evening of our stay, displayed the general nature of his accomplishments by a performance on the guitar, which he accompanied with his voice. Our baggage mules had gone on with our peon, and our preparations had been made to start the next morning. It was time to take leave of our kind friends. Our jocund host cut short our expressions of thanks and regret at parting, by declaring that he fully believed that we should recollect them—as far as Ortis. The memory of the graceful *Adios Caballeros* of the *Señoritas* Benigna and Trinidad, had certainly a longer endurance. Before daylight the next morning, we had shaken hands with our host, who was already out of his hammock, and had turned our backs upon the City of the Plains.

CONVERSATIONS IN THE NATIONAL GALLERY.

No. II.

THE ARTIST—THE CONNOISSEUR—THE AMATEUR.

AMATEUR.

My new-born zeal for high art has been put to a severe trial since we last met. It was not to be expected that my early study of the Dutch masters would have afforded me much assistance in my endeavours to apprehend conceptions from which every thing that is familiar is excluded; but I have been disappointed in finding much difficulty in applying to other pictures the spirit of your observations on the "Sebastian del Piombo." It seems to me as if every work were founded on a distinct principle; and my eye has wandered about with uncertainty from the want of some guide on whose judgment I could rely.

CONNOISSEUR.

You are travelling in an unknown country, in which the novelties you meet with disturb your powers of perception. Some practical acquaintance with the manners of the different masters is necessary for a due appreciation of their works; but a little observation will soon supply this deficiency, and will afford you landmarks to guide your eye. To which masters have you particularly turned your attention?

AMATEUR.

Avoiding the fascinations of colour, I have endeavoured to improve the insight which your last lesson opened to me into the merits of design; but, as I have observed, I have proceeded with hesitating steps, and I fear I have made little progress. Even in works recommended by great names I have often found my expectations disappointed, and I fear that I am yet blind to much that ought to excite admiration. For instance, in this picture entitled "Michael Angelo's Dream" (8*), though I perceive something of that breadth of design and poetical abstraction, which you pointed out to me on a former occasion, I am not certain that there is much real grandeur of sentiment; and if the object of the painter was to render the vices of the world disgusting, he has certainly represented them in forms sufficiently repulsive.

CONNOISSEUR.

It is one of those pictures of doubtful character, in which we perceive some grandeur of design, without feeling the imagination affected, which we stop to examine for the sake of the name of the painter, and leave with indifference, less from finding faults and imperfections than from disappointed expectation. The works of Michael Angelo, however, could bear the risk of transcript less than those of any other painter. An adoption of his design (such as we have observed in the great work of Sebastian del Piombo), as a part of a composition,

* The numbers refer to the authorised catalogue.

may be successful in the hands of a great master; but his vigorous execution was so much a reflection of his mind, that, deprived of this, his inventions lose half their power, and compositions full of poetry, under his masterly delineation, may appear insipid in a copy. Such this painting is admitted to be, and we cannot hold Michael Angelo accountable for its feebleness.

AMATEUR.

The manner in which you have responded to my last observation gives me confidence. I will venture to raise a question regarding the merits of a work of another great man, Lionardo da Vinci. The picture which bears his name in this gallery (18), is certainly more attractive, but still it appears to me insipid in its character, and not to repay the pains of examination.

ARTIST.

Lionardo da Vinci left a great reputation, but I have always thought that he is much overrated. His laborious minuteness is hardly consistent with the freedom of genius, and his search after individuality of character, and despair of accomplishing the unfinished conception of the principal figure in his greatest work, do not betoken that grasp of mind, that comprehensive view, without which high art is unattainable. The evanescent character of his works, and their present scarcity, have perhaps contributed to his fame. Though it may be questionable whether the work before us is of his hand, it is, without doubt, of his school. True, it has some grace, and there is sweetness of expression in the principal figure; but this sweetness is carried to the verge of effeminacy, and is attained at the sacrifice of propriety. The head of the Christ represents neither the earnestness of disputation nor the intelligence of inquiry; and the subordinate figures, though forced and studied in expression, do not assist in the elucidation of the subject. So imperfectly indeed is the subject represented, that doubts have been entertained as to the propriety of the title, and an attempt has been made to escape the difficulty by assigning the picture, though not, it must be confessed, with greater propriety, to Joseph interpreting the dreams of his fellow-prisoners.

CONNOISSEUR.

Allowing that there is much of truth in your observations, I yet think that they bear too hardly both on the reputation of Lionardo and on the merits of the work before us. Of the painter, it must be borne in mind, that, living in an age in which art was hardly raised above barbarism, he at once, by the intuitive force of genius, set the example, not only of a noble style of design, but of beautiful colour, and the charms of the *chiaro oscuro*, and advanced these three great branches of painting to a degree of excellence, which few even of the greatest of his successors have combined. If he was still hesitating in his practice, and unable to throw off altogether the restraints of gothic associations, his advance was a bold one, and the position he attained has been justly considered among the foremost in the ranks of art. In spite of your criticisms on this picture, which I cannot altogether controvert, I must maintain that, in dwelling on its defects, you have

unjustly slighted its merits. Though the expression and action of the principal figure, and, I may add, the apparent age, are not appropriate to the subject supposed to be represented, it must be admitted that it is designed in a grand style, free and elegant in its action, and conspicuous for the beauty of the countenance. The surrounding figures are, I apprehend, purposely individualised, with a view to a contrast with the refined and elevated figure of the Christ: a treatment, perhaps, calculated rather to disturb than to add force to the impression sought to be conveyed, and which is not supported by the examples of the greatest masters. If, in this remark, I have added to your list of objections, I will, on the other hand, point out the fresh and beautiful colour of the painting, and its unaffected breadth of light and shade, qualities which would have rendered it attractive, even if its intrinsic merits had been less.

ARTIST.

I defer to your judgment in the case of Lionardo da Vinci. But, in truth, I have been anxious to bring our friend at once to those specimens of more matured art which this gallery affords. However interesting as a matter of antiquarian research, or of philosophic inquiry, may be the contemplation of the progress of painting from early ages, it is not from the dry examples of monkish industry, or even from masters who led the way towards a better practice, but in those works which were produced in the great era of Italian art, which simultaneously obtained perfection in Rome, Venice, and Lombardy, that the taste is to be formed. I doubt whether any productions anterior to that period are really worthy of study. I lamented to see at one time an antiquarian spirit in the transactions of our trustees, which appeared to divert them from higher objects. Such a work as that attributed to Van Eyck (186), can have no interest unless as a curious, if authentic, example of the father of oil painting. This quaint production of Pietro Perugino (181) can surely claim no attention from its intrinsic merits; it is an early work of an inferior painter, whose name would have been scarcely raised from obscurity but for the fame of his great pupil Raffaelle; these works of Francia (179 and 180), evince, it is true, more feeling, yet are so encumbered with gothicisms, as to overlay the little merit they possess.

CONNOISSEUR.

"I could never understand the admiration of the work of Perugino, expressed by many who have the reputation of taste; but I cannot agree in your unsparing condemnation of the two pictures by Francia, which are by no means devoid of interest. Of the two pictures, "The Entombment of Christ" (180), has by far the greatest merit. I do not claim for it the highest rank of art, for it has defects of detail which would forbid its being classed with the works of first-rate painters. Nothing, however, can be finer than the general conception of the subject. The head of the Christ affords a remarkable example of grandeur combined with affecting sentiment, which is greatly assisted by the position in which it falls on the shoulder; but the figure, though of elegant form, is not so happily designed. It wants the heaviness of death, and the limbs, especially the right arm and hand, are not wholly deprived of action. There is a want of refinement in the Virgin and

the attendant angels. If grief may be allowed to affect those pure and holy spirits, the imagination would exclude every thing that is common from their emotions; and the swollen features and reddened eyes, although natural accompaniments of tears, are inconsistent with the true pathos of elevated feeling. These defects are the more to be regretted, as the general tone of colour, and the distribution of light and shade, are excellent, and convey an impression of repose and solemnity which is in perfect unison with the associations of the scene. The other picture entitled "The Virgin, Infant Saviour, and St. John, attended by Saints" (179), is less attractive. It is bald and impoverished in its general effect, and the term composition would be misapplied in speaking of this incongruous assemblage of saints and martyrs. Still, amidst forms that are dry and sometimes almost grotesque, we find much of that fine devotional sentiment, most conspicuous in the figure of the Virgin, which, taking its rise from the religious feelings of the monkish painters, continued to influence the Italian masters after they had enlarged their style from the example of the antique, and forms the chief characteristic of revived art in that country.

AMATEUR.

Are you correct in referring to religion as the peculiar attribute of Italian art, when we bear in mind that the sculpture of Greece had its origin in her temples?

CONNOISSEUR.

I draw a wide distinction between the influence of the heathen religion upon art, and that which was derived from the devotional fervour of Christians; and I think that in this distinction we shall find, on examination, the true cause of the deviation of the Italian painters from the simplicity of the antique. In the heathen world, as civilisation advanced, the want was felt of a representation of their deities, less offensive to taste than the rude symbols of early idolatry, and more in accordance with the chaste architectural structures raised for their worship. The deities of Grecian mythology were a race of beings differing from mankind only in their power and immortality, but influenced by the same passions and even vices. The object, therefore, of the sculptor was to raise the human form to an ideal standard, combining beauty with an intelligence, which, subject to the ordinary emotions of the mind, still rose superior to them. With this object, expression was refined and chastened, and always kept subordinate to elevation of thought and dignity of form. The whole range of art is influenced by its highest aim, and the simplicity and repose which were found most consonant with the attributes of their gods became the characteristics of the sculpture of the Greeks and still influenced their conceptions of beauty and grace, when it was applied to other purposes than those of religion. Hence strong emotion and passion are always avoided, for even in the Niobe the grief is chastened, and, in that touching representation, it is the perception of beauty subdued by affliction by which we are affected, rather than by intensity of feeling; and, in the Laocoon, it is not the distortion of bodily suffering that rivets the attention, but the noble form which is still unsubdued. I am aware it may be urged that repose is the genius of sculpture, and that to this

alone may be assigned the subordination of expression to beauty of form in Grecian art. The mind is so much influenced by example, that it is difficult to contemplate the effect of an opposite treatment from that in which perfection has been attained. But, admitting that the material may have influenced the treatment, the selection of the material is an evidence of the object of the artist; and it must be borne in mind, that the remains which have been discovered of ancient painting are in the same style of design as the sculpture, and that Michael Angelo's sculpture possesses an energy unknown to the antique. The calls of the Church awakened a totally different range of ideas. A purer notion of the Deity caused new perceptions of the relations of the human mind, and devotion became an ennobling sentiment. The voluntary humiliation and sufferings of the Redeemer, and the love and gratitude of the saints, afforded themes for the contemplation of the painter. His task was no longer to raise the human form to a superior standard, by separating it from the common associations or sympathies of mankind, but to represent the mind, purified and elevated by communion with Heaven. Ideal refinement was still the object of art, but it was to be obtained less by individual abstraction than by a reflection of the divine attributes. Hence, while much was borrowed from the antique, and much may be found common to both periods, as the means were directed to another end, new principles of grace were established. When warm affections and devotional ardour were to be portrayed, expression became a principle of art instead of being kept subordinate to form; and we find that those painters who are most esteemed for feeling and sentiment were least solicitous about abstract beauty, and even preferred features which, homely in themselves, possessed an aptitude for expressing fervent emotion, in comparison with which the exquisite forms of the marbles of Greece appear cold and unanimated. The Madonnas are interesting in proportion as they express maternal tenderness, chastened by reverential awe; and the rapture of the Magdalene afforded a subject in which expression was raised to its highest pitch.

ARTIST.

Your analysis opens a field of speculation which had not before occurred to me, but the results of which so entirely accord with the effects we perceive, that I cannot hesitate to acquiesce in your views. I had always, indeed, imputed to the influence of religion the elevation of both ancient and modern art, though I had not examined the causes of the difference of taste exhibited. At the same time, it appears to me that you have omitted to refer to one consideration of importance in the investigation, and which in truth tends in great measure to confirm your opinion. I refer to the picturesque associations of the external worship of the Roman Catholic church. These were calculated to raise a more exuberant style of design than was consistent with the chastened feelings of classic art, and I have no doubt that to them may be attributed the rich and gorgeous colour developed in the Venetian school. It is worthy however of remark that the works of Raffaelle, whose elevated style and refined feeling procured him the epithet of divine, are less conspicuous for that force of expression which we assume to be the aim

of Italian art, than are those of other painters; and, if weight be attached to his example, it would seem that a subdued style of design, approaching to classic taste, is still the highest attribute of art.

CONNOISSEUR.

Raffaelle maintains the first rank among painters, because none other has united so many excellences and is so free from faults. His genius was tempered by never-failing judgment, which, if it restrained his imagination, prevented the risk of extravagance. Propriety was his guide, and elevation of sentiment his highest aim. If he rose to the sublime, it was not attained by startling combinations, but by simple transition of thought. In the separate branches of art he has been excelled by others—in grandeur by Michael Angelo,—in depth of feeling and passion by Correggio—in colour by Titian, and in energy of action by Rubens—but he excelled them individually in the combination of these powers, and what he possessed he displayed without offence: taste is never violated in the works of Raffaelle. I wish to show by these observations that, if we do not find expression carried to extreme by this master, it yet by no means follows that his views of art were foreign to those which I hold to be the governing principle of the epoch; and I think this exquisite representation of "St. Catherine" (168) affords a strong confirmation of my opinion. Though the features are pleasing, they are not individually remarkable for beauty. It is the character and expression which give a charm to the whole. What a combination of feelings is portrayed in this placid countenance, upraised to heaven in prayer! We trace in it unyielding faith and constancy, confidence in the result of her petition, but at the same time that which enlists sympathy in her favour—a lingering dread betrayed in the lip, which almost seems to quiver as we look at it, of the cruel torture with which she is threatened. And the same sentiment pervades the whole figure, in its eminently graceful, mild, and expressive action.

ARTIST.

This picture affords a fine example of the graces of Raffaelle's style. It is a subject on which the imagination can dwell without one disturbing feeling, so perfectly is elevation of thought sustained throughout. The outline, free and elegant, though decided and correct, the drapery easy and flowing, and combining with the lines of the figure in the most natural and graceful manner; the very management of the pencil, neat but firm, displaying perfect confidence and knowledge of form, but avoiding ostentation of freedom—all contribute to the chastened harmony of the design. The colouring, too, is in the same feeling, of a clear and beautiful tone, and conveying that simple breadth of effect, which pleases the eye and leaves the impression of satisfaction, without attracting the attention to the source from which it is derived. In this portrait of Pope Julius II. (27), we have a specimen of Raffaelle's powers in another branch of art, which, though of inferior rank, is raised by his master mind to the dignity of history. Less solicitous probably of portraying the individual features than stamping the character of the man, the painter brings before us the ideal of that restless and ambitious spirit, which disdained the restraints of his sacred office, and rushed into the contentions of the world—of

a mind still active and energetic when age denied activity to the body. What depth of thought is expressed in that fine expanded forehead, and how every feature of the face betokens the conflict of ambition within! The very hands betray the eagerness of the mind contending with that feebleness of frame which restrains the body to the seat. I know nothing in portrait painting conceived in so fine and poetical a spirit.

AMATEUR.

I am glad you have drawn my attention to this picture, for its monotonous tone renders it inattractive, and I had passed it without notice. It is a pity that so noble a design is not recommended by a style of colouring more worthy of its fine drawing.

ARTIST.

It has evidently been intentionally painted of a sober, neutral tone, and the treatment gives so much breadth of effect, that the want of more luminous and effective colour is hardly felt. Undoubtedly, however, if the colouring were equal to the design the picture would acquire additional attraction.

CONNOISSEUR.

I quite agree in your estimate of this portrait; yet it is condemned as a copy by Dr. Waagen, a celebrated German critic in art, whose work on the galleries of this country has been lately translated into English.

ARTIST.

I know nothing of Dr. Waagen beyond what he has told us of himself in the book you mention, and that, although it is a work of much pretension, does not give me a high opinion either of his taste or judgment. He has been diligent in his researches into continental catalogues, and discourses with considerable plausibility under the shelter of such information; but, taken beyond the limits of his authorities, his powers of observation fail him. He appears to have established a rule in his own mind that no great master ever repeated his works; and, because another authentic portrait of Julius II. by Raffaelle exists, he concludes that this must be a copy. But, unfortunately for Dr. Waagen's reputation for discernment, this work contains internal evidences of originality which ought not to have escaped his critical observation. It is the work of two painters. It is probable that the head only was finished by Raffaelle: the laying on of the colours here is clearly in his manner; you may observe the neat and crisp pencilling, the interweaving of lines (like the etchings of a chalk drawing), apparent in the work which has just engaged our attention, and which, as far as my observation goes, is peculiar to Raffaelle; but the rest of the work he committed to one of his able pupils, and there is a marked distinction in the manner of the painting of the hands, the colours of which are laid on with a full pencil, and a bold and energetic handling.

CONNOISSEUR.

My estimate of this work had not been much disturbed by the criticism to which I referred, and the reasons you assign for maintaining its originality appear to me conclusive. There is another work by Raffaelle in this gallery, which, before we part, we should review on this

occasion—"The Murder of the Innocents" (184)—which affords a singular example of his powers of design, although it appears to be only a fragment of the original composition, and is not in a satisfactory state.

ARTIST.

I apprehend that little more than the outline of this work can be assigned to Raffaelle. It has been so touched upon with oil paints that the simple character of a cartoon is lost, and the original colour is completely overlaid. The outline has been saved, in consequence of its having been pricked for the tapestry workers, the punctures being still visible. A work so deteriorated can never give entire satisfaction, but the vigour of the design must still attract attention. It shows an energy unusual with Raffaelle, whose taste, as we have observed, led him generally to adopt a sober and subdued style of composition.

CONNOISSEUR.

It is a subject which does not afford opportunity for displaying depth of character. Action, and the expression of fury and horror, despair and grief, were alone presented to the painter, and he has accumulated, without confusion, as much variety of emotion as the tumultuous scene could draw forth. I know no work of Raffaelle's in which the violent passions are so forcibly depicted. In this female near the centre of the picture, whose child has been snatched from her and is on the point of being slain, the expression of horror is quite appalling. The action and grouping of the figures are fine, and leave nothing to be wished for, and the style of design is very grand.

ARTIST.

Having gone through the few works of Raffaelle which this gallery affords, our time will not allow us to commence now another course of observation; but I propose that, as we have hitherto directed our attention chiefly to design, the great colourists of the Venetian school should afford the subject of our next discussion. In passing out, however, we will pause to look at the drawing by Baldassare Peruzzi (167), which hangs in the passage. It is a work of extraordinary merit, and displays powers of design equal to those of any of the great painters of the time. Under the title of "The Adoration of the Kings" all the incidents attending our Saviour's birth are accumulated, and much besides, which the fancy of the artist has produced. The composition displays wonderful fertility of invention and the utmost range of imagination, and is remarkable for the skill with which the interest of so wide a subject is made to centre in the principal group. That group is conceived in the highest feeling of art, and nothing can be finer than the design of the Virgin, which unites dignity with the meekness of her character.

CONNOISSEUR.

I always lament that the repose of this group should be interrupted by the laughable incident which the painter has introduced in order to vent his spleen against Michael Angelo. Our friend here is perhaps not aware that the three kings are portraits of the three most celebrated painters of the day—Michael Angelo, Raffaelle, and Titian. The venerable head of the latter is full of dignity, and that of Raffaelle is

not deficient in sentiment; but an inane expression is given to Michael Angelo, and an ass is introduced braying in his face. The morose and overbearing disposition of that great artist excited feelings of enmity in most of his contemporaries, and the satire of Peruzzi was probably applauded at the time; but with us, who are removed from these contentions, the only feeling is regret that a sacred subject should be disfigured by their introduction.

ARTIST.

We may, however, let that pass, and content ourselves with admiring the merits of the work. The animation of the different groups is surprising. Look, for instance, at those figures clinging to the columns and leaning forward with eagerness to catch a sight of the interesting scene. Then the episodes introduced into the background, by which the composition is amazingly enriched, are pictures in themselves. The shepherds in the fields (in the centre) struck down with amazement at the appearance of the angel, form a very spirited design, and the landscape has a picturesque and poetical character which reminds one of the backgrounds of Titian or Rubens. The procession on either side seems to represent the riches of the East, and is an allegorical accompaniment to the offering of the kings: fancy itself could hardly present a greater variety of forms, and the groups are composed with great skill and spirit. But the great triumph of the work is the heavenly group above, in which the Almighty is represented with awful grandeur, overlooking the scene below, and accompanied by the heavenly host. Some of these angels are in the grandest style of design, and convey a fine impression of the serenity and holy joy of these exalted beings. We must now, however, separate, for it would be too great a trespass on our time to go through the composition in detail, even if the elbowing of the passing crowds could permit us to remain with comfort in this inconvenient spot.

KATE WILSON; OR, SEA-SIDE WOOINGS.

A TALE OF THE COAST.

By Agnes Strickland.

In the little maritime port of Shore-End, the seafaring portion of the inhabitants forms a distinct and peculiar class, divided and subdivided into gradations, according to their rank in the queen's or the merchants' service.

The families of lieutenants in the navy and marines are generally on terms of civility and good fellowship with those of the masters or captains, as they are styled, per courtesy, of the merchant vessels, but they would consider it a great infringement of their dignity if they descended a sten lower in their associations. The wives and daughters of mates and pilots are reckoned on a footing with those of boat-builders, rope-spinners, and shopkeepers, but never condescend to mix with those of common seamen, though always ready to exchange civil greetings, and to render them any friendly offices in their power.

The seafaring community and their families are among the happiest, most independent, and virtuous of the inhabitants of the town. The bearing of the men is, generally speaking, frank, manly, and courteous; while that of the females is modest, intelligent, and sprightly. Their houses wear an air of great comfort, and display more taste in their arrangements than those of the tradespeople and fourth-rate gentry. As for the parlour of George Wilson, the mate of the "Lovely Kitty," it gave people the idea of a mermaid's bower, so fancifully was it decorated with pearly shells, branches of coral, masses of crystal, sea-horses' teeth, unicorns' horns, drinking goblets made of ostrich-eggs and carved cocoa-nuts, and other curiosities from foreign parts, interspersed with rich china, carved ivory toys, and festoons of amber beads and Indian peas, pendent from the gay Chinese pictures with which the walls were decorated.

Catherine Wilson, the mate's eldest daughter, was the smiling nymph by whose active care all these treasures were arranged and kept in order. She took a peculiar pride in making things smart and comfortable, and much devolved on her. She was the eldest of a family of ten, and, the earnings of a mate in a small trading vessel being inadequate to their maintenance, her mother had opened a small shop for the sale of tea, coffee, snuff, and haberdashery, and this was entirely confided to the management of Catherine, whose engaging manners invited custom, and, as some of the nautical purchasers declared, "*bewitched* the money out of their pockets."

With so many agreeable qualifications, both of mind and person, it cannot be supposed that Catherine Wilson was not provided with a lover, especially in a maritime town like Shore-End, where few girls attain the age of twenty without being "bespoken," as the sailors say; but unfortunately, Kate Wilson, like many other inexperienced maidens in her class of life, had entangled herself in an unsuitable engagement, by accepting the addresses of the first man who offered. This was no other than a dandified young tailor, who had just returned from London, where, to use his own expression, "he had been studying for improvement at a distinguished establishment in New Bond-street." Mr. Abel Sewell, or, as he emphatically accented himself, Sew-well, was a tall, slim, sentimental-looking young man, with a pink and white complexion, and light curling hair. He had recently opened a small, but very spruce-looking shop, which he called "The Emporium of Fashion," in virtue of a show-board in the window, full of absurd-looking figures, in every possible attitude of conceit and affectation, intended to represent gentlemen attired in the most approved modes of Paris and London. This *tableau* was the admiration of all the apprentices and children in Shore-End; but Mr. Abel never permitted groups of the latter to impede his light by congregating before his window to contemplate it. He always exhibited on his own person a coat cut according to the pattern of the morning costume of the gentlemen on his show-board, which made a great impression on the hearts of the dressmakers and other humble votaresses of fashion in his native town. He appeared at first difficult in his choice, but at length manifested a predilection in favour of Catherine Wilson, by sundry small but pointed attentions, and by degrees insinuated himself into

her favour by purchasing his threads, tapes, silk, and buttons at her shop, and presenting her with all his snips to knit into shred-mats and hearthrugs.

The daily visits of so good a customer of course afforded Kate some pleasure, and no one but a knitter of shred-mats and rugs can form any idea of the lively feelings of gratitude which a constant supply of snips of new and varied colours was calculated to excite in her bosom.

Mr. Abel Sewell was not exactly the sort of person whom Kate would have wished to marry, but she was amused and pleased with his attentions, and every one rallied her about his evident passion for her, till she felt a sort of foolish consciousness whenever his name was mentioned, which caused her to blush when she met him by accident, but more especially when he entered the shop. Then Mr. Abel Sewell began to blush in return, and to say foolish things in commendation of her beauty and good sense, till she naturally fell in with the general opinion that he would make an excellent husband; and, as she liked no one in the town better, and had no intention of dying an old maid, she permitted Mr. Abel Sewell to consider her as his future spouse.

Some of the neighbours marvelled that Mr. Sewell, senior, who was reported to be a man of substance, and combined in his own person the offices of churchwarden and postmaster of Shore-End, should sanction his only son's engagement with the daughter of so large a family; while others were even more astonished that pretty Kate Wilson condescended to keep company with a tailor, and predicted that it never would be a match.

After a time, however, the busy-bodies of Shore-End got so accustomed to see pretty Kate Wilson attended to and from church, and accompanied in her walks by Mr. Abel Sewell, that they ceased to express surprise at their proceedings, and began to wonder at something else.

At the end of six months, Mr. Abel Sewell began to invest certain small sums in silver teaspoons, glass, and crockery-ware, and to attend auctions, where his bids and occasional purchases made it apparent to the observing members of the community that he was meditating an immediate change in his condition.

Moreover, he assumed unwonted looks and airs of solemnity whenever he walked with Kate, after the business of the day was ended, and spent much time in reconnoitring every spruce, new-built messuage in the town that appeared to afford capabilities for becoming a comfortable dwelling-house, as well as a suitable "emporium of fashion," his present "emporium" being under his father's roof at the post-office, a very good situation for business, but not "eligible for him as a married man," he said. His betrothed exhibited very little emotion on these interesting discussions. She had been accustomed to say, "she would have a pretty red-brick house, with a green door, and a little bit of garden-ground behind for the cultivation of choice flowers, for her future abode;" but the more Abel Sewell talked of *their* house, the less inclination did she feel to listen to him, and at last she begged him "not to be in any hurry about engaging one for the present, for she was sure she could not be spared at home yet."

"Not spared at home yet!" echoed the tailor, with lively indignation; "I should be glad to know whose wishes and convenience ought to be consulted on that point?"

"My father's, I suppose," said Kate.

"Oh, indeed, and that of the nine dear children, I suppose?"

Kate looked at young Mr. Sewell with surprise, and he proceeded, "If you think more of them than you do of me, you had better stay with them altogether, ma'am."

"I begin to be of that opinion myself, sir," retorted Kate, rousing herself from the lethargic calm in which she had remained ever since she had considered herself the *fiancée* of Mr. Abel Sewell.

"You cannot be of that opinion, ma'am," said he. "Give me leave to assure you that you have been an object of envy for the last three years to all the young ladies in this town."

"Indeed!" exclaimed Kate, smiling.

"It is a fact," said Abel, impressively, "but I do not wish to boast, nor yet to insist too much on my own merits and expectations: all I shall say is, that I see reason to repent of having made choice of so insensible a person for my future partner."

"It is well you repent before your choice is irrevocable," returned Kate, "for I am perfectly willing to resign you."

"To resign me, do you say?—me, Abel Sewell! I would advise you to think twice before you are guilty of such rashness," exclaimed the tailor.

"I have already thought on the subject more than twice," said Catherine, "and have made up my mind to acknowledge that I have been very foolish."

"Oh you have, Miss Kitty, have you?" responded the tailor, "but now if I accept your apology, and agree to marry you after all, I am afraid I shall never have my house, that is to be, free from brothers-in-law and sisters-in-law; it is such a thing to marry into such a numerous family."

"You need not be alarmed, sir," said Catherine, "my brothers and sisters will never be any trouble to you, and neither have I any apology to offer, and so good evening to you, Mr. Abel Sewell. I am very happy that we have come to a proper understanding of our unsuitableness for each other before it was too late."

With these words she left him, and, hastening home, bounded into the little parlour behind her shop, exclaiming with great vehemence, "Mother, I am not going to be a tailor's wife after all; Abel Sewell has conducted himself in a very unhandsome manner this afternoon, and we have parted for ever."

Kate had vented her indignant feelings in these words, ending with the sage observation, "Dear mother, how deceitful men are!" before she was aware of the presence of a smart maritime beau, a perfect stranger withal, who was sitting behind the door of the back parlour.

"Bless my heart!" cried her mother, "how you are running on, Kate, and letting all the world into your secrets: don't you see there is a gentleman in the room?"

"Indeed," said Kate, in great confusion, "I beg the gentleman's pardon, but it is so dark I mistook him for my father."

"What a goose the girl is," ejaculated the mother, "not to know a young man from an old one! however, I will get a light, for the gentleman is a customer, and has been waiting your return for the last half hour, as I could not find the doe-skin gloves."

"I am sorry the gentleman has had to wait," said Catherine.

"Never mind; I had nothing particular to occupy my time," said the stranger, "and your good mother has been spinning me a long yarn to keep up my spirits while I waited."

Kate was vexed when she heard this, for her mother had a foolish habit of telling long stories to every one who would give her a patient hearing, and she feared maternal vanity had led her to make her good qualities the burden of the tale. The entrance of the candle increased her confusion, by revealing the gay and gallant appearance of the very handsome stranger, whom she had inadvertently made a confidant of the rupture of her recent matrimonial engagement and breach of contract with Abel Sewell, the tailor.

"He is certainly a naval officer, or a mate of an East Indiaman," thought Catherine, as she opened the paper of best doe-skin gloves.

The stranger did not rank quite so highly in the nautical world as Catherine imagined; he was the master, captain per courtesy, of the good ship Wallace, of Leith, bound for the port of Hamburgh. His vessel had received some trifling damage off the Barnet reef during a smart gale on the preceding night, and he had put into Shore-End harbour for necessary repairs.

"It is an ill wind that blows no good to any one," he added, as he perused the countenance of the blushing Catherine, "for, if this accident had not occurred, you would not have sold half-a-dozen pair of gloves this evening."

"They are three and sixpence a pair, sir," said Catherine, in some surprise at the magnificence of the purchase.

Captain Mac Donnell flung down a sovereign and a shilling, and receiving the dainty little white packet from the hands of the pretty *marchande* with a profound obeisance, he tucked it into his waistcoat pocket with a merry glance, and, bidding good even to Kate and her mother, departed.

"He is a bonny Scot," said Mrs. Wilson, looking after him; "I wish your father had been in the way to have asked him to take his bread and cheese with us to-night."

"It is not often we take gold after tea, mother," observed Catherine, after she had duly entered the sum in her cash-book. "I wonder whether he will ever come to Shore-End again."

The next morning, Kate went to take a walk with her little sisters before breakfast, and saw the Leith vessel was at the pier still. As she returned, she heard some of the sailors say that the Wallace would not be fit for sea for several days.

In the afternoon, Captain Mac Donnell paid another visit to her shop, and made purchase of a purse and a black silk cravat, and, being very difficult in his choice of these articles, fully occupied Catherine's time till her father came home to tea. The honest mate, whose heart warmed at the sight of a blue jacket, invited the master of the Wallace to par-

take of that meal with him and his family, as he was a stranger in Shore-End."

Mac Donnell accepted the invitation as frankly as it was given, and appeared to enjoy the repast exceedingly. He bestowed great commendations on the neatness of the little parlour, and admired all Catherine's arrangements. When he took his leave, he observed "that it would have been a sin and a shame for such a lassie to have thrown herself away on a pitiful tailor."

"Don't set your heart on yonder bonny Scot, Kitty," said her father to Catherine, "for he is but a bird of passage, and may never come in our way again, and, for aught we know to the contrary, may be a married man."

Kate felt an uneasy sensation when the possibility of such a circumstance was suggested. The same afternoon, a Shore-End busybody entered her shop, and, after making purchase of an ounce of Scotch snuff, obliged her with the information that the captain of the Leith vessel was going to marry a rich old gentlewoman, the sister of his owner, who had been in love with him ever since he was an apprentice, and added that her name was Mac Laggan, and the captain had written to her since he had been at Shore-End.

"And how come you to be so well informed as to Captain Mac Donnell's private affairs, Mrs. Barker?" asked Kate.

"Why, lauk, my dear, I don't know it of myself, but I heard it from very good authority," responded the dame; "don't you know that your husband that was to be, young Mr. Abel Sewell, *have* an own cousin living at Leith, and he says it is a real shame that this here Captain what-you-call-em should be coming to your shop every day, and drinking tea with the family of the Wilsons on *fictious* pretences."

"What pretences, ma'am, do you mean?" asked Kate, looking steadily at the gossip.

"Why, there, my dear, don't you *fare* so innocent about it."

"About what?"

"Why every body say he make himself welcome here by courting you."

"Indeed," said Kate.

"Yes, and Abel Sewell say you have used him very ill, and he did not think you had been the sort of girl you are."

"Mrs. Barker, there is your change," said Kate, "and will you have the goodness to attend to your own affairs, and leave mine to my own management."

"Oh, certainly, only I thought it would be a pity for you to be deceived by this Scotch captain. Abel Sewell say you have turned him off only in the hope of marrying him, and you know, my dear, a bird in hand is worth two in the bush, and the captain is all the same as a married man."

"What captain are you talking of, goody?" demanded a voice behind Mrs. Barker, whose genuine northern accent startled our Suffolk gossip into a half shriek. Kate looked up with a blush of surprise and shame, and encountered the bright blue eyes of the master of the Wallace.

"They say listeners never hear any good of themselves," observed the captain, smiling.

"Apray, sir, have you heard all we have been saying?" asked Mrs. Barker, in a great fright, but determined to ascertain the worst.

"Yes, madam," replied the captain, boldly.

"Oh indeed, sir. Well, sir, I beg your pardon, but indeed, sir, we did not mean any harm."

"*Wel!*" ejaculated Catherine, indignantly.

Mac Donnell laughed.

"I should have liked to have heard a few more of your sayings, bonnie lassie; but you are a good one to deal with gossips."

"I am afraid, sir, the rich old gentlewoman at Leith will hear more of your proceedings at Shore-End than may be agreeable to her," observed Catherine, demurely.

"The only old gentlewoman at Leith who takes any particular interest in my proceedings is my aunt Dorothy, God bless her! and she is not the sister, but the wife of my owner, so my bonny bird I have small chance of becoming her husband, even if she were to be his widow," said the captain.

Goody Barker slunk out of the shop in utter confusion. Kate began to smooth some ruffled skeins of silk. A long pause ensued. Kate wished the captain would relieve her embarrassment by departing, and yet dreaded an interruption of their *tête-à-tête*. At last she broke the silence by asking him "if she could have the pleasure of serving him with any thing?"

"No," replied the captain, "nothing that can be bought," and again a pause ensued.

Catherine had smoothed all her skeins of silk, and tied them neatly up in a piece of leather before she ventured to look up. The Scotch captain continued all this time standing with his hand on the counter and his eyes fixed on her face.

At last he said, "Catherine, how came you to quarrel with that tailor?"

"It was he that quarrelled with me, I believe," said Catherine.

"It is my opinion that he wishes to make it up with you," observed the captain, "for it was he that sent yonder old gossip to poison your mind about me."

"I believe you are right," said Catherine; "but I would rather die than become his wife."

"Did you ever love him?"

"No."

"Yet you encouraged his addresses it seems."

"I was very young, and did not know my own mind at that time."

"Do you think you should know it now?" asked the captain.

Kate was about to reply in the affirmative, when the shop-bell rang ostentatiously, and in bounced goody Barker's sister to change the lately purchased ounce of Scotch snuff for an ounce of Irish snuff, Mrs. Barker having asked for the former article by mistake. The master of the Wallace took up his cap in a huff and departed.

The interruption was the more provoking, as the Shore-End shipwrights announced that the Wallace would be fit for sea on the following day. Mac Donnell came in the evening, however, to take leave of Catherine and her family, and, as he shook hands with Mrs. Wilson,

after thanking her for her hospitality, he said, "One of these days you will see me again, mayhap."

His leave-taking with the mate's daughter was silent, it consisted only in an exchange of glances; but these, like masonic signs, implied more to each other than was understood by the lookers-on.

The next morning, they met on the beach, and the master of the Wallace, taking her by the hand, asked her a plain question, to which she made as frank a reply.

The question was, "Whether she could like him well enough to marry him and live with him at Leith?" and Kate replied, "She felt assured she could."

"But, Kitty, my love," said he, "you are a slippery lass, you know, see you don't make such a goose of me as you did of the poor tailor."

"Oh, dear, no," said Catherine, "you are a very different person from him."

"Ay, ay, bonnie lassie; but you may meet with a more likely lad than Donald Mac Donnell, when I am sailing the salt seas."

"I will give you leave to try my constancy," replied Kate; "but see you don't buy gloves at any other shop than mine."

"No fear, no fear; I have gloves enough to last till we meet again."

"When will that be?" asked Kate.

"In six months, perhaps, but it may be longer, if it should, I will write; but hold yourself in readiness to be married at an hour's notice, for the next time the Wallace passes your roads, I shall put in for you, if your parents will allow you to become my wife."

Catherine acquainted her parents with what had passed, but besought her mother to keep the matter a profound secret.

Mrs. Wilson never could keep a secret in her life, and such a secret as this there was so much pleasure in revealing, that, before the Wallace was fairly out of the roads, she had made half-a-dozen of the most notable gossips in Shore-End acquainted with the whole arrangement, and it was forthwith predicted by them and their coadjutors that the Scotch captain was making a fool of Kate Wilson, and they all laughed the idea of his return to scorn.

When the six months from his departure had expired and he came not, the exultation of these prophets of evil knew no bounds, and Mrs. Wilson saw reason to repent of having needlessly bestowed her confidence on those who had made her daughter's disappointment the amusement of the whole town.

Mr. Abel Sewell, in particular, had much to say on the subject, and told every one "that Catherine had never received a single letter from the fine Scotch captain for whom she had jilted him, no, nor ever would."

Catherine, when this observation was repeated to her, by some of the retail-dealers in second-hand malice, said very coolly, "Mr. Abel Sewell lives at the post-office, and has of course good reason to know that *I* have not received any letters from Captain Mac Donnell."

The next six months passed wearily away, they were marked not only by the pangs of hope deferred, embittered by the sneers of foes and the scarcely less painful sympathy of injudicious friends, but by a pressure of domestic trials and calamities. Her father had expended his all in the purchase of a share in a vessel, and the ship, after a prosperous voyage,

was lost with her cargo, and his own life and the lives of the crew saved only by a sort of providential interposition after they had been two or three days and nights in an open boat struggling with the waves. George Wilson returned home a ruined man, sick and dejected, soon after his wife had increased his already numerous family by giving birth to twins.

"I am sure," said Catherine, on whom the whole care and the chief of the toil requisite at this trying season devolved, "it was all for the best that Donald Mac Donnell was unable to keep his promise in coming for me at the appointed time, for what could my dear father have done without me?"

So much was required of Catherine that she had no time to think of any thing but the fulfilment of her daily duties, and she performed them all nobly and uncomplainingly. Spring returned, and her father, through her good nursing and excellent management, recovered his health and spirits, and obtained the promise of another ship. Her mother was able to resume her post in the household, and the twins began to run about.

"We shall be ourselves again soon," said Catherine, cheerfully, one evening, when she joined the circle round the tea-table, after shutting up her little shop.

"And as happy as ever, my girl, in spite of all our trials," rejoined her father.

"They have been all for our good, doubtless," observed Catherine, stealthily removing an unbidden tear, but not unnoticed by her father.

"Somehow," said he, "I wish that Leith ship had made the port of Jericho rather than our harbour; but Kate, my child, I won't have you waste your time and fade your bloom away, in waiting for one who only meant to make a fool of you, when there is an honest young fellow in this town who would fain take you to wife."

"My dear father, never name that odious tailor to me again."

"Oh, no, it is not the tailor, but a fine manly fellow that I should be proud of for a son-in-law, Ned Palmer, the boat-builder. He spoke to me about it to-day, and, if you have a mind to please me, you will take him and think no more of that fair-spoken weathercock."

"My good father," said Catherine, "I will never be the wife of any other than Donald Mac Donnell. I have no doubts respecting his honour and his truth; I gave him leave to try my constancy, and he will come for me one of these days when we least expect him."

"Positively, I have no patience with your folly, Kate," interrupted her mother; "you have made yourself the laughing-stock of the whole town by making preparations eighteen months and more ago, for a man coming on shore to marry and carry you away, who had no more intention of doing it than the Pope of Rome, and I never pass that box which stands corded and sewn up in the tarpaulin wrapper in the corner of your bed-room, without giving it a kick."

"Which kick would be better bestowed on Mac Donnell himself if he were within reach," observed her husband.

Kate ran up-stairs and pushed the box under her bed, that it might not be an eyesore to her mother any more. Now, though she was one of the best-tempered girls in the world, she possessed some

degree of pride and a high spirit; and, why should I disguise the fact, her mind was so much ruffled by her mother's mortifying remarks, that she passed the night in a tumult of restless and agitating thoughts, instead of the sweet sleep that generally succeeded her well-spent days. Finding herself ill at ease on her pillow, Catherine rose at an unusually early hour, and, by way of antidote to her mental disquiet, sought amusement in active domestic occupation, a plan we earnestly recommend to all damsels of her degree, for it is, generally speaking, a successful one. Before the breakfast hour, Catherine had ironed and packed all her father's shirts and trousers in readiness for his expected voyage; swept, scoured, and dusted the shop and parlour, and made a complete reformation in the arrangements of both; she then set the table and prepared the breakfast, and, by the time her parents and brothers and sisters were assembled, she had thoroughly subdued all the irritability of feeling induced by the jarring chord which had been so rudely touched upon by her mother. Her spirits had recovered their usual elastic tone, and when her mother resumed the subject at breakfast, she said, "My dear mother, say no more about Captain Mac Donnell for to-day, at least; for, were he to make his appearance, I am too much tired to go to church with him I fear."

Scarcely had the sentence passed her lips, when her eldest brother came in with a telescope in his hand from the pilots' station on the cliff, and, looking archly at his sister, cried out,

"Ha! ha! Kitty, there is a Leith vessel in the roads, and they are putting off a boat; so who knows if it be not your bonny Scotch captain coming for you?"

Tired as she was, Kate set down her cup of tea untasted, and, snatching the glass from her brother's hand, ran to the cliff, whence she descried plainly enough a vessel, very like the Wallace of Leith, in the bay, and a six-oared boat dashing through the billows in fine style towards the shore. She thought she recognised the gallant-looking figure seated at the helm, but her glass grew misty.

"Now don't make a fool of yourself, Kate, there's a good girl," cried her father, who had followed her, "for it is the Wallace, sure enough, and the captain is in the boat. See, he waves a flag to us." Kate buried her face in her father's bosom, and vented her emotion in a passionate burst of tears.

A general cheer from the cliff welcomed the master of the Wallace when he leaped on shore, for the errand on which he came was pretty well known, and sailors are all on terms of good fellowship with each other, and mightily fond of a wedding.

The meeting between Mac Donnell and Catherine was rather more tender than perhaps beseemed its publicity, but the inhabitants of a sea-port town are used to scenes of the kind, and the manly hearts of our honest tars are always ready to afford unasked sympathy on such occasions.

"Kitty, my life," said Mac Donnell, "are you ready to go to church with me?"

"This morning, Donald?"

"This hour, my sweet lassie. Is there ever a licence to be bought in this town?"

"Ay, ay," said George Wilson, "our parson keeps them sort of things ready cut and dried in his own house, and I will step with you to see if we can persuade him to let you have one, while Kate runs home to tell her mother and to put on her wedding-gown. It will be rather an old-fashioned one, captain, for she had it in readiness a year and a half ago, to my certain knowledge."

"I trusted I had fully explained the unavoidable cause of my delay by my letters to Catherine, so as to stand acquitted of neglect," said Mac Donnell.

"Letters!" echoed Wilson, "the deuce of a letter from you has ever reached my daughter's hands."

"That accounts then to me for Catherine's unaccountable silence," said Mac Donnell. "Why, my sweet lassie, I feared you had changed your mind again, as you never deigned a reply to any of my letters, and I have not written less than twenty since we parted."

"Did I not tell you so, father?" replied Kate, "I always said that Donald Mac Donnell was true-hearted, and that it was Abel Sewell's spite to stop his letters, as he has the command of the post-office."

"Ay, the cast-off tailor! was he the thief who cabbaged my letters? If I had ten minutes to spare I would make him swallow his own goose," exclaimed the captain.

"My dear sir," said Wilson, "moderate your wrath, you have his girl and he your letters, and who is the best off I pray, you or he?"

Never did a bride make so hasty a toilet as Kate Wilson. Five minutes were all she was allowed for the purpose of exchanging her old stuff gown and the rest of the suit in which she had performed so notable a morning's work for her wedding garments of pure and spotless white, that had been laid up so long in lavender for this occasion. She had not even time to snatch a glance at her own lovely image in the glass when she had hurried on the white Norwich shawl and neat straw bonnet, no, not even to see if she had tied the satin bow becomingly, for her father was vociferating at the foot of the stairs,

"Come, stir yourself, Kate, or you won't get married to-day. It is half past eleven, and the parson and clerk are both in waiting at the church. Why, hallo, Kate! you take more time in rigging than a seventy-four."

It was not without good cause that Wilson addressed these exhortations to his daughter, for the church was at the very extreme point of the town, and the bridal party had to exert more speed than the etiquette of such processions warranted, to arrive there in time for the performance of the nuptial rite within the canonical hours. The town-clock actually struck twelve just as the bride had written Catherine Wilson for the last time in the parish register.

Hasty as the bridal was, it was honoured with all due tokens of joy by the inhabitants of Catherine's native town; there were pealing of bells, firing pop-guns, and hoisting colours forthwith. Every house in the High-street that could boast a flag hoisted it, and those that could not, displayed some article of gaily-coloured drapery by way of substitute, forming a picturesque *coup d'œil* enough to those who only considered the general effect, and looked not enough into the minor details of

the pageant to detect red and blue pocket-handkerchiefs and patch-work counterpanes floating from the humbler casement windows of the poor in juxtaposition with union-jacks, custom-house and corporation flags, the pennons of pleasure-boats, and tattered ensigns of foreign vessels, which were converted on this day into banners of rejoicing.

The parting between the bride and her family was brief. The wind was so fair for Hamburgh, and the master of the Wallace in such haste to pursue his voyage, that it was with difficulty he could be induced to stay and partake of the excellent lunch Mrs. Wilson had busied herself in preparing for the refection of the bridal party on their return from church.

"Nay, nay, captain," cried George Wilson, "after spoiling Kate's breakfast, it would be a little hard on her to carry her off without a lunch, when she has tarried your leisure so long and patiently, in spite of our doubts that you were playing fast and loose with us all."

"My Catherine never doubted me," replied Mac Donnell, casting a loving glance on his smiling bride.

"Then see you use her well," said the mother, "for she is a treasure, though I say it who should not, and how we shall spare her, and what we shall do without her I dare not trust myself to think."

"Oh, mother, mother!" cried the bride, bursting into tears, "how could I wish to leave you?"

"Nay, nay, my sweet lassie, ye must e'en do as she did before ye when she married your father," cried the bridegroom; "and I'll ne'er give you cause to repent forsaking father and mother and cleaving to Donald Mac Donnell."

Kate, nothing doubting, allowed her hastily wedded husband to draw her arm through his, and lead her to the boat—the afore-mentioned carefully corded box, which contained her humble *trousseau*, having been dragged from under her bed by one of the boys, was carried before her in triumph, attended by all the family; and, a numerous train of friends and neighbours following in the rear, she proceeded to the beach, and was handed into the boat amidst the cheers and congratulations of the sailors, and the good wishes of the inhabitants of Shore-End.

Mrs. Mac Donnell spent her honeymoon at Hamburgh, and, on her homeward voyage, enjoyed the pleasure of surprising her parents with a visit, and, as it was a Sunday when the Wallace put into Shore-End Bay, she astonished the whole town by making her appearance at church in her matronly dignity, clad in silken tire, and leaning on the arm of her handsome Scotch husband.

The following spring, her father and eldest brother, when they made a voyage to the north, took the opportunity of visiting their beloved Catherine, whom they found the happiest and best of wives, occupying one of the prettiest houses in Leith, and charming all her husband's friends with her English neatness and excellent housewifery.

THE TALLEYRAND PAPERS.

No. XI.

"With Cerutti, Mirabeau, and the *Feuille Villageoise*, began for Talleyrand a new era, a fresh existence, outwardly, at least, for, after all, it was but the realisation of the splendid dreams with which he had solaced his young ambition, ever since that memorable day on which he had changed the dark blue broad cloth and bright buttons of the *joyeux collegien* for the black serge soutane of the *séminariste*. I have often heard him declare in his moments of *épanchement*, that, during the years of hardship and trial which followed the first brief triumph of the new ideas, while toiling for existence in America, or struggling to keep up a precarious position in Hamburgh, he never once looked back with regret upon the splendour of his life, as Bishop of Autun, surrounded by luxury and grandeur; he never murmured at the loss of wealth, the change of station; but what he shall lament to the latest hour of existence is the decay of that *society* in which he had been bred, which was lost in '89 never to return, and which he, perhaps, by his peculiar tone of mind was fitted more than any other man to enjoy. The events of '89 divided his life into two epochs, so distinct, so far distant from each other, that it often seems to him, when looking back upon the past, that he has realised the old fable, and indeed lived and breathed during two separate periods, and enjoyed two lives with all their individual hopes and fears, their several joys and sorrows, the triumphs and defeats peculiar to each.

"I have been much struck with some few observations of his upon the charm of the intellectual existence which he had enjoyed before the breaking up of the old system; he scarcely ever reverts to the Revolution without bestowing a regret upon the moral intercourse which it destroyed. He was even then sadly aware that the great changes he desired so much must of necessity bring others, which he dreaded even more. Even then he was sometimes led to doubt whether the good which had been gained could ever compensate for that which had been forfeited. So impressed was he with this idea, that he was like the traveller, who, having arrived at the summit of the mountain, up whose flowery path he has been climbing so gaily, turns back to throw one wistful glance upon the country he has left behind, with a sad presentiment that he shall not behold the like again. When he is in good humour at Valençay, he loves to linger in memory on that time, and I have known him remain whole days, and even weeks, absorbed in the past, disdaining the present as unworthy of a good man's interest or a wise man's concern. It is then that his conversation is most interesting, and after having spent a few hours in listening to those anecdotes which with him seem to *couler de source*, one might almost be led to fancy that one has been holding communion with the dead.

"I remember, on one occasion, to have felt a chill come over me upon hearing him begin an anecdote in these words, 'I was one evening at Madame de Boissières, when who should enter but Madame Geoffrin'—Why the very name is sufficient to bring back the whole

of the eighteenth century, with its strange mixture of elegant badinage and fierce philosophy, its motley crowd of rude encyclopedists and elegant *marquis à talons rouges!*

"Talleyrand had the good fortune to enter the world of fashion under the very best auspices. It was at the house of the Marquis de Brignole, one Saturday evening in the year 1772, that he made his *début* on leaving the *séminaire*. It was a memorable event in his life, of quite as great importance as any of those which have succeeded it, and he felt far more emotion upon this occasion than he did when, some thirty years later, he stepped forward to receive the key of *grand chambellan*, or the *portefeuille* of the *affaires étrangères*. Can you not fancy him as he entered that old aristocratic saloon in his *petit collet?* (the coquettish distinction, now gone by, of the candidate for clerical honours). He was a remarkably handsome youth, and his fresh complexion, and long golden hair, must have appeared to great advantage among the crowd of withered *savans* in powdered wigs, with which the *salon* was already filled. To hear him relate the adventures of this his first *soirée* is like reading a page torn from some old memoir, and can seldom fail to inspire a feeling of interest almost akin to awe in the mind of the listener. He tells the story too, with peculiar gusto, and seems to grow young again in the memory of the circumstances which marked his first appearance in society.

"Madame de Brignole was one of the most witty, clever women, at that time in Paris, and held a peculiar position in society, from having had the address to shake off the trammels of caste and clique, and to avow herself the admirer of all that was admirable, whether it proceeded from this set or from that, from the daring *philosophe*, or shrinking *vrai-croyant*. She had thus succeeded in gathering together in harmony and good-will elements the most discordant in themselves, and which could be made to amalgamate nowhere, save beneath her roof—Madame du Deffand and Madame Geoffrin, Voltaire and Jean Jacques.

"All agreed to consider her *salon* as neutral ground, and to accept at her hands the flag of truce, which she held out to each with so much grace and affability. It happened that the reception wherein the young Abbé de Perigord made his first appearance was a particularly brilliant one, owing to the return of Baron Holbach, after a long absence from Paris. It was on this occasion that he made the acquaintance of the Chevalier de Boufflers, one of the leaders of fashion of the day, a specimen of the elegant *roué*, the *gredin de la bonne compagnie*, who still maintained much of the power they had acquired. Their friendship commenced with a quarrel, and lasted through every change of circumstances until the death of Boufflers, which happened during the *regence* in 1815.

"It would delight you to hear the prince relate this story. He laughs even now at the boyish *espièglerie*, although expressing great contrition for the horrible pun which passion and circumstance wrung from him in the heat of the moment. It was his first, and he says it was his last also, although its great success might certainly have warranted many a repetition of the attempt. The young abbé had ensconced himself in a vacant seat, quite aloof from the rest of the company, being bent on observing all that passed, and caring not for a share in

the conversation. He had not long been seated in this place when he was accosted by Philidor, the renowned chess-player, who, like himself, was a man of few words, and of most modest and retiring habits. He was an old *habitué* of the house, and therefore a valuable neighbour for our young novice, and they soon fell into close and friendly conversation.[1] D'Alembert was there, and Diderot, and many others of the bright particular stars of the day, and Philidor, with good-natured attention, pointed them out to the abbé, much diverted with the great interest the latter seemed to take in each illustrious individual, who swept past him on his way to lay his homage at the feet of the lady of the house. They had been some time conversing thus, when their retirement was invaded by two young officers, the one an hussar, the other belonging to the regiment of Royal Cravatte, poor Marie Antoinette's favourite regiment, and the most insolent and saucy one in the whole service. They were evidently very deep in the enjoyment of some good story, for they were speaking low and laughing heartily.

"'Let us get a seat down yonder against the wall,' said the one to the other, 'and I will tell you the rest of the joke. I should not like it to be overheard.'

"'But I see no room,' replied his companion; 'there is Philidor down there talking to some unfledged blackbird from the *séminaire*.'

"'No matter, we must have the place. Philidor will soon yield, and the abbé cannot hold out against us.'

"They advanced straight to where Philidor and his companion were seated, and, with an insolence which can hardly be understood in our day, but which it appears was quite the mark of high birth and fashion at that time, began to annoy, by their loud talking and rude behaviour, the occupants of the two seats which they coveted. Poor Philidor, whose meekness and patience were proverbial, soon became alarmed, and sounded a retreat at once without parley. He rose with a frightened look at the abbé, and, remarking that the room was so insupportably hot that he was stifled, walked away on tip-toe, not even daring to cast a glance behind. The Chevalier de Boufflers, one of the *garnemens*, immediately seized the vacated chair, and sat upon it soldier-fashion, astride upon the seat, with his chin resting on the back, staring with effrontery at the young abbé, who, nothing daunted, remained quietly in the same position that he had maintained during the whole evening. He had overheard ever yword of the conversation which had passed between the two friends as they approached, and was determined not to move an inch. The Royal Cravatte stood beside the hussar, and the abbé was thus completely hemmed in, save on the side next the door, through which it was the evident intention of the two friends to make him soon vanish. Finding, however, their intention completely defeated by the cool manner with which it was received, the Royal Cravatte lost patience, and asked the abbé, with a sneer, if the heat of the place did not incommode him, at the same time advising him, with condescending kindness, to seek the refreshing coolness of the second *salon*, as his friend had already done at their approach. But the abbé answered with a bland politeness peculiar to his manner, even then, thanking the officer for his attention, but assuring him that, being of a rather chilly nature, he preferred remaining in the warmer apartment. Royal Cravatte thereupon grew angry; he was a Cadet

de Montigny, not long arrived from Normandy, and had not yet lost his miserable Norman drawl.

"'*Dites donc, mon cher abbé*,' said he. 'Perhaps as you are just born, you may not yet have been to school; you have yet to learn many things, Monsieur l'Abbé, among which—'

"'Pardon me,' interrupted the abbé, starting up, with heightened colour and with flashing eye, and mimicking the lengthened nasal twang of the officer, 'I *have* been to school, and have learnt my letters, and know that an *abbé* (A. B.) is not made *céder* (C. D.), and 'tis not your *épée* (E. P.) can make me *ôter* (O. T.).'

"The loud voice and insolent gesture of the officer had caused a little knot of the assembled guests to gather round, and this sally was received with roars of laughter. Boufflers, who never could resist pleasantry, seemed more diverted than any one present; and while the discomfited Royal Cravatte slunk among the company, unable to bear the mockery which the witty retort of the abbé had brought upon him, Boufflers shook him heartily by the hand, and applauded the jest with right good will.

"This is the very first *bon-mot* of the prince upon record, and although he expresses himself heartily ashamed of its perpetration, yet it was the means of establishing his reputation as a person not to be slighted, one with whom it would be necessary to reckon before venturing on pleasantry. The story, of course, went round the *salon*, to the infinite delight of the *savans*, who were enchanted at witnessing the military insolence of the Royal Cravatte receive a check from a quarter whence it would have been so little expected. Rumour of the witticism soon reached the ears of Madame du Deffand, who instantly requested that the young abbé might be presented to her. It was the Chevalier de Boufflers himself who undertook the office, and, with a fluttering heart, young Talleyrand walked across the *salon*, and accosted the venerable lady, whose great fame for making reputations had reached even to the *séminaire* from which he had just escaped. It was an awful moment of his life, and he describes it as one of the greatest emotion he has ever experienced.

"Madame du Deffand was at that time the oracle of the witty circles of Paris; her verdict was sufficient at once to make or marr a man; and it cannot be wondered at, therefore, if our young *séminariste* approached the high fauteuil in which the lady sat, as it were, enthroned, presiding over the assembly with undisputed sway, or if the whole scene should have produced an impression upon his memory which time has not even yet been powerful enough to efface. Madame du Deffand was surrounded by a select circle of her chosen friends, the favourite few whom she honoured with especial notice; and in the midst there stood, beside her chair, a low stool, reserved for those with whom she wished to hold more private converse than could possibly be enjoyed with any member of the circle. It was to this seat that the Chevalier de Boufflers led the young Abbé de Perigord, who thus in a moment found himself the object of curiosity and criticism to the whole collection of *beaux-esprits*, who served as a kind of body-guard to their queen elect. The abbé was, however, at the moment but little occupied with the effect which he might produce upon the company; his attention was entirely absorbed by Madame du Deffand herself; and if

he *did* experience a slight nervous agitation as he took his seat beside her, it was in dread of her all-powerful verdict alone.

"It was almost impossible to imagine a countenance of greater benignity than that of Madame du Deffand; she was a complete specimen, both in person and costume, of venerable beauty; and, as the abbé gazed upon her, he *felt* that there was no longer ridicule in the platonic love of Horace Walpole, nor the enthusiastic passion of her later admirers. She had been, as you are aware, totally blind for many years, and this infirmity, instead of being a disfigurement, as might be imagined, seemed to increase the mild placidity of her features almost to beatitude. At the moment of young Talleyrand's approach, she was still under the influence of the delight which his boyish retort had inspired, and, as soon as he was seated, she bade him recount the story, which he was fain to do, and, aided by her encouragement and the applause of the circle, he told it with so much *verve* and good-humour, that his success was complete. He was welcomed among the *coterie* as a kindred spirit, and from that hour was considered an acquisition to that choice 'circle.' He was thus thrown at once into the midst of the society of *gens-de-lettres* of that epoch, the most brilliant ever registered in the annals of the world. The schoolboy pun of Talleyrand is forgotten now—lost amid the more sterling wit of the many *bon-mots* and trite aphorisms to which he has given utterance, and which have become popular in every country. Not so the *naïve* exclamation of Madame du Deffand upon the occasion, when she learnt the fright and sudden retreat of Philidor.

"'That man was born a *fool*,' said she; 'nothing but his *genius* saves him!'

"It is by the multiplicity of anecdotes of this nature that the prince has the power of conveying the listener, at a single bound, back to the eighteenth century. The absence of all passion, or, what is more probable, the great command he has acquired over it, gives a greater interest to his recitals than any I have ever experienced while reading the best written memoirs. It had become the reign of intellect. I have heard from another quarter of the judgment of the prince's character pronounced by the blind woman on that very same evening, and which, if true, ought to stamp her fame as a physiognomist beyond compare. After having passed her hand slowly over the features of the young abbé, as was her wont when any stranger was presented to her notice, she exclaimed, '*Allez, jeune homme.* Nature has been lavish of her gifts, and your own foresight will render you independent of those of fortune.'

"The multiplicity of pictures like the foregoing, which the prince can command at will from the storehouse of his memory, is almost incredible. No one seems to have understood so well as himself that stupendous epoch, the latter half of the eighteenth century, that glorious reign of intellect and reason, when, for the first time in the history of society, genius and talent were admitted to greater consideration than high birth or riches; when every passion—the love of pleasure—the love of power—even the love of the marvellous, had given place to the love of *truth*—sometimes the greatest of all marvels; when the old aristocracy, tottering with decay, seemed to call in weak and puny accents upon its robust successor, the aristocracy of letters, for succour

in its hour of need, 'Help us or we perish!' and was answered sturdily, 'Be of us; or look to yourselves;' when the high-born and the long-descended sought no more to *honour* with patronage, but to *flatter* by imitation, those whom their ancestors would have deemed of scarcely more importance than their lacqueys; when to be admitted to the circle of Madame Geoffrin, or the *déjeuners* of the Abbé Morellet, was a distinction more eagerly sought for than the admission into the royal circles had been during the preceding reign.

"This short pause before the revolution, which might be compared to the breathing time allowed to combatants, or rather to the cold shiver which precedes the raging fever, has been described by the prince as the most intoxicating period of his life. In this unprecedented mixture of society he was viewed with favour by each and all. Whether as the nobleman of aristocratic descent or the man of wit and talent, he was admitted into every circle, and perhaps was thus singular in his perfect acquaintance with them all. He who has so little enthusiasm in his character will sometimes grow quite enthusiastic when speaking of that time; and I have heard him exclaim with melancholy pride, 'Could I, by forfeiting the memory of that brief space of light and glory, add thrice the number of years so spent to my existence *now*, I would not do it. I hold too dear even the privilege which I possess of exclaiming with Ovid, '*Vidi tantùm*,' and often mourn those days in the very words of old Brantôme: 'nothing is left of all that wit and gallantry, that vast expenditure (*folle dépense*) of bravery and chivalry. What good remains to *me* of all this pomp? None—*save that I have seen it!*'

"The greatest of all the regrets expressed by the prince is for the art of conversation, '*l'art de causer*,' which, he declares, never flourished in any country save in France, and has been lost even there ever since the revolution. He himself is perhaps the only individual left to tell us in what that 'art' consisted. Like every gift of the Muses, it seemed to shun the circles of the great, and to flourish best where reigned equality. The réunions of Madame Necker in Paris, when her husband was minister, were always stiff and embarrassed; her charming *déjeuners* at St. Ouen, where all state and ceremony were laid aside, will be for ever celebrated in the annals of letters. The proper cultivation of the 'art of conversation' was dependent on the union of many circumstances, and success could not be relied on even by those who appeared in every way best qualified for the attempt. None could tell why it was that some succeeded thus while others failed—why the same wit which shone so brightly in one *salon* was dimmed and frigid in another. D'Alembert declared that *he* could find conversation but in one single *salon* in Paris, that of Madame Suard, the wife of the celebrated translator and commentator of Hume and Robertson, of whom Boufflers said to M. de Talleyrand one day, '*She is the only pretty woman of my acquaintance with whom I have never been in love; and yet she is the woman I love best on earth.*' A more delicate compliment to virtue than this, was, perhaps, never paid. Diderot was most animated in the house of Madame Helvetius, and nursed his powers for her reception days.

"Madame Geoffrin herself presided over her own *salon* since the death of Fontenelle, who, for many years, deaf, purblind, and almost centenary, had thrown such lustre on her meetings that foreigners of rank,

and wealth, and talent, had crowded to Paris merely to be presented there; and such was the charm of the society into which they found themselves ushered, that many of them renounced their country to enjoy it without molestation. Buffon, who in ordinary intercourse was vulgar in the extreme (so at least says M. de Talleyrand, who knew him well) became sublime at Moulin-Joli, where Watelet the painter had the good luck to assemble all the wit and talent of the capital. Here it was that Buffon one day grew inspired, and recited whole chapters of his work without missing a single word, much to the astonishment of many of the strangers there, who thought it was all inspiration. These intellectual *soirées* of the *roture* had succeeded in the guidance and government of 'conversation' to the *petits soupers* of the *ancien régime*, but differed from them, inasmuch as the intellect alone was fed. The principle of equality had gone so far that it was agreed among the *literati* to avoid the tables of the rich, lest he who gave a good dinner should feel a right to direct the conversation. At most of these literary meetings, therefore, no set repast was to be found; the refreshments provided were but scanty and of the simplest kind. One single cup of coffee for each guest at Madame Suard's, one single glass of punch (sometimes prepared by Franklin, though) at Madame Helvetius's, formed the whole of the *menu*. Sobriety was considered indispensable to the clearness and steadiness of debate, and the intellect remained unthickened by eating and drinking. The Abbé Morellet alone had chosen to add music and feasting to the attraction of the conversation held at his house, and had done so with success. But the *déjeuners* were exquisite although slight ('*Eat a little and of little*' was the abbé's recommendation to his guests), and the music, that of Gluck, presided over by himself and executed by Mellico. The first representation of 'Orphée' took place at one of these *déjeuners*, the *romance* of which had such an effect on Rousseau that he almost fainted on hearing it, declaring that 'It was music never to be heard at all, or listened to for ever.'

"There was but little jealousy at these different réunions; each came prepared to contribute to the general amusement, and to listen to the contributions of others. Every one was openly criticised and honestly applauded according to his merit. The barren fecundity of Parny could find admirers as well as the noble poetry of Delille. There was scarcely, indeed, a distinction of *coterie*, so nicely were the elements of this society blended. The only dissidence which existed was between Madame Geoffrin and the Abbé Morellet, in consequence of the preference of Jean Jacques Rousseau for the house of the latter. Madame Geoffrin had sought by every means in her power to conciliate the good-will and favour of Jean Jacques, but she was too fond of patronage. And to all her advances he had answered, in his surly language, 'that he hated both benefits and benefactors.'

"The well-known *mot piquant* of Madame Geoffrin upon the abbé's guests, which she declared were composed of '*trompeurs, trompés, trompettes*,' amply revenged her disappointment, but widened the breach between the rival camps.

"'The chief delight of the abbé's réunions,' says M. de Talleyrand, 'was the perfect equality which reigned there. The terror of any encroachment or assumption of superiority was so great, that Madame Suard, on being

accused of allowing D'Alembert to act as *president* of the society gathered at her house, by placing him on a higher *fauteuil* than those occupied by the other guests, was obliged to *apologise* for so doing, and to plead the ill health and weakened digestion of the philosopher, which compelled him to remain continually in an almost upright position.'

"'Good Heavens! what a quantity of pattens!' exclaimed, in a sneering tone, M. de Creutz, the Swedish ambassador, as he entered the ante-room at Madame du Deffand's, where Madame Necker had undertaken to present him.

"'So much the better,' answered the lady, 'they give us promise of good company.'

"It was in the frank reception of talent, no matter whence it emanated, wherein lay the secret charm of these *conversaziones*. No individual was excluded as a matter of course, none admitted as a matter of right.

"I remember being once much delighted with an argument which took place upon this very subject between the prince and one of the best writers of our own day, since risen to greatness and power, by the assistance of his pen alone. The latter maintained that a greater knowledge of mankind was to be obtained by the study of well-written books than could be acquired even by personal experience. The prince, in reply, gave utterance to some of the most beautiful and original thoughts which I have ever heard him express.

"'Tell me not of books,' said he, good-humouredly, 'they never can contain the *natural* impressions of the writer. They can express neither surprise nor fear—the very anger which they convey has been all premeditated. Tell me not of books—they are 'composed' by men, and are even greater hypocrites than they. The history of every age would be found with far greater truth in the history of its conversations (*causeries*) than in the most brilliant of its literary productions. Few men write, all converse; authors have copied each other both in style and sentiment ever since the world began, but the *causeur* is himself, and speaks as he feels and thinks. The old axiom, *verba volant*, is a great evil, but the addition to the proverb, *scripta manent*, is a greater still. You, who are preparing to write the history of one of the greatest struggles which ever took place in the annals of the universe, would do well to study the history of the conversations of the generations preceding; you will find there the preconception of many an event which falsely seems to have occurred spontaneously, and which overwhelms us with wonder at its apparent rashness. Even Louis Quatorze, whose Bastile yawned so greedily for those who dared to *write* a syllable against the justice of his measures, was known to wince beneath the lash of the witty *causeurs* of his day; he felt that he was powerless against their attacks, and was compelled to flatter and to pardon, as Richelieu, that greater tyrant still, had been forced to do before him. He was too clever to affect to despise their ridicule, and trembled, lest resenting it might expose him to further stings.'

"'These witlings are as troublesome as summer-flies,' said the magnificent monarch one day to Colbert, who had reported to him an epigram which he had heard in the *salon* of Madame Cornuel.

"'Yes, sire, *and just as unconquerable*,' replied Colbert.

"To which remark the greatest sovereign of the world could only

answer with a sigh of mortified conviction. Not a privilege was granted during this reign, not a decree was passed, which had not first been debated in the circles of fashion, with as much bitterness and energy as it afterwards created in the royal council chamber. The memoirs of the time, the letters of Madame de Sevigné, bear ample evidence of this. The regent who succeeded, was himself of a spirit too near akin to the intrepid *causeurs* of his reign to visit them with severity. He laughed with them and at them, while his harshness to those writers who displeased him was even greater than that of his predecessor. Louis Quinze encouraged not the persecution of authors, but loved to listen to the daily report of the conversations which took place not only among the court circles, but even down to the lowest *bourgeoisie.*

"Madame de Pompadour complains bitterly in one of her letters, of this extraordinary apathy concerning the libels which were published both against herself and him.

"'He cares not for what is written, only for what is said,' exclaims she, 'as if any consideration could restrain the tongues of ungrateful courtiers.'

"The author of the gross epigram upon Marshal Saxe was suffered to go scot free, while the poor parrot who recited it at Madame de la Vrillière's, for the amusement of the company, was punished with the Bastile for life. Now compare all these *causeries* and their results to the *conversations* of the eighteenth century, and their gigantic issue—the great revolution. The displacing of a minister—the puerile questions of religious form—the end and aim of Télémaque—these were the kind of questions which had formed the subjects of debate during the reign of Louis Quatorze. The acrimony with which they were discussed, and the genius and passion which were displayed in the disputes to which they gave rise, sometimes went far enough to alarm the throne, without creating the slightest interest in the minds of the people. How different the consequences of that single remark, made in the midst of a gay and laughing *coterie*, soon after the accession of Louis Seize, when every thing promised security and happiness, prosperity within and peace without, when not a single indication of the distant tempest had as yet appeared; and the old nobleman asked, in jeering pleasantry, of his son, who was speaking of the power of the law, 'And pray will you tell me what *is* the law?' and was answered by the young man with sudden inspiration, 'The law is the expression of the general will!' The axiom has since been repeated to satiety, and has formed the text and basis of the grandest arguments of the revolutionary orators, but few know that it was first pronounced in the manner I have described. I found the whole account of this 'conversation' in a letter amongst my uncle's papers, in which the writer, who was present when it occurred, gives also the description of the high disputes which the remark created, after the first moment of silence with which it was received—the silence of conviction in the young, the silence of disapproval in the old—had passed away. This maxim, which, dropped thus at random, buried like the acorn, not forgotten, and which brought forth such goodly fruit in its due time and season, is another proof of the tremendous power of our *soi-disant* 'gay and frivolous' CONVERSATION."

THE LION AND FOUR BULLS.

(ÆSOP ILLUSTRATED.)

BY THE AUTHOR OF "PETER PRIGGINS," &c.

Together let us range the fields.

THE FABLE.

FOUR bulls which had entered into a very strict friendship kept always near one another and fed together. The lion often saw them, and had a mind to make one of them his prey: but though he could easily have subdued any of them singly, yet he was afraid to attack the whole alliance, as knowing they would have been too hard for him, and therefore contented himself, at present, with keeping at a distance. At last, perceiving that no attempt was to be made upon them, as long as this combination held, he took occasion, by whispers and hints, to foment jealousies and raise divisions among them. This stratagem succeeded so well that the bulls grew cold and reserved to one another, which soon after ripened into a downright hatred and aversion; and at last ended in a total separation. The lion had now obtained his ends; and, as impossible as it was for him to hurt them while they were united, he found no difficulty now that they were parted to seize and devour every bull of them, one after another.

CHAP. I.

THE ILLUSTRATION.

"COME, Tom Brown, you're one of *us* now; so let us be jolly over it. Fill your mug, man, there is plenty more in the barrel. Fill a pipe, too, and sing us a song."

"Ay, ay, Giles, I'll fill and drink too—what's the use of care? Care killed the cat, they do say," replied Tom Brown.

"Come, Harry; come, Dick, fill your mugs, and I'll give you a toast—here's the poacher's friend," said Giles Hawthorn.

"And who may he be?" inquired his three companions together.

"'T'aint the moon, 'cause she lights keepers as well as poachers," said Harry.

"No, nor the poulterers, for they cheats us in the price," said Dick.

"Nor it can't be the farmers; for they're afraid to back their best friends," said Tom Brown.

"I'll give you," said Giles, "the great game preservers, 'cause I looks upon them as the real friends to the poacher."

"Well, and you're right," said Dick Slyman. "If there had not been such heaps of pheasants and hares hopping and flying about one, I should never have thought of turning my hand to netting and trapping of them; though I was earning only eight shillings a-week for wages, and had to pay rent out of that."

"That's it," said Tom Brown. "There's so many hares about here that they eat up every thing. I had as nice a bed of cabbages in my garden, and as pretty a show of pinks and carnations as you ever saw, and one night half of them was eaten up. I thought the pigs might have got into the garden in the night, so I sat up and watched, and by the light of the moon I saw half-a-dozen fine great hares pop through

a gap in the hedge, one after another. They went to work at once, and, if I had not ran out and shouted at them, not a bit of green or a flower would have been left by the morning. They came again and, again, however, although I stopped the gaps. As fast as I stopped them they made new ones, and keep them out I could not. At last thinks I to myself, and says I to my wife, 'If we feeds they, I don't see why they shouldn't feed we,' so I got a net made about as big as a sack, and when they were feeding on my cabbages I slipped round the outside of the hedge-row as quietly as I could, and pinned the net to the ground just against the meuse they had made. Then my wife runs into the garden and screeches, and away runs the pussey cats right into the net, and before they knew where they were I knocked them all on the head with my great stick."

"And served them right too," said the rest.

"We lived capital well for a time. We boiled them, roasted them, made pies and soup of them until we got so sick of the flavour of them we were glad to get back to bacon again; so my wife says to me, says she—for the hares came as thick as ever, 'why not try and turn them into money?' So I got a sackful and offered 'em to Harry Wild here, the carrier, and that's the way I came to be known as one of you," said Tom Brown.

"Very good," said Giles Hawthorn, "and I'll tell you how I and Dick Slyman here came to think about it. You see we work chiefly in the woods, where the pheasants are as thick as the trees, and thicker for all I know. Well, they were as tame as barn-door fowls, for they were regularly fed at barley-ricks, made on purpose for them. They used to feed and eat as much as they liked, and then just as we were hitting up work for the night, come and perch over our heads, and crow and look so pretty, that we could not help noticing them. Then, I began to look at Dick, and Dick looked at me, and then we both looked at a cock pheasant close to us, and at last we knocked him down with a stick, carried him home, and boiled him for supper, taking good care to burn all his fine feathers for fear of being found out."

"But we warn't," said Dick Slyman. "We managed to get a few more that way, but it was casualty work; for sometimes they perched just out of our reach. We only got enough to have a supper now and then, but I wanted to get as many as I pleased: yet how to manage it I did not know, for I had not a gun, and didn't dare to fire it off if I had. By great good luck, I happened to hear our church clerk reading an account of the trial of a man for poaching pheasants, and how one of the law chaps got out of him how he did the trick. There it was, all plain enough, so as soon as I saw Giles I put him up to it, and we've found it answer well."

"I should like to know how it's done?" said Tom Brown.

"A little bit of burning brimstone in the bottom of a flower-pot is all the secret. You put it on the end of a long stick, and hold it for a few minutes under a bird at perch. It soon chokes him, and down he drops. No noise, no light, no nothing to alarm the keepers."

"Capital!" said Tom Brown. "Clever chap he must have been as 'vented that. But how do you get them home? Do you put them in a sack?"

"No, no," said Giles, "that would tell tales. There are too many keepers about, and woodmen have no business with sacks. You see

each of us is allowed to make up a faggot of small stuff and carry home with us; so, when we have nabbed as many pheasants as we wish, we put them in the middle of the faggot, and trudge home as quietly as if nothing was the matter."

"But do you stick to the hares," said Harry. "It won't do for you who are not a woodman to be seen nigh a cover. You'd only be caught and spoil all."

"Right," said Tom. "But now I should like to know, Master Harry Wild, how you contrive to get 'em to market unbeknown to any body?"

"Easy enough, man. Eggs and butter's most easily packed over, under and around hares and pheasants. If you know how to do it you may deceive the sharpest keeper, unless he searches regularly, and unpacks the butter and egg-baskets, which he don't if he hasn't got his suspicions. I take all Ralph Bruton's, the head-keeper's, rabbits to market for him, and call at his door the last thing when I'm loaded, and as I am very punctual in my payments, he suspects nothing. The same man as buys his rabbits for the London market buys my butter and eggs (a wink). 'Fourteen couple of regulars,' says I, 'seven short and nine long 'uns.' The money for the regulars—that is the rabbits—goes into one pocket, and the price of the—the—butter and eggs (another wink) into my other pocket, and that's all that passes till I come up here to Giles Hawthorn's to pay his wife for the butter and eggs (another and more furious wink), and then it's fairly divided."

"Yes," said Giles, "share and share alike—no favour nor 'ffection shown. As long as we hold together, and keep a quiet tongue in our heads, we shall be all right."

"But mind one thing, Tom, never enter a public-house. Do as we do—brew at home, and drink at home, or only with us—if you take a cup too much, and talk a little too freely, and pull out your canvass-bag to show how much money you have got, it don't matter. But if you get fuzzy at the public, you'll be sure to get talking, and then out it will all come. You'll ruin yourself and us along with you."

"That's good advice, and I'll follow it. I never was much of a drinker, because I couldn't afford it; but now I am to get my share of the butter and eggs—ha! ha! ha! I might be tempted," said Tom Brown.

"Brew at home, man—you'll get some good wholesome stuff for half the money, and missus and the little ones will have a chance of a taste, which they would not if you went to the public," said Dick Slyman.

"Another hint I must give you," said Harry Wild; "let your wife keep a few cocks and hens, and let me call for the *eggs* at your cottage instead of your creeping down to me at night with a sack of short 'uns on your back, as you did t'other night."

"I understand," said Tom Brown. "There shall be a dozen chicks at roost in my shed to-morrow night."

"And always be civil and touch your hat to Ralph Bruton—he's a great man in his way, and likes civility, which costs nothing. But never say any thing about the damage the hares do you unless he starts the subject. Then pull a long face, shrug your shoulders, and say 'you are shocking bad off for cabbage, but it don't much matter,

as you have got no bacon to eat with it;' and the chances are, he will give you a rabbit or two to keep you quiet."

"Thank ye, Giles, for your lesson—you'll find me an apt pupil," said Tom.

"And mind," said Dick Slyman, "that you put plenty of fresh plants in the garden, or the short 'uns will go somewhere else for food, and spoil your sport."

"Well, now let us off to bed," said Harry. "It won't do to be sitting up too late together—*that's* too suspicious—so good-night."

The party separated, each having in his pocket his share of the result of the sale of the eggs and butter, which were not laid by hens or made from cream.

Chap. II.

"I cannot quite make it out," said Ralph Bruton to his master, Squire Dangy. "There ought to be more pheasants than there are in the Lower Cover."

"If you do not make it out, and very clearly too, you will have to seek another situation soon," replied the squire.

"There were upwards of two hundred hides bred in that cover to my certain knowledge, and there are no vermin about," said Ralph—not scratching his head, for he was Norfolk bred, and too much of a gentleman to commit such an indecency.

"All I can say is, that I consider it an infamous thing, a disgrace to a game-preserver and his keepers, that, after keeping the covers quite quiet until the middle of December, ten double-barrels can only bring to book two hundred and forty brace of pheasants in one week—it's disgraceful. Hares are scarce, too, only three hundred were bagged," said the squire.

"I cannot quite make it out," said Ralph.

"You must, sirrah, or lose your place, and without a character—where will you get another?—are the foxes too numerous?" asked the squire.

"I take care of that," replied Ralph, winking. "The farmers' wives don't lose many of their poultry."

"You don't shoot foxes, I trust, fellow!" said the squire.

"No, I don't *shoot* 'em," said Ralph, winking again, for he knew that his master was not a fox-hunter. "I only sets gins and other traps for cats, badgers, and polecats, and sometimes a fox will get into them by mistake, and as a lamed fox is of no use to the hounds, I mercifully knocks 'em on the head."

"Quite right—quite right, Ralph—never allow a poor dumb animal to live in pain. I hope you have got the trapped badger, with the broken leg, quite safe, as I mean to bait him some day to try the terrier puppies," said the squire.

"He's safe enough, sir, and his leg is healing fast," said Ralph.

"Have we got any poachers about us?" asked the squire, after a painful effort to discover in the interstices of his brain the meaning of the game in the lower covers being so scarce as only to yield about eight hundred head of game, leaving out rabbits, in a week's *battue*.

"Not one as I knows of, sir. A quieter place than Saxby I never

lived in. I don't think a labourer has got a gun in the whole village; and as to nets, and springes, and gins, they're too innocent to know how to make them. If they bought them ready made they would not know how to set 'em."

"Humph!" said the squire. "Are my tenants good masters to their labourers?"

"They pay 'em, I believe, as much as they can afford," said Ralph.

"How much a week do they earn, eh?"

"About eight shillings—if they are good for any thing."

"Oh—eight shillings—that is a shilling a-day to spend, and one for rent," said the squire. "They can do upon that, eh?"

"They *must* do upon it," said Ralph.

"Then their wives and children earn something—and they have their gardens, their bees, and pigs and poultry—there can be no inducement for them to poach, eh?"

"None whatsomedever," said Ralph; "besides, I give 'em rabbits now and then if their gardens suffer."

"Right—quite right. The farmers don't sport in my absence, eh?" inquired Mr. Dangy.

"I should just like to catch 'em at it—would not I 'chequer 'em, that's all about that," said Ralph. "Surcharge 'em for 'tificates, and then try the 'cise dodge for additional penalties for killing game without a 'tificate—nothing I should like better."

"Right—quite right. You don't think they crush the eggs in the nests when they find them, eh?" asked the squire.

"They never could go for to be so ungrateful," said Ralph, "when you liberally give every one of them a brace of pheasants and a hare apiece every year of their lives. It ain't possible."

"And allow for damage done to corn besides, eh?" said Dangy.

Ralph Bruton hit the crown of his gold-banded hat very hard, and said, "Quite impossible—out of the bounds of nature."

"Well, well, something must be done. It will not do to go on so. To be surpassed by every body round by some hundreds of heads of game, and to be looked shyly upon by one's friends, who come a long way expecting to meet sport, and then only to fire off some two or three hundred times in a week, eh?—it will not do," said the squire, pronouncing the last four words slowly and distinctly.

"I can't quite make it out—but I'll try," said the keeper.

"Do, Bruton, do, there's a good fellow—do not let us be disgraced in the eyes of the country," said the master. "Employ more under-keepers if you require them. You know that I do not mind a little expense to secure sport for my friends."

"There arn't a more liberal man living, nor one who sticks less at trifles in the way of showing sport than your honour does," said Bruton.

"I rather think there is not, eh? I know the duties of a country gentleman, eh? And, although *I* do not care about shooting, I am anxious that my friends should not be disappointed when they come down to have a little indulgence in old English pastimes at Saxby Manor, eh? Well, go to the butler and tell him you are to dine in the servants' hall to-day, eh?"

Bruton made a low bow, and left his master perfectly satisfied, that in preserving his pheasants and hares for an unusual St. Bartholomew's day, he was proving his sincere affection for the national sports!

Chap. III.

Ralph Bruton, when he had eaten his dinner in the servants' hall, and finished the pint of strong beer which was always allowed him, *virtute officii*, when he was invited to their table, put on his gold-banded hat with an extra thump of its crown, shouldered his double-percussion gun, and sauntered slowly towards his home. Slowly, I say, for he was deep in thought, and had not opened his mouth, except to admit beef, bread, and beer, since he had quitted his complaining master's room.

He came to a gate opposite to the Lower Cover, and, as if he could gain the information he required concerning the scarcity of game within it, by surveying its lofty oaks and thick underwood, he put down his gun, leaned upon the top bar, and gazed stedfastly at it.

"I cannot quite make it out," said he; "I'll have a walk round and examine it."

"Well, it is a splendid cover and no mistake; as thick as need to be—plenty of food and lots of water! not a stoat, weazle, magpie, or crow to harass them—quiet as lambs—what can they want more? I can't make it out. As to a gun being fired within a mile of them, it could not be done without my hearing it. Ah! by the living jingo! what's here? A tail-feather of a hen as I'm a living keeper."

Bruton took up the feather, examined it closely, until he was sure that it was a feather from the tail of a hen-pheasant. He then put it carefully into his pocket, ready to be produced as evidence against some vile poacher who was hereafter to be detected, and leaned upon the muzzle of his gun, while he meditated upon the possibility of detecting the wretch who had deprived a hen-pheasant of a feather of its tail, if not of its life. He had not meditated long before his gloomy scowl was metamorphosed into a pleasing smile. He recollected that, on the very spot where he stood, he had accommodated Lord Caversham Pattypan with a bit of board to stand on during the *battue*, because he complained of the damp striking through his pumps, and that he had shot at cocks and hens indiscriminately, under the plea of being short-sighted. "'Ware hen!" had been disregarded by him, and he paid the half-guinea forfeit without complaining; for he had won fifty guineas—or rather two ponies—of his friend the Honourable Stiffkey Doodledum, by having over-bagged—or rather over-notched him—by two head of game in the week's sport. Therefore it was that the keeper smiled.

After having thus satisfactorily accounted for the discovery of the tail-feather, Ralph walked slowly on down a broad ride that was cut through the cover. He looked about him, left and right, on the ground, and into the tops of the trees, but nothing suspicious met his anxious eyes. At length he came to the spot where Giles Hawthorn and his mate, Dick Slyman, where cutting the underwood.

"Two honest fellows those," said the keeper to himself. "I will question them whether or no they have ever seen any thing like poaching going on in the woods."

Giles and Dick touched their hats very civilly to him on his approach, and wished him a good evening.

Ralph nodded in a friendly way, made a few acute remarks on the fine growth of the hazels, and then suddenly inquired if they had ever seen

any suspicious characters about, or heard guns, or met with any snares, gins, or springes in the cover.

"We never see any one but yourself, or some of the under-keepers," said Giles.

"And as to snares and such like, we shouldn't know one if we were to see it," said Dick.

The keeper gave vent to a short cough.

"But why do you ask, sir?—nothing amiss, I hope," said Giles.

"Oh no, nothing; I merely asked because the squire seems to fancy the pheasants and hares are thinner here than they had used to be," said Ralph.

"Bless your soul, sir," said Dick, "they are as thick as ever—that little thinning the other day, when the lords and gents were down battooing, seems only to have made room for more."

"And I'm sure master couldn't have a better keeper than you if he was to search England through," said Giles.

"Impossible," added Dick.

Ralph Burton coughed again, and, smiling a reply to their "Good evening, sir," walked slowly on his way.

"What's in the wind, I wonder?" said Giles, when Ralph was out of ear-shot.

"A little suspicion, it seems, that the long tails have been thinned; but, never mind, we have only to be cautious and hold together—it will be all right yet," said Dick.

"We have gammoned him into a good conceit of himself at any rate," said Giles.

The keeper, while this dialogue was going on, had reached the gate at the further end of the cover; upon this he leaned to think of what he should do next. Suddenly, so bright a thought struck him, that he struck his forehead smartly, as if to knock it out.

"I have it," said he, "the public's the place for mischief, I'll go to pump the landlord."

He started off in order to put his intentions into execution at once, but, as he hurried along, he had to pass Tom Brown's cottage. Tom had just returned from a day's ploughing, and was digging up his garden.

"Honest man, that!" said Ralph. "How neat and tidy every thing looks, and all upon eight shillings a week. Nice open weather for ridging the ground, Brown."

"Yes, sir," said Tom, "very. I am in hopes of getting a few cabbages in the spring, if you'd only speak to the squire to let me have a few stakes and faggots."

"What have they to do with cabbages? you don't want to stick them as you would peas?"

"No, sir; but I want 'em to make a bit of a hedge with, the hares, you see, make sad work wi' 'em," said Tom, pointing dolefully to a patch of half-eaten winter greens.

"Ah—oh—yes, certainly. They have not done you much hurt, I hope."

"Very much, sir," said Tom, looking still more gloomily; "but I am above complaining."

"You are an honest fellow, Tom, and shall have a couple or two of rabbits to make you a pie."

"Thank ye, sir," said Tom, touching his hat as Bruton walked away, muttering to himself,

"That's the sort of man I like, doesn't grumble at the loss of a few greens as some do."

The little village in which Dangy Manor was situated could boast of but one "house of entertainment for man and horse." It was called the Dangy Arms, in honour of the family who owned it and most of the houses and lands around it. It was not likely to have a competitor for the custom of the residents or travellers; for the squire, who was an excellent and worthy man where game preserving was not in question, wisely thought that the fewer temptations to spend their money and time in a public-house the labourer and farmer had, the better it was for themselves and families.

Into the Dangy Arms Ralph Bruton walked somewhat majestically, for he looked upon himself as the greatest man in the village, next to the squire and the rector, and indeed was regarded as such by the inhabitants, because he was supposed to "have the ear" of those two important persons.

The landlord, Anthony, or, as he was more commonly called, Tony Wilsden, bowed low at the entrance of the keeper, and supplied him readily with a jug of his very best ale. As he had been requested to sit down and partake of his home-brewed, he took care to draw of the best.

After a half hour had been consumed in discussing village affairs and the prices of corn, and such other matters as concern "country folk," Ralph told the astonished, indeed almost bewildered, Tony that the squire was angry with him because the game was scarce, and that he imagined poachers must have been busy, in the Lower Cover especially.

Tony did scratch his head, for he was not so well-bred a man as the Norfolk gamekeeper; but his scarifications did no good, except, perhaps, putting the natives to the rout—and he looked "it can't be possible."

"I do not think it can," said Ralph, "but yet they certainly did run short. Who could have done it?"

"I have it—that is, I think I have it," said Tony, after another scarification. "There's that Giles Hawthorn, and his mate, Dick Slyman, and Tom Brown, and Harry Wild, the carrier, they are your men."

"Impossible! You have named the four honestest men in the neighbourhood; they are all regular John Bulls," said Ralph.

"Pish!" said Tony, "I know they must have an extra dodge somewhere or somehow."

"Why so?"

"Because they never come to the alehouse, brew at home, and all that sort of thing," said Tony, who felt hurt at the desertion of his best customers.

"Pish! again in your face, Tony; I tell you three better labourers, and a more honest carrier, do not exist than the men you have named."

"Well, we shall see—at least he who lives long enough will—I knows they're your men," said Tony.

"I can't quite make it out," said the keeper, looking exceedingly in doubt.

"Nor can I *quite*, but rely upon it that eight shillings a-week and

carrier's profits could never enable them to buy brewing tackle and brew their own beer," said Tony.

"Let us have another mug, Tony, and do you as we drink it give me a hint how to act for the best. My character is at stake, ay, and my place too."

"You don't mean it?" said Tony, as he took up the cup to replenish it; "but I will fill and be back in a moment."

A long conversation ensued, and the landlord showed a degree of cunning—not to call it cleverness—for which his auditor had not given him credit. The result was that, on the morning following the evening of his visit to the Dangy Arms, Mr. Ralph Bruton rode over to Lumperly, the market town at which Harry Wild, the carrier, disposed of his "eggs and butter," and the rabbits with which he was intrusted by the keeper. What took place there it will not be necessary to recount; it will be enough to say that, when Ralph Bruton returned, half-seas over, he said to his wife, as she tucked him up in bed, "Hurrah, missus, I know I'm rather fuddled, but I *can* quite make it out."

Chap. IV.

"How many couple to-day, Master Bruton?" said Harry Wild, as he pulled up his heavily laden cart at the keeper's door.

"I cannot say; my wife is counting them; go in and see," replied Ralph.

Harry went in, and, when he had closed the door behind him, Ralph began searching the butter and egg baskets. He lifted the straw in one place, he screwed in his finger in another, sniffed here and there, and there and here again, but, good as his nose was, he could detect nothing—Harry had packed every thing too scientifically. When the rabbits were brought out and safely stowed away, the cart drove off, leaving Bruton quite amazed.

"That rascally poulterer's boy has deceived me; if there is a hare or pheasant in that cart there are twenty," said he.

Ralph, without knowing it, had hit it exactly, for there were four brace of hares and six brace of pheasants within the very baskets that he had been trying to examine.

"I'll try another dodge," said Ralph to himself, "I'll pump the women."

In pursuance of his plan, after he had taken his breakfast, Ralph went down to the cottage of Tom Brown, where he found Tom's wife very busy with her chickens, and the wives of Giles Hawthorn and Dick Slyman.

"I have brought you, Mrs. Brown, as I promised, some rabbits, as a set-off against the damage the hares have done to your cabbages," said Ralph.

"I thank you, sir, they are very welcome, for we be nearly half starved," said Mrs. Brown.

"Humph! a—humph! Every thing nice and clean about you, too. You manage well on eight shillings a-week," said Ralph.

"Ah, deary me! us is obliged," said the three women in a breath.

"It never happens, does it, that—that is—I do not mean to frighten you—that Tom Brown knocks one of those mischeevous hares on the head, eh?"

"To think of such a thing!"

"Only for a moment!"

"What a thought!"

"Well, women, don't go to go off swooning; I merely asked the question."

"Oh!"

"Oh! oh!"

"Oh! oh! oh!"

"Well, well, enough—there, say no more. I—I *cannot* quite make it out," said Ralph, as he put down the rabbits and left the cottage to the disconsolate females, who burst into a loud laugh as soon as they thought it safe to do so.

Ralph Bruton again sought the Dangy Arms, and told the landlord, over a cup of his best, that he had received positive information from the poulterer's boy, that Harry Wild conveyed hares and pheasants every market-day to his master, which were intrusted to him by Tom Brown, Giles Hawthorn, and Dick Slyman. This the boy knew from having heard a conversation between Harry and his master when they were talking freely, supposing that nobody could overhear them.

"Then why not take up Harry Wild, the carrier, at once?" asked Tony.

"A—humph!—I had rather catch the poachers than the carrier; because—humph!—humph!—I—that is, the squire may be rather astonished at the sum I make by the rabbits, which he orders me to keep down as closely as I can," said Ralph.

"Every man must live," said Tony, but in a tone less deferential than his wonted tone to the keeper. "I went to see an exhibition of wild animals last week, and there was a lion, and a lion's provider called a jackall. Now, as your master is the lion, and you merely his jackall, or provider of game, if I was you I would go up to the manor and ask the lion's advice how to act. You can sink the carrier, you know."

Ralph did not like the advice, nor the tone in which it was given; but he went to the squire and laid his complaint before him.

Mr. Dangy summoned the culprits before him, not waiting to consider what evidence he had against them. They came, were examined, pleaded ignorance, and were acquitted and dismissed. Ralph Bruton, who had "sunk" the carrier and the poulterer's boy, was severely reprimanded for having attempted to injure the characters of three innocent men, without any ground to go upon.

"If I am discharged myself, I will crush those four John Bulls, as I used to call them," said Ralph; and, to fulfil his threat, he consulted with Tony Wilsden on the best means of putting his threat into execution.

"Tom Brown used to be fond of drink, and, when in his cups, would tell any and every thing," said Tony.

"Then do you get him here, and, when he is primed at my expense, summon me, and I will come by night or by day," said Ralph.

A week had scarcely elapsed ere he received a message to say that Master Tony Wilsden wished to see him. Ralph hurried down to the Dangy Arms, and found, as he thought he should, Tom Brown, three-parts tipsy, and entertaining his friends in the tap with an account of how he had gammoned the keeper about the loss of his cabbages, and made a pretty little income in a very easy way.

That was enough to secure him, but it was necessary to get out of him how Giles Hawthorn and Dick Slyman managed to secure the pheasants. This was easily done, and, when Tom Brown was safe in the custody of the constable, and on his way to the manor, Ralph Bruton hurried off to Giles, and told him that he, Tom Brown, had split, and was gone up to the squire to tell him all about every thing. Giles, of course, was indignant, and told the keeper how Tom caught the hares, which was unnecessary, for he knew it all beforehand. He advised Giles to hurry up to the manor, and turn king's evidence—which he did—to save himself.

Dick Slyman was next told that both Brown and Hawthorn were gone to give information against him, and resolved to be even with them, "the sneaking fellows," and thus these John Bulls, not omitting the carrier, Harry Wild, who swore that he knew not that the *flats*—the baskets—contained any thing but eggs and butter, were completely beaten by the lion, the great game-preserver, and came out of gaol, after having submitted to their punishment, fitted for any thing. They had the brand of the "stone jug" upon them. Their characters were gone. No one dared to employ them in their old neighbourhood, for fear of offending the squire. What was the result? A grand *battue* "came off" in the Lower Cover. Men were shot at, not pheasants. Ralph Bruton was shot dead, and the four (John) Bulls were hanged, as they deserved to be, for poaching by night, and murdering a fellow-creature.

LITERATURE.

M. THIERS' HISTORY OF THE CONSULATE AND THE EMPIRE.*

FIFTEEN years have passed away since M. Thiers wrote his famous "History of the Revolution." In that interval, grave events have utterly changed the destinies of France, or, as M. Thiers seems to think, merely accomplished the inevitable issues of that Titanic demonstration of popular power. The throne, which, in its turn, had triumphed over the revolution, again crumbled before the masses, and the people once more resumed the sovereignty; little suspecting that, by this very movement—rapid, energetic, almost magical in its celerity and completeness—they were about to strengthen and consolidate, beyond all former example, that very institution which it was their intention at least to disarm if not to destroy. These events, rendered sublime by the incalculable influence they must long exercise over the civilised world, could not fail to produce a serious impression on the mind of M. Thiers—perhaps to modify his views, certainly to deepen their channels. After writing the history of one revolution, he had witnessed the action of another—far more startling and conclusive—achieved, too, at a period

* History of the Consulate and the Empire of France under Napoleon. Being a Sequel to the "History of the French Revolution." By M. A. Thiers, late Prime Minister of France, &c. Translated by D. Forbes Campbell, Esq., with the Sanction and Approval of the Author. Vols. I. and II.

when mere brute force had lost much of its practical efficiency, by carrying with it no longer, even in the most righteous cause, the terrors or the sympathies of mankind—a period when the Pen, in spite of censorships and prohibitions, dungeons, confiscations, and fines, had literally hushed the roar of the cannon, and brought naked bloodshed—such as glory used to bathe itself in periodically of old—into universal ignominy. To have actually looked into the very eyes of this revolution, through which its soul spoke so calmly, but with such blinding lustre, was a magnificent experience for the historian. But he had one experience still more wonderful and instructive—he had been prime minister of the revolutionised kingdom.

To suppose that M. Thiers should come forth out of these agitations with no greater grasp of political philosophy than he brought into them, would be to suppose what could not be credited of the meanest capacity, that he had learned nothing from experience. He is quite conscious of the effects wrought upon him by so much practical observation, acquired under circumstances of such direct responsibility—effects which it is impossible not to be struck with in every page of the work before us. "I have not the presumption," he tells us, "to believe that the experience of men and of business has taught me nothing; I have the confidence, on the contrary, of having learned much, and of thus being more apt perhaps to appreciate and describe the great things done by our fathers during those heroic times." We take the passage in the words of the translator, but it is obvious from the context, that by "being more apt," M. Thiers really means being better qualified for the work he had undertaken.

The traces of a matured judgment and a wider reach of knowledge are visible even in these early volumes—which, although taking their spring out of the reeking fires of the revolution, yet contrast admirably by their sobriety of treatment and the searching accuracy of their details, with the vivid, but frequently rash and faulty narrative to which they form a natural sequel.

"The History of the Revolution" is a work of consummate ability. Its descriptive passages are distinguished by a breadth of colouring felicitously appropriate to the subject; the sketches of individual character, if not always just, are at least always brilliant and original; and the management of the scenes, from first to last, discovers the hand of a great master of dramatic *finesse*. But notwithstanding all these advantages of style and skill, which make the book so fascinating in the perusal, we must not be indifferent to the fact that in this "History of the Revolution" M. Thiers has sacrificed every thing to his prejudices—to that superstition of nationality which has seduced so many Frenchmen (as it has, no doubt, men of other countries) into so many absolute violations of the dispassionate integrity of history. The difference between the two works is simply this—that the "History of the Revolution" is the work of a partisan, while that of the "Consulate and the Empire," is, by comparison, the work of a statesman.

We have in these volumes the best qualities of their precursors—dazzling eloquence, where eloquence of that order is desirable, vigour, earnestness, and boldness of execution; but, in addition to these, we have a clearer statements of facts, a more lucid distribution of topics, and sounder principles.

Of all Frenchmen now living, perhaps M. Thiers is the most peculiarly fitted by constitution and circumstances for this gigantic labour. France is his ruling passion. Such sustained and uncompromising enthusiasm was necessary to bring out into full relief all the prominent men and deeds of that exciting period when France, smelted in the furnaces of the revolution, was heroically moulded, first into the form of a republic, and then, by an easy and almost imperceptible transition, hardened into a perfect despotism. Frenchmen alone, especially such Frenchmen as M. Thiers, can follow the progress of such changes with unabated ardour, and still recognise in them, through all their terrible fluctuations, the same national characteristics, not only identical and unimpaired, but heightened and glorified. To M. Thiers, France, under the empire, is the France of the 18th Brumaire, redeemed from domestic agitations, expanded, strengthened, and victorious, in spite of the solid tyranny which drained her youth and absorbed her treasure, but which, in his eyes, atoned for all its infidelities and excesses by the magnificence of its conquests, and the appalling grandeur with which it invested the name of his country. He avows the despotism, and exults in its splendour. A great observer by habit, he has concentrated all his powers upon the disturbing elements by which he is surrounded. An actor in history himself, he possesses the first requisite for a contemporary historian. A journalist by profession, he knows how to make the most striking and effective use of his materials. Hence his history is pre-eminently French—but French with a difference, both as respects its nationality and its authorship, which will surprise the English reader.

He brings many advantages, to his task, but the greatest is that which he derived from his connexion with the administration. The official documents to which he thus had access, and of which he availed himself to the full, confer a value upon the work that must unquestionably place it at the head of all other histories of Napoleon or his times. In no other publication are such minute details to be found; details which trace with extraordinary precision, not merely personal occurrences of the deepest interest hitherto imperfectly related, or altogether unknown, but which carry us behind the curtain into the secret chambers of the State, and unveil all those mysterious springs of action of which we have had no means of judging, except by their results, and which could never have been laid bare except by one who, with the opportunities of M. Thiers, was possessed also of his devotion and his courage. The importance of these additions to the History of France under Napoleon cannot be overrated.

The manner in which this history is written will shock those critics who found their theory of historical composition upon the examples of such authors as the stately Gibbon and the philosophical Hume; and who hold that the perfection of history consists in profound generalisation and elemental disquisition—in exorcising from the narrative all human passions and individual influences, and reducing the whole, as nearly as possible, to a pure and cold abstraction. But we believe the time is gone by for histories of that kind, in which the art of government was regarded as a piece of mechanism, to which the people, under every variety of vicissitudes, were expected to adapt themselves

with equal facility and submission. All that was well enough, even in the eighteenth century; but subsequent discoveries have developed the necessity of adapting, not the people to the government, but the government to the people. Old theories and old maxims, answered all ends in times when the great multitude drew the breath of ignorance and slavery; they had even a salutary tendency in controlling and steadying the popular body, but, for all practical purposes, they are now obsolete and useless. The progress of knowledge has burst the bondage of petrified forms. The people have advanced with irresistible strides, and governments must advance with them. An age of action has superseded an age of leaden uniformity—an age of experiments, with its varied train of speculations, acquisitions, and newborn energies, has displaced an age of lifeless outlines and barren repose. Kingdoms were formerly governed by constitutions that admitted of no innovation—they are now governed by laws, that are constantly undergoing modifications to meet the novel exigencies and increasing wants of society. Nations exist no longer as they existed formerly—histories can be written no longer as they used to be written. "There is but one legislator in modern times," says M. Thiers, "and that is experience." And this experience, from which legislation must draw its measures, must equally exercise its silent but certain influence over the historian who records them.

In this spirit has the "History of the Consulate and Empire" been conceived and executed by M. Thiers. It is *the* history which, above all others, is in harmony with the energetic character of the age; and upon this admirable model all future histories of modern times must be written, or they will utterly fail to interest or instruct.

Every character introduced upon the stage in this eventful drama lives palpably in these pages before the reader. We follow the actors with the eagerness with which we should watch the progress of momentous transactions actually taking place around us. The still and frigid pomp, to which we are all so accustomed in the didactic histories of earlier times, is here wholly set aside; and the heroes of the scene —such men as Napoleon, Masséna, Talleyrand, Desaix—instead of being paraded in solemn procession, too remote and elevated to engage our sympathies or stir our human emotions, are here drawn down bodily into the action passing directly before us, and made to mingle in its shifting phases, just as, when in their lives, they originated and controlled its agitation. The vitality of the treatment is wonderful. We are brought face to face with the great spirits of the period. We hear them talk familiarly—we see their motives laid bare—we detect the weaknesses in their privacy, which made them human even in their most glorious exploits—we see the minds actually at work that, for a term, subjugated nearly the whole of Europe—and we are admitted, for the first time, to witness in full and active operation the secret springs of that strategy, which, by its precision, celerity, and success, seemed to the outer world almost superhuman and invincible. This sort of history stands in a similar relation to the superannuated modes of history, as the romantic drama to the classical—as Shakspeare to Corneille. It is the real life of politics.

The experience acquired by M. Thiers during his years of office has sensibly mellowed his views of public affairs. His nationality is no

longer a mere turgid sentiment—it recognises difficulties and necessities, of the existence of which he had previously been scarcely aware. His official labours appear to have developed to his acute understanding the impossibility of realising these wild dreams of a popular millennium by which the aspirations of his genius were once exclusively absorbed. He has cast off from his political creed all the illusive generalities which imparted a passionate and hopeless vagueness to his political career; and he seems to have settled down, by the force of circumstances, into intelligible principles, which, even in this country would be regarded as just and practicable. There is a clear advance made in this history out of the heated and clouded atmosphere of mere French exaggeration and French idealism into the broad daylight of universal reason. It is worthy of note to find such a politician as M. Thiers expressing a sober opinion, such as we find in the following passage. He is speaking of a question which had been raised in the early days of the Consulate about some emigrants who had been shipwrecked off Calais, and who were suspected of an intention of proceeding to La Vendée, to take part in the renewal of the civil war. It was proposed to apply to them the terrible laws then in force against emigration.

But (says M. Thiers) public humanity, luckily awakened, was adverse to this mode of reasoning. The question had been several times resolved in a contrary spirit. At the instigation of the new consuls, it was finally decided that these emigrants should be liberated, but transported out of the territories of the republic. Among them were several members of the highest families in France, and in particular, the Duke de Choiseul, whom we have since found invariably amongst the steady friends of a discreet liberty—*the only liberty that honest men can love and defend.*

Now, this is what would be called rational liberty in England—a liberty which guarantees the rights of property as well as the rights of labour, and which recognises the interests of all classes in a system of common protection and common independence. It is assuredly an immense improvement upon the levelling spirit of legislation, with which M. Thiers was once understood to be imbued, to find him thus maintaining the practical advantages of discreet liberty over the headlong licentiousness of democratic ascendency.

The work contains abundant evidences of the thoughtful and judicious change that has passed over the mind of the writer, justifying to the fullest extent the comparison we have drawn between it and his preceding labours in this respect. Take, for example, the following passage in which he shows, that it is an imperative condition of all good government that it should possess the public confidence, without which its most valuable measures must either be received with distrust, or fail in their utility. Where governments do not possess this confidence, there will always rankle in the public mind an uneasy sense of imaginary grievances; but this feeling will be at once dispersed before the influence of an administration, whose justice and sincerity are articles of popular faith. He is here contrasting the Directory, which, by its violence, disorganised and distracted the country, with the constitution of the year VIII., which restored order and repose by the systematic moderation and firmness of its proceedings.

In public evils there are always a real evil and an imaginary evil, the one

contributing to render the other insupportable. It is a great point gained to do away with the imaginary evil; *for you diminish the sense of the real evil and inspire him who has to endure it with the patience to await the cure, and above all, a disposition to submit to the remedy.* Under the Directory, people had made up their minds not to expect any thing from a weak, disrespected government, which, in order to repress faction, proceeded to violence, without obtaining any of the effects of strength. *Every thing that it did was taken in bad part;* people would not expect from it any good, *neither would they even believe it when, by accident, it accomplished some little.* Victory, which had seemed to return to that government, in the last days of its existence—*victory, which would have brought glory to others, had not even served to gain it honour.*

We have here a clear avowal of the benefits of a pure constitutional administration; and, although M. Thiers does not appear to have relinquished his general hostility to England on national grounds, yet there is nothing in the whole work more obvious than this, that he has become an ardent admirer of our institutions. With a candour as honourable to his character as it is creditable to his intelligence, he bears testimony to the working superiority of the British constitution over all others which have ever been tried; but especially over the ingenious schemes which were launched on the turbulent tide of speculation during that interval of perilous suspense, when the Provisional Committee, succeeding the failure of the Directory, were casting about for a new constitution with which to govern a country just then convulsed from one end to the other through every articulation of its executive. The passage, in which he describes the British constitution, is a remarkable one in many points of view—remarkable no less for the clearness of the analysis, than for the use he makes of it in reference to a fantastical project submitted to the council by M. Sieyès, and which would probably have been adopted but for the predominant genius of young Bonaparte, which towered over all suggestions, and would be satisfied with nothing short of an absolute despotism (as it turned out) centered in his own person.

Representative monarchy, it must be confessed, has with less trouble and effort, by trusting more to human nature, procured, for two centuries past, an animated but not subversive liberty for one of the first nations of the world. Simple and natural in its means, the British constitution admits of royalty, aristocracy, and democracy; then, after admitting them, it suffers them to act freely, imposing upon them no other condition but to govern by common consent. It does not limit the king to this or that act; it does not draw him forth by election, to plunge him back afterwards; it does not debar the peers from active functions; it does not deprive the elective assembly of speech; it does not grant universal suffrage to render it null afterwards by rendering it indirect; it allows royalty and aristocracy to spring from their natural source, hereditary succession; it admits of a king, of hereditary peers, but, on the other hand, it leaves the nation to choose directly, according to its tastes or its passions of the day, an assembly which, empowered to grant or to refuse to royalty the means of governing, thus obliges it to take for directing chiefs of the government those men who have contrived to gain the public confidence. All that Sieyès, the legislator, was in search of, was here accomplished almost infallibly. Royalty, aristocracy, act no more than he wished; they merely moderate too rapid an impulsion; the elective chamber, full of the passions of the country, but checked by two other powers, chooses, in fact, the real leaders of the state, raises them to the government, upholds them in it, or overthrows them, if they have ceased to correspond with its sentiments. Here is a simple, a true constitution, because it is the production of nature and of

time, and not, like that of M. Sieyès, the scientific but artificial work of a mind disgusted with monarchy by the reign of the last Bourbons, and filled with dread of a republic by ten years of storms.

Of the character of the young soldier, who at a single blow cut this Gordian knot of M. Sieyès' laborious fancy, we have a closer view in these pages than in any work that has ever appeared. The memoir writers, who clustered about his person at various intervals, mechanically noting down his sayings, and daguerreotyping every shadow that traversed his features, were shallow panegyrists of the Boswell school; and it would be difficult to imagine any thing in the world of history or biography more impertinent, empty, or offensive, than a French Boswell, the species being carried to the height of all conceivable absurdity, when the great man happens to be such a man as Napoleon. M. Thiers understands Bonaparte thoroughly, and depicts him with the most consummate art, from the very outset of his marvellous course, stepping from throne to throne, overcoming all opposition, and swaying the hearts of men as if he wielded the wand of an enchanter. Of this wondrous portrait, which grows upon the canvass gradually, until at last its massive lineaments cast all others into deep obscurity, perhaps the most attractive touches, as they are undoubtedly the most surprising, are to be found in the early years of his life, while yet a stripling, but covered with glory, he came home, literally reeking with victory, from the ensanguined plains of Egypt, to demand of the Directory what they had been doing with France in his absence, and to take into his own hands the power under which they had been staggering, like men drunk with terrors and bloodshed. Up to this time, his whole experience had been in camps and garrisons. He knew nothing of the intrigues of cabinets; but his genius was intuitive, and he grasped in an instant the subtle and intricate policies over which the faculties of older and more practised men had become confused and shattered. In addition to this, no man knew so well how to avail himself of the materials around him for the accomplishment of his ends. Placed in any position, however strange to his previous habits, such an intellect must have rapidly asserted its supremacy and taken the lead; and when Bonaparte was nominated one of the three provisional consuls, together with Sieyès and Roger Ducos, it was not very surprising that he should have ascended at once to the head of affairs.

Young Bonaparte (says M. Thiers) was ignorant of many things, but he guessed intuitively those that he was not acquainted with. He had carried on war, provided for the maintenance of numerous armies, administered conquered provinces, negotiated with Europe; he could not have served a better apprenticeship to the art of governing. For superior minds, *but for those alone*, war is an excellent school; there a man learns to command, to decide, but, above all to govern. Thus the new consul appeared to have on all subjects either an opinion ready formed, or one that was formed with the rapidity of lightning, particularly after he had heard special men, *the only men to whom he listened, and solely on the subject of their special pursuit.*

He was still deficient in a species of knowledge the most serviceable in the exercise of the supreme authority—the knowledge not of men generally, but of individuals. As for men in general, his knowledge of them was profound, but, having always lived with the armies, he was a stranger to the individuals who had figured in the revolution. To supply this deficiency, he had recourse to the testimony of his colleagues. But, gifted with rapid penetration and a prodigious memory, he very soon made himself as well acquainted with the *personnel* of the government as with that of his army.

The accession of such a man to the temporary administration was calculated to produce the confidence necessary for the consolidation of the State. The *imaginary evils* vanished, and people began to understand the *real evils*, and to rely upon the firmness and discretion of the hand that was to cure them. His reputation spread and rose every hour, and in less than a month's time his very name overawed all opposition.

One thing was already circulated in all quarters, on the daily report of those who had transacted business with the young consul; it was said that this soldier, above whom was placed no general of the present time and scarcely any of past times, was, moreover, a consummate administrator, a profound politician. All the special men with whom he had surrounded himself, to whom he had listened with attention, whom he had even enlightened by the justness and the promptness of his views, whom he had, besides, protected against opposition of every kind, had not left him without being subjugated, and filled with admiration. This they admitted the more cheerfully, since it had become all at once the fashion to think and say so. Sometimes we do see false merit succeed for a season in captivating the popular mind, and commanding extravagant admiration; but sometimes, also, it happens that genuine merit, that genius itself, inspires this sort of caprice, which then becomes a passion. It was but a month since Bonaparte had seized the direction of affairs, and the impression already produced around him by his powerful mind was general and profound. The good-natured Roger Ducos could talk of nothing else; the humorist Sieyès, little disposed to give way to mere fashion, especially when he was not the favourite of it, acknowledged the superiority, the universality of that genius for government, and paid the purest of homage by leaving it to act. The panegyrists from conviction were joined by those who praised from interest, and who, seeing in General Bonaparte the evident chief of the new republic, set no bounds to the expression of their enthusiasm.

Such was the start of Napoleon. The Provisional Consulship dissolved before the ardour of his genius, and the government, which he absolutely created, ended by leaving him absolute at its head.

But we have no room for extracts, and cannot venture into details. Our object is not to criticise this elaborate and most picturesque history, but briefly to indicate its character. Only two volumes are yet before the public, and when the work, which is to consist of eight, shall have been completed, we may, probably, return to the subject and examine its peculiar claims at the length which their obvious importance deserves.

These volumes embrace the period between November 1799 and April 1801—a period which includes the settlement of the Consulate, the war in Switzerland and Italy, the progress of the French arms in Egypt, and the negotiations with the European powers for a peace which was never destined to be achieved, and which the restless ambition of Napoleon perpetually interfered to destroy.

In the investigation of all these topics, M. Thiers displays singular versatility of powers, and a knowledge of European politics quite equal to the extraordinary demands of the subject. He illuminates the whole with an accession of fresh information, which no other person, perhaps, could have had the requisite perseverance to collect, even with the rare opportunities which his command of the archives of the kingdom, and his intimate association with the most eminent men of his time and country, threw open to him. His opportunities were great, and he has used them ably. The reception of the work in France is

the best test of the avidity with which it was looked for, and of the estimation which it is likely to be held hereafter. On the first day of publication, no fewer than ten thousand copies were sold in Paris.

Mr. Campbell, who is understood to have translated this history under the immediate sanction of the author, has executed his onerous and responsible task with judgment and discrimination. The style is clear, and wholly free from that mannerism which is so often caught up almost unconsciously in the transfusion into one language of a striking original in another. The meaning of the author is everywhere carefully preserved, and the spirit of his book is presented as purely to the English reader as, we believe, it could be conveyed through a foreign medium. The translation possesses the double merit of being close, without literal servility, and fluent without any apparent departure from the strictest fidelity. It possesses, as nearly as any such work ought to possess it, the air of an original production.

MAIDS OF HONOUR.*

It is strange that a period so near to our own times, and possessing so many effective peculiarities, as that distinguished by the accession of a stranger to the throne of these realms, in the person of the Elector of Hanover, should have hitherto been left unillustrated by the novelist. Little more than a hundred years ago, the institution of monarchy appeared to be burlesqued in this country by the extremely awkward personage who was called to be the supreme head of Church and State, with the name and title of King George I., and all moral people were much scandalised by the importation of certain ugly old women whom his majesty chose to bring with him in the capacity of mistresses. A court, with a ruler possessing such a singular taste, could not but exhibit many extraordinary features, but the better judgment of the consort of his son—the clever and amiable Caroline—took care that these features should not all be ludicrous. She made the court assume a more courtly aspect, but provided it with attractions, in the shape of the wittiest and handsomest of both sexes to be found in the kingdom, and they proved to be the most fascinating of court beauties, and the most brilliant of court wits. The fortunes of the four youthful beauties first selected to grace St. James's in the capacity of "Maids of Honour," form the groundwork of this novel, and surely never could the most imaginative romancer have created such charming heroines as the author of the work before us has drawn from the court annals of the last century.

The true heroine of the story has been immortalised by all the ablest of her literary contemporaries. The celebrated Lord Chesterfield, who was one of the very distinguished, and at the same time, very numerous *suite* of her adorers, gave expression to this admiration in a humorous ballad of sixteen verses, each bringing in her name much after this laudatory fashion—

> The Muses, quite jaded with rhyming,
> To Molly Mogg bid a farewell;
> To renew their sweet melody, chiming
> To the name of dear Molly Lepel.

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* Maids of Honour: a Tale of the Court of George I. 3 vols.

In one of his letters to his son, he also states that the word *pleasing* always put him in mind of her. "She has been bred all her life at court," he says in another letter, "of which she has acquired all the easy good-breeding and politeness, without the frivolousness. No woman ever had more than she has—*le ton de la parfaitement bonne compagnie, les manières engageantes, et le je ne sçais quoi qui plait.*" Her friend Gay describes her as—

Youth's youngest daughter, sweet Lepel.

Pope, in one of his pleasant trifles, calls her "dear Lepel," and her name will be found in other passages of his works, both in prose and poetry, but always in the highest terms of commendation. Of this Churchill says,

That face, that form, that dignity, that ease,
Those powers of pleasing, and that will to please,
By which Lepel, when in her youthful days,
Even from the currish Pope extorted praise—

Horace Walpole and Lady Mary Wortley Montagu wrote similar eulogies, but a greater than them all, Voltaire, composed a little poem in English, equally complimentary, as the reader may judge:

—would you know the passion
You have kindled in my breast?
Trifling is the inclination
That by words can be express'd.
In my silence see the lover;
True love is by silence known!
In my eyes you'll best discover
All the power of your own.

In short, Mary Lepel was not only the toast of the town and the pride of the court, but she was the inspiration of many of the greatest poetical geniuses that the age produced.

The next of the "Maids of Honour" who plays a conspicuous part in the story, was her namesake and friend, Mary Bellenden, whom Gay describes so beautifully as—

Smiling Mary, soft and fair as down;

And in his ballad of "Damon and Cupid," sportively says,

So well I'm known at court,
None ask where Cupid dwells;
But readily resort
To Bellenden's or Lepel's.

Horace Walpole is still more eulogistic. "Above all for universal admiration," he says, "was Miss Bellenden. Her face and person were charming: lively she was almost to *étourderie*, and so agreeable was she, that I never heard her mentioned afterwards by one of her contemporaries, who did not prefer her as the most perfect creature they ever knew."

Miss Howe and Miss Meadows, the two other "Maids of Honour," are thus noticed by Pope in his little poem entitled "Answer to the Following Question of Miss Howe."

What is Prudery?
'Tis a beldam
Seen with wit and beauty seldom;
'Tis a fear that starts at shadows;
'Tis (no 'tisn't) like Miss Meadows:
'Tis a virgin hard of feature,
Old and void of all good nature;

Lean and fretful; would seem wise,
Yet plays the fool before she dies.
'Tis an ugly, envious shrew,
That rails at dear Lepel and you.

Gay mentions Miss Howe in his "Welcome to Pope from Greece." Sir Charles Hanbury Williams alludes to her fate in one of his poems, and she is the heroine of Lord Hervey's poetical epistle from Monimia to Philocles. Miss Meadows was a very different character—being as remarkable for prudence as her fair friend, we are sorry to say, was for imprudence. Her name frequently occurs in the court gossip of the period.

But, though these celebrated beauties are here so prominently brought forward as to give a title to the work, several of their most distinguished female contemporaries figure in the story very conspicuously. Among these we must give the first place to the stately old Duchess of Marlborough, the wife of "the great duke;" then we have the humorous Irish Duchess of Bolton, of whom so many good stories have been told; the fascinating Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, whose name and writings must be familiar to every reader, and the equally charming Mrs. Howard, who recommends herself so strongly to us in the Suffolk Correspondence, and whose mental and personal graces are vouched for in that graceful composition of her brave and eccentric lover, the famous Earl of Peterborough, beginning,

I said to my heart between sleeping and waking.

But as the novel assumes to convey an elaborate picture of the court, we may feel assured it gives sufficient prominence to those who were undoubtedly the principal members of it—the royal family—and consequently we are presented with full lengths of every one of them, which, though in a different style from those of Sir Godfrey Kneller, are not less characteristic. We have the Hanoverian King, a sort of "Roi d'Yvetot," in many of his very peculiar tastes and habits. With him come, of course, his *suite* of Hanoverian mistresses, of whom, most conspicuously figure, the Schulenburg (afterwards Duchess of Kendal), whom the wits christened "The Maypole," and her contrast, the Kielmansegge (afterwards Countess of Darlington), who received from the same source the appellation of "The Elephant and Castle"—the members of the king's ugly harem, so humorously described by Horace Walpole. In their society we are introduced to his majesty's male favourites, the Hanoverian Baron Bothmar, and the Counts Roberthon and Bernstorf, and the Turkish pages of the back stairs, Mustapha and Mahomet—all of whom are sketched off in a style that would have delighted those who knew these worthies, and the ingenious tricks they were so much in the habit of playing.

Next to the Hanoverian king, we cannot avoid placing the Hanoverian Prince of Wales. There he is, with the identical "strong Westphalia accent" for which he was so well known, making awkward love to the beautiful attendants of his consort, for which he was still more remarkable. It is evidently a very careful portrait, and we recommend the representations of both father and son to the study of court portrait painters. Lastly, of the members of the royal circle we are presented to the amiable blue stocking, the Princess Caroline, who afterwards became so celebrated as the queen of George II., the patroness of

Stephen Duck, and the friend of philosophers, theologians, and clever people of all kinds and characters.

Of the many distinguished personages who are known to have constituted the court, we are introduced to the celebrated Earl of Chesterfield, to that ultra-exquisite, Lord John Hervey (the Lord Fanny and Sporus of Pope's satire) to that heroic madcap the Earl of Peterborough —to those gay old Lotharios Charles Seymour, the proud Duke of Somerset, and John Sheffield, the poetic Duke of Buckingham—to that intolerable young scapegrace, the Duke of Wharton; to the Dukes of Newcastle and Kingston, Lords Bellenden and Berkeley, and Colonel, afterwards Duke of Argyle, together with the king's ministers, Sir Robert Walpole, Townshend, Stanhope, and Secretary Craggs. Elsewhere, we make the acquaintance of the Duke of Ormond, the old Duchess of Cleveland (all that remained of the once powerful Lady Castlemaine), of Viscount Bolingbroke, and Atterbury, Bishop of Rochester. The literary characters presented to us are not less distinguished, for they consist of Addison, Pope, Defoe, Sir John Vanbrugh, Sir Richard Steele, Dean Swift, and Sir Godfrey Kneller.

But the work, besides affording us a view of the characters of the period, takes us into the scenes in which they flourished. At court, we are taken to the levee, to the state ball, to the king's musical parties, to his majesty's curious interviews with his mistresses, to the king's cabinet, to the private apartments of the Prince and Princess of Wales, to the pleasant company in Mrs. Howard's room, to the love-making going on in the apartments of the Maids of Honour, to the Arcadian amusements at Hampton Court, to see the court follow the royal staghounds, and to behold various other glimpses of Palace life. Besides which, we enter the fashionable Chocolate House, we drop in at "the Folly" (a floating coffee-house on the Thames), we enjoy a day's pleasure at Jenny's Whim (a celebrated Tavern at Chelsea), we participate in one of the carousals of the Hell Fire Club, we are enabled to scour the Strand with a band of the dreaded Mohocks, we sup with the authors at Jacob Tonson's the bookseller's, and drink a dish of tea with the Maids of Honour and their admirers in Mrs. Howard's room. We promenade Ham Walk with all the celebrities of the day, we are taken by the hand by Sir John Blunt, and behold the secret history of the famous South Sea Bubble, and are allowed to follow the cautious footsteps of the Duchess of Marlborough, to become acquainted with the grand plot for bringing in the Pretender. We stop at a certain villa at Twickenham, to see Pope declaring his passion for the seductive Lady Mary, and go on to Petersham to enjoy "High Life Below Stairs" with the servants of Brigadier-general Lepel. Moreover, we are present at all the assignations, elopements, abductions, duels, conferences, and confidences, in which the Maids of Honour are concerned, and are thus enabled to enjoy, to our heart's content, as varied a dish of gallantry, ceremony, sentiment, and humour, as ever was presented to the reader in the shape of three volumes. Our account of this work has left us no room for criticism; but we do not think it will be difficult to come at our opinion in what we have already stated.

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END OF THE FIRST PART OF 1845.

C. WHITING, BEAUFORT HOUSE, STRAND.